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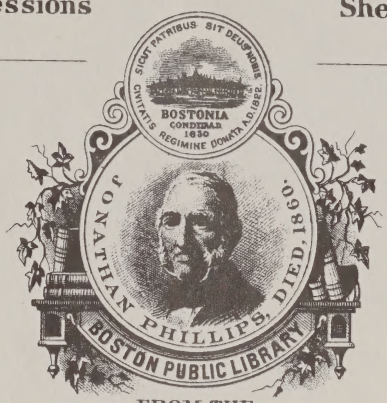

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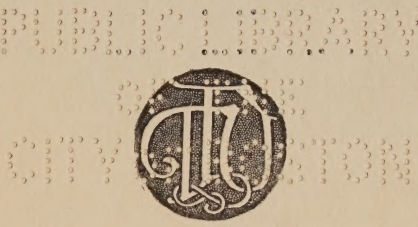
BEYOND THE PIR PANJAL

LIFE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS OF KASHMIR

BY

ERNEST F. NEVE, M.D., F.R.C.S. (Edin.)



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PRESENTATION

TO

R. H. HOOKER, Esq.

AMALFI, WESTON-SUPER-MARE

A MOST

GENEROUS FRIEND

OF THE

KASHMIR MISSION HOSPITAL

PREFACE

It has fallen to the lot of the writer to live and work in Kashmir for the past quarter of a century.

During this period, Kashmir has undergone great changes. The most rapid progress was doubtless made in the decade preceding the year 1900. But development is still going on, although its rate varies from time to time. The swing of the political pendulum is felt in Kashmir as in many other places at and beyond the borders of the Empire.

Many books have been written about Kashmir. Some have dealt with the country chiefly from the climber's standpoint. Others have been written by soldiers, sportsmen or tourists. The scenery has been ably described by well-known authors and illustrated by distinguished artists. Among others, a delightful book, *Picturesque Kashmir*, was published in 1899, by Dr Arthur Neve, with reproductions of photographs by Mr Geoffroy Millais.

The object of the present writer has been to combine and to set forth, in compact form, the great variety of interests in Kashmir, and the chief character-

istics of the central and outlying valleys, with their widely distributed inhabitants. A record has been included of several climbs on the higher peaks and of journeys by upland routes, as any description of the country would be obviously incomplete which failed to give an account of the extensive mountain ranges which form so large a part of Kashmir.

In the chapters on the Mission Hospital and School, detailed reference is made to efforts which are being made to improve the moral and physical condition of the people, and I have endeavoured to show the happy, useful life's work and the great opportunities for service, which lie before the Christian medical man in the East.

If what I have written should inspire any qualified men or women, doctors or nurses, to take up such work as their career, the time spent in writing these pages will have been indeed worth while.

Of previous works, Sir Walter Lawrence's *Valley of Kashmir* is still the most complete, and gives a systematic and remarkably full description of the country, the life of the people, and their manners and customs.

To this valuable work I have been indebted for many references. I desire also to gratefully acknowledge the information which I have obtained from

A History of Western Tibet by the Rev. A. H. Francke, and from the charming volume on Kashmir recently produced by Sir Francis Younghusband and Major Molyneux.

In the description of the manifold activities of the Mission School I have, in places, quoted freely from the racy annual reports issued by the Rev. Cecil Tyndale-Biscoe.

Quotations from other sources are acknowledged in the text.

My special thanks are due to the Editors of the *Alpine Journal*, the *Illustrated Times of India*, the *Empress*, the *C.M.S. Gleaner*, and the *Foreign Mission Chronicle of the Episcopal Church in Scotland*, for the loan of blocks, and permission to reproduce illustrations of articles sent by me from time to time to those journals.

Most of the illustrations are from my own photographs. Those which are not I have acknowledged, and I take this opportunity of again thanking my friends for allowing me to use them.

I will only add that probably no one is more fully aware than myself of the literary and other shortcomings of the following pages.

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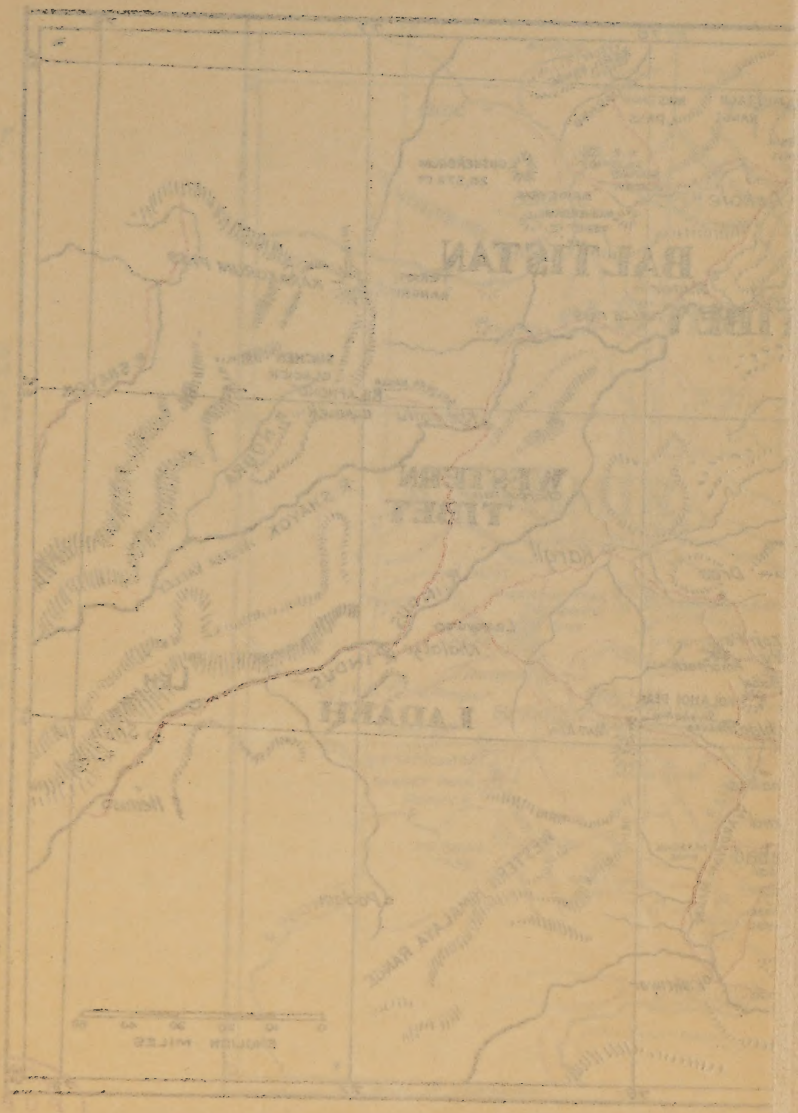

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CHAPTER I

THE VALE OF KASHMIR

Spring Beauties—The Pir Panjal Range—Konsa Nág—Gulmarg—The Ascent of Mount Tatticooti—The Basin of the Jhelum River—Its Source — Vernag — Achibal — Báwan — Picturesque Islamabad — A Medical Mission—Ancient Temple of Martand.

> A vale of purple glens and snow-cold streams,
> Broad meadows lush with verdure, flower and fruit,
> The broad-leafed maple towering in his pride,
> The temple's noble ruin on the height;
> The poplar lines that mark the homestead there,
> Calm lakes that bear the lotus on their breast.
>
> C. R. TOLLEMACHE.

KASHMIR owes much of its fame to its varied phases of beauty. These are partly due to the seasons. But the different altitudes, with their countless slopes and upland meadows, some with northern and others with southern aspect, continually provide a simultaneous presentation of the beauties of successive seasons. In the hottest summer weather, for instance, when in the valley the temperature is over 90° F. in the shade, when the air is laden with moisture and mosquitoes abound, a ride or drive of 30 miles and a climb of 3000 feet will take us to where the atmosphere is fresh and cool. Another two or three thousand feet of ascent will bring us to snow and to early spring flowers such as primulas and anemones. And looking down from the heights to the plain below, with its masses of foliage dimly discernible in the midst of the heat haze, we appreciate the effect of altitude on climate.

In the valley, in early spring, sheets of white and pale pink almond blossom on the hillsides dip down into broad stretches of brilliant yellow mustard. The landscape is full of colour. The tender green of young wheat contrasts with the rich madder brown of newly-ploughed fields. Innumerable willows with orange-coloured branches and pale yellow-green feathery foliage are massed together in the hollows or form lines across the landscape. In the distance is the deep blue of the foot-hills, with above them the pure white surface and serrated crest of lofty mountains still mantled in winter snow, upon which there is perpetual play of sunshine chasing shadow.

The almond blossom has hardly passed its climax of beauty and sprinkled the turf below with its petals before the snowy white of the flowering apricot trees in gardens and orchards becomes conspicuous; and then the peach trees put forth their exquisite pink blossom, which, with the sun shining through, stands out brilliantly against the azure sky. Flocks of birds, which during the winter had sought warmer climes, now return to Kashmir. Others, which have silently borne the winter snow and frost, find their voices and at dawn the song of thrushes and blackbirds mingles with the rich tones of the golden oriole and the air vibrates with the melody of the countless feathered inhabitants of every large tree.

Springing grass has now clothed the earth-covered roofs of the houses, on some of which till recently there were masses of orange-red crown imperial lilies, while here and there flashes the gorgeous scarlet of clusters of large Moghul tulips. In the midst of the soft velvety turf are clumps of white and purple iris, the scent of which mingles with that of the May bushes, which are in full blossom. The beauty of this season appeals to every sense.

The Vale of Kashmir may be described as an oval basin 80 miles long and 20 broad, extending from south-east to north-west. It is girt by mighty mountain ranges, many of

the peaks of which are higher than Mont Blanc. These are the pearls which encircle the emerald valley.

Although the mountain wall appears continuous and unbroken, the contour of the oval is irregular and interrupted by projecting ridges and receding valleys. The most important of these usher down the tributaries of the Jhelum, of which on the right bank the chief are the Lidar, Sind and Pohru rivers, and on the left or south-west bank the Veshau and Dudhganga. At the point where these debouch into the valley there are extensive fan-shaped expanses, miles across and terraced with rice-fields.

The Jhelum pursues a winding course, not down the centre of the valley, but near the north-east side. The right bank, owing to its sloping southern aspect, is drier and warmer, and the crops ripen earlier than those of the left bank and south side. One striking physical peculiarity of Kashmir is the fact that the southern slopes of the ranges, where the snow melts quickly, are treeless and bare. They are covered with long grass, which, as the summer advances, becomes very dry. Accidental fires sometimes cause great destruction and sweep over large areas, still further accentuating and perpetuating the bareness. Slopes with a northern aspect, where the snow lingers longer, are on the other hand green and forest-clad, and the afforestation naturally promotes still further the retention of moisture and frequency of rainfall. This is also the case in those of the outlying valleys which run east and west.

On either side of the Jhelum throughout its length there is an extended area of flat alluvial plain, from one to five miles in width. And from the foot of the great boundary ranges, the high ground gradually shelves down to join this plain. So that although the river banks and the plain around are only a little over 5000 feet above sea-level, a very large part of the valley of Kashmir has an altitude of over 6000 feet. The Pir Panjal range is a serrated edge of rocky arête-joined peaks and snow-clad slopes. It forms the highest

line of the great mountain barrier which divides Kashmir from the plains of Northern India.

Approaching it from the valley of Kashmir, which lies to the east, we gradually rise, passing first through broken plateaus, fissured and eroded by water. Up these intersecting valleys the path passes, until at a height of about 6000 feet we begin to see occasional pines. A gradual ascent for a few more hundred feet brings us to the lower margin of the great fir forest which clothes the foot of the Pir Panjal slopes with a band about 80 miles long, and with an average breadth of perhaps 6 miles. In spite of the extent to which this forest is overrun by herdsmen, it still remains the haunt of black bear. Large streams flowing down from the snows pierce it in many places, and the easiest routes to those snows are usually to be found along the sides of these torrent valleys.

Some of the summits are of great beauty, such as the three Brahma peaks at the south-east end of the range, whose graceful conical forms, the lower shoulders of which are mantled with perpetual snow, tower up to a height of 15,500 feet. Four thousand feet lower down, nestling at their base, lies the turquoise-blue Konsa Nág, a glacier-fed lake 3 miles in length (Plate 2). This is the source of the Veshau River. The ascent to Konsa Nág is made from near Shupeyon, up a long valley past the fine Haribal Falls. The final climb is for 300 feet up a grass-covered moraine. The lake then comes into view, lying in a hollow on the south side of the main peaks.

Along the slopes of the great mountain range which bounds Kashmir to the south there is a continuous series of "margs," between seven and nine thousand feet above sea-level. These are stretches of upland flowery meadow occupying the depressions between the fir-covered slopes and ridges of the higher foot-hills and the crest of the main range. The exact mode of formation of these margs is not quite evident. No doubt originally they were glacier-filled,

Photo by] [*Shiv Nath.*

2. KONSA NÁG.

(A glacier-fed lake at the foot of the Brahma Peaks.)

To face p. 20.

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and even now the winter snow lingers on in their trough-like hollows. But they have rich soil, and it is not clear as to why they have not become covered by the forest which borders them, and which in many places has sent out little groups and lines of firs and pines which stand out boldly in the midst of the pasturage around. At present the extensive grazing of herds and flocks, especially of goats, is fatal to the growth of young trees.

Gulmarg, the favourite summer resort of Europeans, with its church, hotel and bazaar, its club, polo-ground, golf links and its numerous wooden huts, is one of many of these green valleys with undulating slopes. Situated 3000 feet above the valley level, its climate is delightful. To this and its accessibility it owes its selection and popularity, for it is only 30 miles by road from Srinagar. Some of the houses are built on the long fir-clothed ridge which overlooks the plain. From Gulmarg there is a magnificent view of the valley of Kashmir and the mountains to the north, Mahadeo, Kotwal, Haramouk, and in the distance an outstanding snowy range culminating in the beautiful peak of Nanga Parbat, the eighth highest mountain in the world.

Evening after evening these mountains and the nearer peaks of the Ferozepore valley are bathed in glorious sunset colours.

There is a succession of margs all along the Pir Panjal range. And one of the most beautiful expeditions in Kashmir is to march along at the marg level, camping day after day in exquisitely beautiful spots. All around are stretches of grassy meadow spangled with flowers, among which columbines, balsams, anemones, larkspurs and dwarf sunflowers are conspicuous.

Above and below is the great forest, through which there are frequent glimpses of the long glittering white line above and the far-flung valley below.

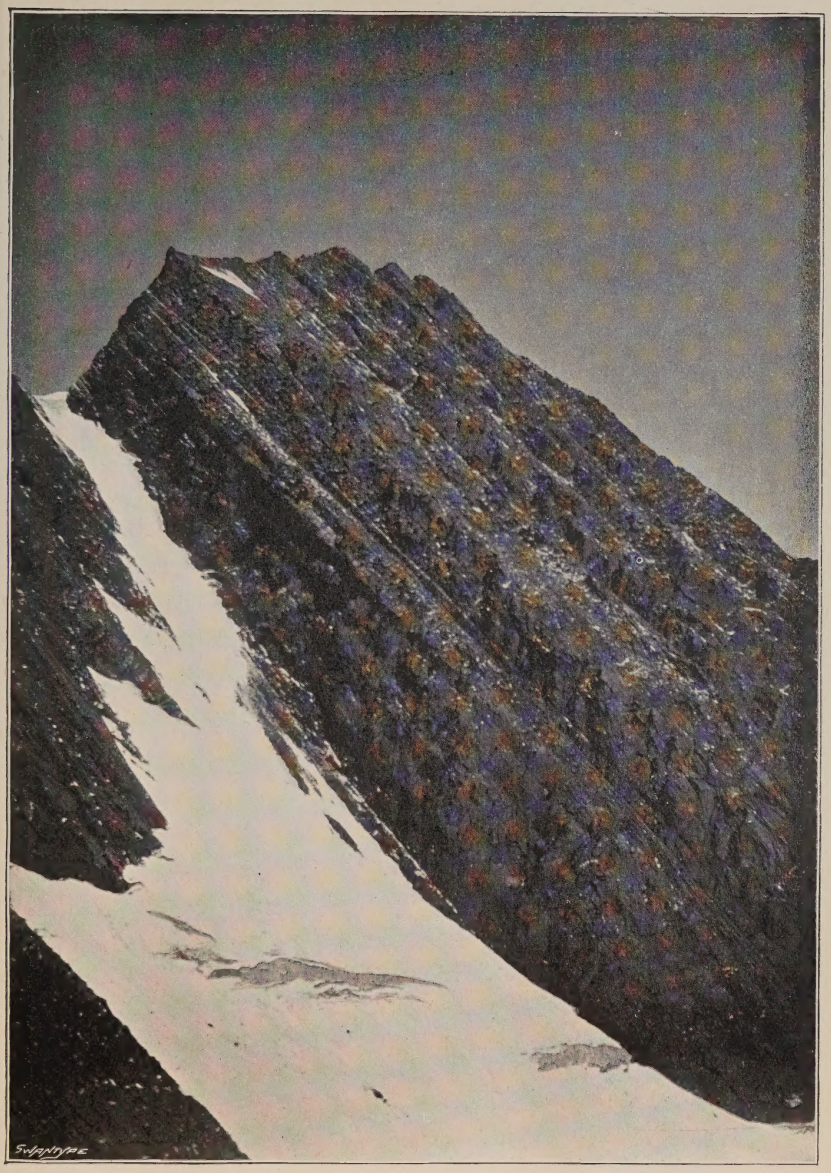
During May and early June, before it becomes unpleasantly warm, Srinagar is full of European visitors, who

have flocked in to Kashmir to escape the heat of the Plains of India. After the middle of June a great exodus occurs to Gulmarg, the season of which lasts till about the middle of September. During these three months Gulmarg is a gay Anglo-Indian hill station.

After the second week of September, with the return of the British Resident from Gulmarg, Srinagar again becomes the centre of European interest. During the bright dry autumn weather, however, many visitors make camping expeditions or travel about in house-boats.

To the west of the Brahma peaks the Sedau and Pir Panjal passes cross the range in two well-marked gaps, separated by a group of five grey rocky summits which enclose snowfields of considerable extent. Looking along the sky-line, again 6 miles to the west, is the highest point of the whole range—Sunset Peak, so named because it is the last of the tops to catch the rays of the setting sun. This peak has a saddle-back, and has been several times ascended by Dr Arthur Neve, myself and various friends. The ascent, which is not difficult, lies for the last three hours up a snow slope, which gradually increases in steepness and culminates in a rocky arête, the southern face of which, and of the peak itself, drops as a sheer precipice for some hundreds of feet. On the summit pieces of smooth rock with vitreous fracture can be found, showing bubbles and other traces of igneous action.

The most conspicuous and imposing of all the peaks of the Pir Panjal range is undoubtedly Tatticooti (Plate 3), the pyramidal shape of which, with a central notch and very steep and jagged western and northern sides, makes it look as if it might be exceedingly difficult to ascend. In 1900 I made an attempt, and succeeded in attaining a point about three-quarters of the way up the final peak, and well above the apex of the notch. The obstacles were, however, too many. My camp was far away, and the fatigue great. The peak became shrouded by cloud, and the porters refused to



3. VIEW OF MOUNT TATTICOOTI FROM THE SOUTH.
(The height of the portion shown is about 2,5co feet.)

To face p 22.

proceed. However, I found, as I believed, a good and practicable route. On 6th August 1901 the late Rev. C. E. Barton and I pitched our tents above the pines of the Sangsofed River. On 7th August we did 5 miles of steady ascent, at first through birches and juniper bushes, and then over grassy and flowery meadows, bright with crown gentians and golden potentillas and dotted with great boulders. Climbing a grass-covered terminal moraine, 250 feet in height, we placed our base camp on a stretch of meadow under a rounded knoll, the rocky faces of which were ground and polished by the ice of ages. Our altitude was then 10,850 feet.

The following day 2 miles ascent, chiefly climbing and scrambling over moraine, brought us on to the snowfield, part of the continuous névé, from which the Pir Panjal peaks in a long line lift their rocky heads. Here our direction changed from south to west, and emerging from the head of the valley we finally took a north-westerly course along the surface of the snowfield, steadily rising until we reached the upper level, near the southern arête of Tatticooti, the height attained being 12,850 feet. Here we pitched two shelter tents on the rocks, one for ourselves, the other for the porters. The weather was very unsettled and at intervals there was hail and a driving wind, the peaks being almost entirely in cloud, but occasionally clearing for a few minutes. About 10 p.m. a violent storm set in with drifting snow, and for some time after midnight and in the early morning our tents were in danger from the violence of the blast. And we passed a very disturbed night holding on to the tent poles. On the morning of the 9th it cleared by 8 o'clock and the sun came out, and shone brilliantly upon three inches of fresh snow. Our tent ropes were coated with ice and the canvas covered by a layer of frozen snow. The peak was quite clear, and in spite of the late hour the outlook was decidedly promising. Crossing the south-eastern arête, we were compelled to descend 300 feet to a snowfield covering

the eastern glacier. The steep slope, with loose rocks and fresh snow, resting in places on ice, caused some delay here, but by 10.30 we had crossed the snowfield and reached the foot of a broad couloir stretching 600 feet up to the north-eastern arête. We started off on snow, but above we had to scramble up a very steep shale slope. At the top was a cornice of snow with the 5 feet edge towards us. On the opposite (northern) side a very sharp snow incline extended straight away down for two or three thousand feet to a glacier.

From the point where we stood, a broken and steep rocky arête stretched up for more than 2000 feet towards the summit, which could not be seen. Following up the arête for a short distance, we worked across its northern face amongst loose rocks and fresh snow, traversing some couloirs full of snow, continuous with the steep slope below. We rejoined the main arête about 200 feet higher, and a steady steep climb up the edge brought us at last to a point at which it became knife-like. By working down a ledge on its southern side we reached a couloir which, steadily followed up, eventually brought us again to the main arête, only a few hundred feet below the top. The gradient then became less severe, although the drop on both sides was very great. The porters caused some trouble and delay, owing to their being unused to the rope.

We reached the summit (15,524 feet) at 2 p.m. It was very sharp, being formed by two blocks of trap rock standing on end, immediately below which was a vein of pure white quartz. We believe this to be the first time that the summit of Tatticooti has been reached.

The Pir Panjal has its seasons. In midwinter it is covered by deep pure snow of dazzling whiteness, with which the black cliffs and vertical faces of rock, the serrated edges and the splintered crests of the ridges show up in sharp contrast. Long gently curved lines of snowfield stand out clearly against the sky. Deep cobalt-coloured shadows lie on the mountain side, and are prolonged downwards into

an atmosphere of mauve, which drapes the lower slopes. All the upland meadows, the margs and high valleys, are completely enveloped by a white mantle many feet deep, and the band of dark forest is speckled with the snow which rests on and weighs down the branches of countless firs and pines.

In the spring, melting takes place very rapidly. By the end of February the valley of Kashmir is always free of snow, and day by day the line recedes up the foot of the hills. A few days of warm sunshine clears the trees. The southern slopes of the margs soon become bare and stretches of upland pasturage often present a rippled appearance. This is due to the melting of the snow on the south side of all inequalities in the ground, while that on the north side remains. A bank, a tuft of grass, a furrow or clod—all act as cover to the snow and help to prolong its stay. But soon all is gone and the upper slopes begin to show, first as light brown and then as green patches. And when the spring sun is shining, great sheets of the melting snowfields above, like mirrors, reflect the dazzling light. Backwards and upwards retreats the snow line, exposing first the fringe, and then the masses of piled-up moraine which fills the upper end of each tributary valley.

In the autumn the old snow is almost entirely melted on the Pir Panjal range, leaving a series of grey rounded glaciers, streaked with watercourses and resting in the hollows between the peaks and main ridges.

The spring flowers are all gone. In their places we see tufted spikes of the rich red *polygonum*, the tall lavender-like *stachys*, the dwarf mauve *swertia*, and a *delphinium* with large cowl-shaped flowers. Everlastings and edelweiss are still abundant. Above the forest the slopes are clothed with miles of juniper bush in dense dark green patches among which red, orange and yellow clumps of euphorbia with oleander-like leaves form beautiful masses of colour.

On the higher peaks the last flower to be seen is the *Great Saussurea*, like a globe of white velvet the size of a cricket ball, the contour studded with violet blossoms, each about half an inch across, which project slightly from the surface. The whole rests in the centre of a rosette of foliage (Plate 16). It is a most curious flower and greatly prized by the people, who call it the king of medicines. Decoctions of it form a bland and soothing drink which the Kashmiris say is agreeable and helpful in catarrhal affections of the digestive and respiratory tracts.

To approach the glacier, whereas in the spring we could walk up slopes of hard snow, we have now to climb over long stretches of moraine.

These ice-fields are wonderful in the autumn. In the early morning before sunrise all the moisture is locked up by frost. So keen is the cold even in the first week of September that the inside of one's tent sparkles with rime and looks like the interior of a salt-mine. Walking on the glaciers at this time is difficult, if the slope is more than 20°, as in many places the ice is perfectly smooth. Where the surface is slightly honeycombed it is easier. Absolute silence reigns. Not a sound is to be heard at this early hour. Having done our climb, on the return journey there is a vast change.

In the early morning the sun rose in a cloudless sky. Now fleecy clouds have gathered and tend to drift across the higher peaks. The sunshine is hot and the silent glacier of the forenoon has become alive with sound and motion. Everywhere is the roaring sound of water. Torrents are pouring down the icy slopes. The whole surface is wet and glittering with the movement of water. Miniature avalanches occur ever and anon on the steeper faces where snow has remained, and falling stones are frequent. All the streams are swollen and laden with débris. These diurnal variations are at their height during the month of September, when the great sun heat of the day is succeeded by frost at night and

the range of temperature between day and night often exceeds 100° F.

From the summit of Mount Tatticooti the view is most impressive. Stretched out below us is the whole length of the Vale of Kashmir with the winding, glittering Jhelum. So sinuous is the river that some of its loops, three or four miles long, have necks which are less than quarter of a mile across. From Vernag, its source, to the point where it leaves the valley the Jhelum is 122 miles long, although the distance by road is only 80 miles.

The Banihal route to Jammu is the nearest and the most direct to the Punjab. It leaves the valley at Vernag. A few years ago a railway to India was on the point of being constructed from here. It is greatly to be regretted that the scheme was abandoned and that for political reasons this road has been practically closed to ordinary traffic.

At the point at which it leaves the valley to cross the Banihal Pass and join the Chenáb valley at Rámband, there is a beautiful garden. This was planted by the Emperor Jehangir, whose favourite residence it became and who desired to be carried there when dying. Amid avenues of lofty chenar trees[1] are bubbling springs and crystal streams. And at the upper end, under the shadow of a steep pine-clad limestone scarp, lies a deep quiet octagonal pool of dark blue water, 80 feet across, bounded by blocks of shaped stone and surrounded by an ancient wall of masonry with arched recesses. This tank is crowded with sacred fish, some of which attain a considerable size. When crumbs are thrown to them they come together and form a seething mass of brown backs and gleaming yellow sides as they struggle for the food.

This pool is the source of the Jhelum. From it issues a clear, sparkling stream, which passes under an old balconied building by which it is spanned. It flows down the centre

[1] Platanus Orientalis. These magnificent plane trees attain a size much greater than that of the largest English elms.

of the garden, below which it falls as a cascade and is augmented by other springs among which is the Veth Vatru, which although much smaller is regarded by the Hindus as the true source of the Veth, as they call the Jhelum.

About 9 miles from Vernag, somewhat to the right of the direct route to Islamabad, a ridge juts into the valley from the northern range and terminates in the pointed cedar-covered Sosanwar Hill. On the northern slope of this is Achibal, another of Jehangir's beautiful gardens, with lines of chenars, between which flows a clear stream, trained into a broad stone-lined channel with square tanks and fountains fed by the copious springs which gush out of the hillside above.

At many places round the valley there are similar large springs, most of them enclosed by tanks which contain sacred fish. There is usually limestone in the immediate vicinity. And very often in the neighbouring villages goître is common. Such tanks have probably been regarded with reverence from olden days. Many are overshadowed by ancient elm trees at the foot of which stand one or more Hindu images daubed with red paint. In the " Ain Akbari " it is stated that in 700 places in Kashmir there were carved figures of snakes, worshipped by Hindus, and most of these were associated with springs. After Vernag rank the sacred ponds at Báwan, near Martand. There is also a beautiful old Hindu sacred pool at Tregám at the west end of the valley.

One of the most ancient forms of worship in Kashmir was that of the pixies, who were believed to live in the water. These are called Nágs. And they were supposed to assume the form of a snake, which enabled them to creep through the hidden mountain channels and emerge at the springs. Sometimes, like mermaids, they are said to have assumed human form and to have been recognized by the water which dripped from their locks. Curious legends are told of them. " There is a well-known spring, Vaishak Nág, the water of

which is light and sweet. In the early part of May the wind blows violently for three days and the water appears. In October the water dries up and departs to the Jammu side of the mountains for the winter. This happened in the following way. A holy man from the Jammu side, who deplored the absence of water, came to Vaishak Nág and by good fortune caught the snake, the lord of the spring, and put it in his gourd; while returning thanks he hung his gourd on a tree. Two women coming by thought the gourd might contain butter for anointing their hair, and took the gourd down, whereupon the snake escaped. The holy man returned and discovered his loss. As he stood weeping, Mir Shah Baghdadi appeared, who, moved by the holy man's distress, effected a compromise with the snake. So it comes to pass that Kashmir gets its water for its rice crop, while the Jammu villages receive water for their spring crops."[1]

The Kashmiri name for a spring is Nág, which is also the word for snake. The cult of springs still goes on. One of the favourite Hindu goddesses is Kir Bhawani. And Tula Mula, the great spring of this goddess, is regarded by many as the most sacred place in Kashmir. It is situated at the mouth of the Sind valley. The water is of a dark blue colour. The Hindus say that when famine or cholera is impending, the water changes its tint and becomes darker.

From Islamabad the river becomes navigable for 100 miles, to a short distance below Baramula. On this great waterway Islamabad is the eastern and Baramula the western terminus. Between these and on its banks are most of the larger towns and many villages. Srinagar itself lies about the centre.

Islamabad, called by the Hindus Anant Nág, is the second largest town in Kashmir, and has a population of about 10,500. It is clustered round the foot of a conical hill—a

[1] Lawrence, *Valley of Kashmir.*

huddle of earthen grass-covered roofs resting on wooden frameworks, filled in with sun-dried bricks and plastered with smooth grey or pale yellow mud. The general effect of the town is most picturesque. It is embowered in apple and pear orchards and traversed by numerous springs. Some of these pour out from the foot of the hill and flow into gardens under lofty chenar trees and past temples where there are tanks full of sacred fish. Others, some of them sulphurous, bubble up by the roadside in square stone-lined pools, with steps leading down to the water's edge. And rippling streams flow along the sides of the streets. Many of the houses are old-fashioned, with quaint latticed verandahs and balconies (Plate 4). The roads are paved with rough slabs of stone. Here and there is a line of bakers' shops, with large thin flat chupattis and all sorts of wheaten cakes for sale. A little further on we pass through the blacksmiths' quarter and hear the clang of the hammer as red-hot iron bars are being shaped into ploughshares or axeheads.

At Sop and Kothair, a few miles away, there are quantities of iron ore on the hillside. This used to be smelted in primitive charcoal furnaces, worked with hand bellows. But the industry is no longer carried on. The amount of ore is fairly abundant. It seems a pity that the mines should not be worked under proper management. Although there is no coal, there should be no difficulty in obtaining an ample supply of charcoal for small smelting furnaces.

About twelve miles above Báwan is the village of Eishmakám, with a picturesque Mohammedan shrine on the hillside. It is said that from this mountain King Zain-ul-ab-ul-Din succeeded in obtaining sufficient copper to defray his private expenditure.

In olden days one-fifth of the shawl-weaving of Kashmir was done in Islamabad. The weaving and braiding of floor and table cloths, which is still carried on, is the sole remains of a once flourishing industry.

There is a branch here of the Srinagar Mission School,

Photo by] [*R. E. Shorter.*

4 A STREET IN ISLÁMABÁD.

To face p. 30.

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and Miss Coverdale is doing quiet educational work among the girls. Immediately outside the road to Báwan is the C.M.S. Mission Hospital for Women, a pretty building of grey stone and red brick, on an excellent site most kindly given by H.H. the Maharajah for the purpose.

This is worked by Miss M. Gomery, M.D., of the Church Missionary Society, with the help of a trained lady nurse, Miss K. Newnham. In 1909 nearly 16,000 visits were paid by patients, and in 1910 Dr Gomery did valuable work in the terrible cholera epidemic.

This institution is becoming increasingly popular and has been bringing a steady influence for good to bear upon the whole town.

Three miles east of Islamabad, on the great plateau which joins the Islamabad Hill to the mountain range which bounds the left bank of the Lidar River, are the ruins of Martand, the most famous of Kashmir temples.

The site is absolutely unique. Behind us are the limestone ridges, which run round to the north to form the cliffs of Báwan. But in front and right and left is a prospect which can be nowhere matched. We look down on to vast expanses of light green and gold and dark green and brown plains and valleys streaked with gleams and flashes of light playing on the flooded rice-fields, the winding river and its tributaries. Further away are mauve-coloured slopes, blue ridges and stretches of faint grey haze, obscuring the distance, and beyond all a complete circle of snows with a few banks of fleecy clouds lightly resting here and there and stretching up into the azure blue of the vaulted heavens above.

Facing west is an old grey weather-worn gateway of colossal blocks of stone, the sculpturing on which has almost disappeared. From either side of this a massive colonnade of 84 columns with intervening trefoil-arched recesses is carried round to form a quadrangle about 250 feet long and 150 feet broad.

These fine cloisters and the temple they contain, with their fluted pillars, definitely proportioned bases, Doric capitals, massive square architraves to the doors and elegant trefoiled arches, although sadly ruined, still show all the characteristics of the old classical Kashmiri style of architecture (Plate 5).

From a mound in the quadrangle rises what was originally a lofty central edifice approached by a wide flight of steps. The ruins of the temple are now only 40 feet in height. Each of the four sides is surmounted by very beautiful and graceful trefoiled arches. From the western entrance we look down a nave with sculptured walls, through the choir, to the cella or sanctuary. And on either side of the nave flanking the central building there are two side chapels.

If the original roof was of the same character as that found on other temples of that period, which still remain, there may have been a lofty pyramid of stone blocks towering up to a pinnacle 75 feet above the ground and flanked by smaller pyramids covering the wings on either side.

From the Rájatarangini, the famous chronicles of Kashmir, it appears probable that the central temple was built by Ranaditya about the first half of the fifth century A.D., and the colonnade by King Lalatáditya in the eighth century.

Kashmir has changed less than most countries as the centuries roll on, and it is not difficult to picture to ourselves the olden days—the temple of Martand bathed in the rosy glow of the sinking sun. On the steps of the central edifice, at its western portal, stands the Hindu priest blowing his shell trumpet, while another strikes a bell. A few figures clad in grey woollen tunics and caps are moving about. At the edge of a neighbouring tank are women filling their brass water-pots. And all the surroundings, the mountains and valley, the plateau stretching away to Anant Nág and the distant encircling ranges, silhouetted in purple against the

5. THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN, MARTAND.

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golden sky, are the same as now. And as night falls there is wafted on the still air the fragrant odour of incense and the sound of voices chanting in the temple under that pyramidal roof which rises as a great shadow pointing to the starry firmament above.

CHAPTER II

THE GREAT WATERWAY

On the River—Ruins at Avantipoora—A Great Lake—Kashyapa and the Demon Jalodbava—The Wular Lake—An Engineering Problem—Electric Power—Baramula—Kashmir Trade.

> A hundred miles of snow-clad mountain peak
> On either side uprear their heads to heaven,
> And, flecked with light and shade and yellow foam
> Broad-bosomed Jhelum wends his stately way.
>
> C. R. TOLLEMACHE.

ISLAMABAD is nearly two miles from its river port, Kanbal. Here we embark.

The boats of Kashmir are flat-bottomed, with pointed bows and stern projecting over the water, and very small draught. They are of every size, from the little *shikara*, like a long, flat-bottomed canoe, rapidly paddled about by one or two boatmen and used for fishing, shooting and light loads of market garden produce, to the large cargo boats laden with a ton of stone or earth, great piles of timber or immense stacks of rushes or hay. And there are also numerous rice-boats, high-prowed barges with great breadth of beam and a cabin aft with thatched roof. Some of these will carry a cargo of two or three tons. Smaller barges, and boats without roofs called *kochu*, can carry half a ton. But for passenger purposes the *doonga* is the boat which is commonly used. This is fifty to seventy feet in length and six or ten in width at the centre, walled and roofed with reed matting. The passenger occupies the front half of the boat, and the crew live aft. Cooking is done in fireplaces built of clay. Such boats are the homes of a large floating population, some 40,000 in number. Life on the river is very

pleasant for a time. The boat quietly drifts down-stream. On either side, 20 yards or so away, are the sides fringed with masses of mauve iris. One bank is often seen to be shelving down to the water's edge—the soft green turf being succeeded by shallows or actual sandbanks. The opposite bank is concave with vertical surface of brown clay and deep shadows, broken by a line of high light where earth and water meet. On this side the water is deep and the current more rapid. With a moderately full river the banks are only a few feet high. The water is smooth or with a slight ripple from the play of the breeze. Towards the sun is a broad path of dancing light on the surface. Beyond are the grass-covered roofs of a hamlet, a grove of mulberry trees and then light grey distance—the mountain wall, no details of which can be seen except where snow-slopes above reflect the light like silver shields. When the sun sets, the colour deepens to violet and the outline of the range to the west reveals every ridge and peak and cleft, in sharp and dark contrast to the golden yellow and pale green sky.

Here and there a fisherman may be seen adroitly casting his circular net. Night falls and the silence is only broken by the occasional splash of the steersman's paddle or of a rising fish and the droning song of the solitary occupant of some passing boat.

One of the delights of river life is the beauty of the reflections of cloud and sky, sunset and sunrise, of snowy range and orchards pink with rosy blossom, and red-brown wooden houses on the banks.

The riverside villages are scenes of animation. Here is a group eagerly bargaining for the golden heaps of unhusked rice exposed to view in an ancient barge. On the banks in front of their houses the women ply their spinning-wheels or pound rice while others fill their shining wet red water-pots at the village ghat. Here the footsteps of their ancestors for many generations have trodden deeply worn hollows down the side of the bank to the water's edge.

Herds of small black cattle are being driven down to drink. And some standing in the shallows, while they pause to ruminate or slake their thirst, give the needed foreground to some exquisite piece of landscape.

The rate of the stream is about 3 miles an hour, the average fall being 2 feet a mile.

We pass Bijbehara, with its beautiful temple and magnificent chenar trees, its houses huddled together on the rising ground and its old wooden bridge with trees growing out of the piers. Following the curves of the river the boat seems successively to point to every quarter of the compass. At Avantipoora we land to see the site of the ancient capital of King Avanti Varma and the ruins of his temples built in the ninth century. The gateways alone now remain standing, the colonnades are buried and the sites of the temples are distinguishable only by the grass-grown mounds which hide their débris.

Seven miles above Srinagar we pass the town of Pampoor, with its extended plateau famous for fields of saffron, the purple masses of which are well worth a visit in the late autumn. It is indeed a most beautiful sight. When the flowers appear in the month of October, there are sheets of pale purple blossom. The colour is so beautiful that large numbers of people go out to look at it. In the autumn the air is clear and the sun bright, the soil has become somewhat dry and, in the sunlight, is of a reddish yellow colour. And suddenly we catch sight of a wide stretch of rich colour. The petals too are so delicate that the transmitted light of the sun imparts a peculiar brilliancy to the saffron garden. This is one of the most ancient plants cultivated in Kashmir, for there is a legend that in the time of King Lalatáditya a Nág or water-nymph who had an eye affection which was aggravated by the poisonous vapours proceeding from his own mouth sought relief from a famous physician who lived in Padampoor (Pampoor). The physician effected a cure by

Photo by [*R. E. Shorter.*

6. BOAT-PEOPLE ON THE JHELUM.

tying up the Nág's eyes with a cloth. Out of gratitude the Nág gave the physician a bulb of saffron.

As evening again draws on, away to the east the mountains glow with sunset tints—the snows suffused with delicate pink, the slopes orange-coloured and their intervening valleys a deep liquid violet.

Ever and anon we meet boats being towed up-stream. Two or three members of the crew—men, women and little children—are harnessed on to a slender rope and may be seen steadily pulling the boat up against the current. For the boat-people, although usually leading an apparently lazy life, will cheerfully work hard, day and night, if necessary (Plate 6).

A few miles below the city of Srinagar we obtain a most impressive view of Mount Haramouk with its rounded eastern summit fenced round by mighty precipices and joined by a jagged western arête. The whole mass stands up abruptly 12,000 feet above the level of the plain. And its reflection on the surface of the water is an exquisite mauve with horizontal streaks of pure white.

On the wide stretch of plateau to the west of the junction of the Sind and Jhelum rivers there are still to be seen the remains of King Lalatáditya's ancient capital Pariasapura. There is, however, very little left—a few scattered ruins with massive blocks of grey limestone and remains of sculptured capitals and mouldings. No trace remains of the colossal column which he is said to have erected here. The site is a particularly fine one.

At its lower end the alluvial plain of Kashmir widens out. Much of it is marsh. Other large areas are under irrigation for rice cultivation or sown with maize. Tilling the ground here is highly speculative. For tens of thousands of acres are often devastated by floods. Any rising ground, a few feet above flood level, is utilized for the villages of these alluvial flats. And they are made more conspicuous by groves of willows and poplars and a few outstanding chenar

trees. Within the girdle of mountains by which Kashmir is encircled there are extensive raised alluvial areas known as *karewahs*. These are almost flat on top but usually with a slight trend upwards to the south, due to upheaval. These plateaus are continuous with the slopes of the foot-hills and beside being cleft by the valleys of the tributaries of the Jhelum, they are also intersected by countless ravines, and their sides are deeply eroded into fissures and hollows. Some of the *karewahs* are isolated and stand out in the valley surrounded by low-lying ground. One such, near Bijbehara, is quite a landmark.

In early days Kashmir was under the sea, as is shown by the marine fossils, *ammonites*, *productus*, *spirifer* and so on, which are found in the limestone in several places at the foot of the massive palæozoic trappean rocks which form the great bulk of the mountain ranges by which the country is enclosed. In less remote times, the valley was occupied by an immense fresh-water lake. The black shells of the water-chestnut may be found in layers embedded in the earth at a height of 1000 feet above the present valley level.

Kashmir legends tell of the time when the Goddess Párwati used to sail in a pleasure-boat from her mountain home on Haramouk in the north, across a vast lake to Konsa Nág at the south end of the valley. And in her honour this great sheet of water was called Satisar, the lake of the chaste lady.

The legend runs that in this immense lake there lived an appalling demon Jalodbava who devastated the whole of the surrounding country, which in consequence became absolutely depopulated.

Kashyapa, a grandson of Brahma, who visited Kashmir on a pilgrimage from the south, was much distressed at the desolation which he witnessed, and he devoted himself to religious exercises for a thousand years, with a view to obtaining power to exorcise the demon.

He also called to his aid the Hindu Trinity, Brahma, Vishnu and Siva.

Jalodbava then became alarmed and realizing his peril he remained hidden under the water. So Ananta, an incarnation of Vishnu, struck the mountains below Baramula with his trident and produced a rift through which the waters of the lake rushed out. Jalodbava, who thus became visible, at once spread an inky darkness over the land. But Vishnu took the sun in one hand and the moon in the other and at last found him and cut off his head!

Another version of the story is that Jalodbava succeeded in baffling Vishnu and hid himself in a pool until Kashyapa called in the aid of the Goddess Párwati and she dropped a portion of the Sumira Mountain upon the demon and buried him. The present Hari Parbat is said to be the scene of Jalodbava's tragic death, and the hill is believed by the Hindus to be the mountain mass under which he was crushed and it is regarded as a most sacred shrine.

When Jalodbava was defeated, the smaller demons lost heart and the valley gradually became inhabited in the summer. In the cold weather, however, the people retreated to the drier and warmer regions of Kishtiwar, leaving Kashmir to the demons. One winter an aged Brahman remained behind, taking up his quarters in a cave. He was seized by the demons and carried off to Nilnág, where he was thrown into the lake. He sank to the bottom, but to his amazement found it to be really a palace, in the midst of which was the king, Nilnág, sitting on his throne. So he sought audience of this monarch and laid a complaint before him of the rough treatment which he had experienced. The king was most gracious and gave him the Nilamata Purána for his guidance, assuring him that if he obeyed the precepts of that book and made the offerings therein prescribed the demons would cease to molest him. In the spring he was

restored to the dry land. He carried out his instructions and imparted them to others. The result was that from that time people were able to remain in Kashmir during the winter and the demons ceased to trouble them! Kashmir is supposed to have become permanently inhabited about the twentieth century before the Christian era.

The west end of the valley is still occupied by an extensive sheet of water, the Wular Lake, the largest in India. Here there is quite a reminiscence of the ocean. Often there is a fresh cool breeze. Like most lakes in the vicinity of mountains, the Wular is liable to sudden storms and the wind rushes down the gorges of Erin and Bandipoora, churning up the smooth surface into foam and raising a sea of rolling waves which are a terror to the timid boatmen. On the rocky shore of Zirri Manz, I have seen surf, dashing spray and miniature breakers three or four feet high. At times it is not difficult to imagine that one is on a large Norwegian fjord. But here the scale of scenery is infinitely grander (Plate 7). Away to the east, appearing to arise abruptly from the water's edge, is the great mountain mass, which stretches from Bandipoora valley and the Tragbál Pass on the left to behind the isolated Manusbal Hill and Lake on the right. And this culminates at the centre in a crown of peaks encircling a magnificent snowfield. This is Mount Haramouk. The beautiful little valley of Erin leads up to it. In the early morning these valleys are full of mystery. For they are veiled by the pale grey mist which hovers over the surface of the lake, and stretches across the base and far up the sides of the mountains. A little higher up can be seen dim blue shadows cast by scarps and ranges of cliffs and the faint outline of the fir forest which clothes their crests. And above all are gleaming snow slopes with sparkling points of light picked out by the rays of the sun. The surface of the light blue lake is like a mirror. And any raised objects upon it, whether reeds or waterfowl, boats or rocky points,

Photo by] [*R. E. Shorter.*

7. A DOONGA HOUSEBOAT ON THE WULAR LAKE.

To face p. 40.

present a sharp contrast of deep shade, looking indeed almost black against the high light.

Opposite Bandipoora there is a small island with picturesque ruins. It is said that this was built as a storm refuge for boats by the great King Zain-ul-ab-ul-Din, who succeeded to the throne of Kashmir in 1417 A.D.

Turning to the south-west, we see facing us the Pir Panjal range. In the spring the upper 5000 feet of this is still, throughout its whole length, under snow. So that we have a marvellous panorama—a continuous line of dazzling white peaks and shoulders 80 miles long and rising nearly 10,000 feet above the valley. An immense forest of silver fir, Himalayan spruce and blue pine covers the whole base of this range and reaches half-way up. It forms a dark wavy line, the tree-clad crest of which is silhouetted against the snowfields beyond. And all along the range the clefts and fissures and gorges are full of snow, continuous with the white mantle above and extending down in Y-shaped prolongations for thousands of feet between the fir-clad slopes. It all looks very near and only just beyond the end of the lake.

On our right, with rocky cliffs jutting out into deep water, is Baba Shukr-uddin Hill—with a pretty shrine-capped point 600 feet above, and projecting out into the lake a line of bold black rocks, the sides of which show a white tide mark, from the fluctuations in the level of the water. In a little bay at the foot of Shukr-uddin is the hamlet of Zirri Manz, with a sloping beach, on which are lines of shells, water-weeds and driftwood.

From Zirri Manz to Bandipoora is about 5 miles, across a wide bay, the shores of which are formed by well-tilled ground, sloping up to the foot of the pine-covered mountain range which separates us from the Lolab valley.

The changeful moods of the lake give it a great charm. The water is often green. But it responds in ever-changing

play of colour to the reflections of cloud and sky and of snow and hillside.

The Wular is full of fish. And at certain seasons it is a favourite resort of wild waterfowl. I have seen, stretching across it, a line of duck and geese 3 miles long, and in some places not in single file but eight or ten abreast.

The Jhelum flows into the Wular and emerges at the west end. At the point where it leaves the lake is the town of Sopur, with about 700 houses and an old wooden bridge. Below Sopur the river is broad and sluggish. It soon approaches the mountains, and finally, becoming more rapid, it leaves the valley between two rocky ridges immediately below Baramula.

It has long been recognized that if the channel of the river could be deepened at this point it might, by hastening the outflow, materially mitigate the terrible inundations to which Kashmir is almost annually exposed. So long ago as the latter half of the ninth century A.D., in the time of Avanti Varma, a Kashmir engineer, Suyya, in honour of whom the town of Sopur[1] received its name, endeavoured, with, it is said, some measure of success, to excavate the river bed in this gorge. A similar attempt was made in 1902, but without avail. More recently very large and powerful dredgers have been constructed and worked by electricity. The hope is that if by these the channel can be deepened at this point and silt removed from the river above, the increased current will scour the whole length of the river and that great tracts of land around the Wular Lake may be reclaimed for cultivation.

Time alone can show whether this end will be attained. But certainly the system which has hitherto prevailed of protecting the low-lying land around the river by embankments is most unsatisfactory. The height of these dykes has to be raised year by year, as the bed of the river rises

[1] Suyya-pur.

with the deposit of silt. Kashmir might, in time, reach the unenviable position of the valley of the Yang-tse, much of which is actually below the level of the great river, which has been similarly trained between embankments for so many centuries.

Sixteen miles below Baramula is the great Power House of the Jhelum Valley Electrical Works.

At a point where the river falls rapidly, a stream has been taken off and run along the hillside for 6½ miles in a flume, two-thirds of the length of which is constructed of cedar and the remaining third of masonry. An abrupt fall of 400 feet at the end, to the Power House, drives the turbines which generate the power. In the original scheme it was anticipated that purchasers of the power might be found in the Punjab, and that an electrical railway from Kashmir to Rawalpindi might be constructed. The power might also have been utilized to work saw-mills, oil-presses and wool and match factories. The water available is capable of producing 20,000 horse-power. There seems now, owing partly to difficulties from constant landslips, but chiefly to political influences, little immediate prospect that the original scheme will be carried out. And meanwhile the 5000 horse-power which has been actually provided is being used for the dredgers and to heat the water basins and drive the reeling machinery in the silk factory at Srinagar. It will also become increasingly available for lighting that city.

The Engineer-in-Chief, Major de Lotbinière, has a deservedly high reputation. It was he who harnessed the Cauvery Falls in Madras, to supply the Kolar gold-fields, 100 miles distant, with motive power at half the cost which was being paid for steam.

Baramula is the fourth largest town in Kashmir and ranks after Sopur. It has a population of 6000 and there are about 1000 houses. It is the first Kashmir town seen by travellers as they finish their long drive of 160 miles

over the Murree Hill and up the Jhelum valley road. The rich reddish-brown coloured wooden houses look like Swiss chalets, but the roofs are grass-covered. The blue waters of the Jhelum, here a broad and placid stream spanned by a log bridge, groups of massive chenar trees on the banks, and a glimpse of distant snows, combine to form a beautiful scene. This is the first impression which most people receive of the valley of Kashmir.

Baramula is a busy centre, through which practically the whole of the export and import trade of Kashmir passes. Goods are brought from and taken to the Punjab in bullock waggons and in light country carts called *ekkas*. The chief exports are fruit, consisting largely of apples, pears and walnuts. Of this over 100,000 maunds, or about 3500 tons, are exported annually. Rice and maize vary between one thousand and three thousand tons, according to the existence of scarcity in the north of India. Linseed, ghee, potatoes, hides, wool and woollen cloth are all exported in large quantities. The value of the silk sent out of Kashmir annually amounts alone to over £100,000, and the timber which is floated down the river to the Punjab represents another fifty to eighty thousand pounds sterling a year.

Of imports, cotton goods are the most important, and reach the comparatively high figure of 900 to 1000 tons, with an approximate value of over £100,000. Salt (7000 tons), tea, sugar, iron, copper and other metals, and also kerosene oil are imported in large quantities.

The total value of imports is about £420,000, and of exports approximately £400,000 per annum.

As might be expected, the exports, being chiefly raw produce, are (without including the timber) considerably more than twice the weight of the imports. The total of the latter is about 14,000 tons. With all this traffic Baramula is an important trade depôt. It is the headquarters of Mr H. E. Stubbs, the Divisional Engineer in charge of the road; and several Europeans connected with the dredgers reside here.

There is a Roman Catholic mission with school and dispensary, carried on with energy and devotion by the Rev. Fr. Simons.

From here the Jhelum valley road runs on to Srinagar, a distance of 33 miles, and most of the way through a long aisle of poplar trees. At Pattan, 20 miles from Baramula, on the road to Srinagar, are the ruins of two very fine temples. Also at Buniar, 10 miles below Baramula, there is a most interesting ruin. Near the river, close to the Buniar temple, is an immense block of limestone which shows the way in which the large masses of stone for these temples in olden days were shaped. On one surface there is a line of deeply-drilled holes indicating where the division was to be effected, probably with the aid of wedges.

These temples and also those of Nárástan and Wangat, situated far up remote and narrow valleys, are similar in design to that of Martand.

Near Baramula is the village of Nichháma, where the surface of the ground became so hot in the years 1875-6 that the clay became bright red, and it even now looks just like kiln-baked bricks. The Hindus, who came in great numbers to worship the power represented by this remarkable natural phenomenon, were actually able to cook their food in vessels placed on the hot soil. It is said by the people that in places flames burst forth. It was predicted that there would be a recurrence of the phenomenon in 1911. This, however, did not happen.

Another interesting place, in the same district, is an intermittent spring, the time of the flow of which is stated to be correctly foretold by the Hindus.

The terrible earthquake of 1885 was most intense near Baramula, where the surface of the earth became fissured, and sulphurous gas and sand were discharged. On the hillside of Laridoora, south of Baramula, a huge landslip occurred. A portion of the hill resting on a bed of clay slipped downward. It is interesting to note that in the hard

clay at this point, 1500 feet above the level of the Wular Lake, specimens of the Singhara water-chestnut are abundant. Colonel Godwin Austin, too, obtained from the beds of clay, 1400 feet thick, in the neighbourhood, many specimens of land and fresh-water shells, all apparently of living forms, together with plant remains and minute fish scales, dating from the time when the valley of Kashmir was a great fresh-water lake.

CHAPTER III

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT HARAMOUK

In the last chapter I referred to the imposing manner in which Mount Haramouk towers up above the Wular Lake. To the climber this mountain presents especial interest. Its height for the Himalayas is not very great, being 16,900 feet. But it is the most distinctively Kashmiri of all the outstanding mountains. Its shoulders and ridges slope well down into the vale, and it forms the most striking of the mountain masses which compose a magnificent background to the panoramic view of the north-western end of the valley of the Kashmir as seen from the south and east. Rising like a giant above the ranges around, its wall-like cliffs and snowy domes glitter in the sun—a very dream of beauty.

Mount Haramouk has been, by both the Mohammedans and Hindus of Kashmir, invested with a halo of romance, chiefly on account of its supposed inaccessibility. The Hindus say that there is a vein of emerald in the southern cliff, and that no snakes can live in any part of Kashmir from which this can be seen. They add that the mountain never has been and never can be climbed. The Mohammedans, however, relate that a religious mendicant once upon a time did succeed in reaching the summit, but was pushed over the edge by demons during the night and perished. The shepherds look up with awe at the snowfields which crown the mountain and from which the various summits arise, and tell you with bated breath that fairyland lies up there, and that since the days of Father Adam no foot has ever trod those upper snows.

The lowest of the peaks is a conical mass of rock, which was used for Survey purposes many years ago. It is known as the "Station Peak," and can be fairly easily approached from the west by a long rocky ridge. The other summits are the Western, Middle, Northern and Eastern. The last, which is the highest of all, is separated by a gap, 400 feet deep, from the rest of the mountain. On three sides—namely, the north, east and south—there is a deep snow cornice, resting on a sheer rock precipice which drops about 3000 feet to the upper edge of the Gangabal glaciers.

Starting from the Wular Lake, which is 5000 feet above sea-level, we enter the Erin Nalla, a narrow valley which leads right up to the watershed behind Mount Haramouk. The first march takes us through rice swamps, then through patches of jungle bright with balsams, blue larkspur and the pink blossom of the wild indigo. The hillsides are a rich green, with heavy crops of maize. Presently we reach the lower margin of the trees, which we have seen clothing the slopes above us.

After this the route becomes much more distinctly mountainous; the valley narrows, the sides become steeper and broken here and there by patches of cliff. Already we can see the upper level of the pines, and the birches, crooked and twisted from the pressure of many a winter's snows. A long steady climb through a forest of firs, and at last we emerge on the upland meadows, gay with alpine flowers, and finally pitch our camp by the side of a shallow lake at a height of 12,500 feet, far above the level of trees and very near the upper limit of vegetation. This is the base camp.

From here in 1887 Dr A. Neve and I successfully reached the summit of the Western Peak, and returned the same day. That year we proved that the higher peaks could be reached only by placing another camp higher up.

In 1897 I carried this into effect, and with Dr Lechmere Taylor climbed up to, and placed a *tente d'abri* upon, a ridge 2500 feet above the base camp. For this we had to

build with stones a level place to hold the tent. The following day we made a further ascent, and I reached the summit of the middle dome and placed a pole at the top of its precipitous southern face. The chief difficulty was a bergschrund, which completely surrounded the snowy side, while the precipitous rock-face appeared impracticable. Eventually we found a small snow bridge over the chasm, and were able to cut our way up the steep slope.

In 1898, accompanied by the Rev. E. F. E. Wigram and Mr J. H. Oldham, I made another attempt.

Approaching the mountain from the east, we climbed up past the Gangabal Lakes and the Loolgool and Kala Sar tarns, and traversing the northern side we crossed the western slopes of Mount Haramouk to our old base camp of 1887. We had thus made an almost complete circuit of the mountain. The last 7 miles was a perfectly charming walk, quite easy and with commanding views of the Wular Lake and the Haramouk snowfields. We were just above the level of the pines. The morning was cloudless and the ground bright with aconite, wild lavender, saxifrage, geraniums, gentians, edelweiss and many other alpine flowers. The delicate tracery of the birch trees with their fresh green leaves, the roar of the torrent visible in the valley below, the glitter and sparkle of the fresh snowy crown which had fallen on the summit of Mount Haramouk only two days before, all contributed to a scene of exquisite beauty. Off the top of the mountain, although the sky was pure blue, we could see clouds of snow drifting under a strong wind. But in our valley it was calm. With Wigram's excellent telescope we made out the erection on the Station Peak to consist of several wooden poles, evidently the remains of a hut constructed by the Survey party forty years ago.

We camped by the shallow lake and made our preparations for the next day. We had twelve coolies. Each carried a load of about thirty pounds. We began our climb at 6 a.m. All went well till we reached the main ridge. Then the coolies'

faces began to elongate. We arrived at the site of the previous year's camp at 9 a.m. and had breakfast. When we again started only two coolies made a move, and when we had gone thirty yards the other ten burst into a howl of lamentation. Tears streamed down their cheeks. Persuasion, entreaty and attempted compulsion were alike futile. Leaving them for the time we pushed on to the point where you first get on to the *névé*. We found the snow deep, soft and intersected by numerous crevasses. The bergschrund, too, looked formidable. Not to tire ourselves out, we returned at once to the coolies. This took us an hour.

Wigram's aneroid gave our ridge camp as 15,600 feet. Although the barometer was correct at Gangabal Lake it seemed to mount altogether too much on Haramouk and it appeared to us to register 600 feet too high.

It was cold that night. A steady wind began to blow. Our small shelter tent modified but did not completely arrest its force. At 4.30 a.m. the temperature in the tent was 25° F. We got up soon after and started as soon as it was light. We reached the snow, after a steady rock climb, at 6.55. The height, subtracting 600 feet for error, was 15,800 feet. A strong icy wind laden with drifting snow was blowing. This we found most trying. The new snow was from nine inches to a foot and a half deep, and the labour in walking tremendous.

By 8.45 we reached some rocks below the Western Peak—the point where Lechmere Taylor stopped last year. Here we had a hurried meal. Striking east, we came to the gap between the West and Middle Peaks, and found the bergschrund complete, except at the rocky ridge which appeared too steep to ascend. Pushing on, with the impassable bergschrund on our right, we next ascended the central dome, which lies between the Middle and Northern Peaks. On the way we scanned the ice-cliffs for a practicable route, but in vain. As the Middle Peak is the only possible avenue to the

Eastern, we had to relinquish once more all hopes of ascending the latter peak this year. We then decided to climb the northern dome, hitherto unclimbed. This proved easy. One formidable crevasse had to be carefully crossed, and then we steadily ascended an inclined plane of deep snow to the summit.

The view was magnificent. For a radius of 100 miles or more range on range and peak on peak stretched away. The sky was cloudless. Down below a score of blue mountain lakes glittered in the sunshine. The Eastern Peak looked grand but difficult. We made the height of the North Peak with deductions for error 17,000 feet. The Government Survey map was obviously incorrect in its details of the ridges and peaks of Mount Haramouk.

Leaving the top at 12.20, we reached the rocks by 2.5 p.m., and the ridge camp by 2.50, and we were down at the base camp by 5.10 p.m., where we finished a splendid day's climb by a rapid bathe in the lake just before sunset.

These three attempts were made in September, as the weather in Kashmir is usually settled in the autumn.

Hoping that in June, owing to the greater amount of old snow, the ascent of the Middle Peak—the only route to the top—would be easier, accompanied by Mr Geoffroy Millais, I made in 1899 another ascent. We placed our base camp in the usual situation, and took up ten porters and two light tents to the ridge camp. The weather was mild and free from wind, but a little cloudy. Starting at 4.30 a.m., we posted six of our porters along the route, within hail of each other, at all the difficult parts on the rock climb. This precaution was taken to secure our return if the weather should prove bad. Taking two picked men with us, forty-five minutes' stiff crag-work brought us to the snow. This was in good condition. Working round the northern slopes of the Western Peak to the gap between it and the Middle Peak, we found that once more a large crevasse, surmounted on the upper side by ice-cliffs, blocked off all access to the

latter. A slender snow bridge which I attempted to cross was too soft and let me through at the first step. We next turned our attention to the point where the snow joined the rocks on the south face, and found that, by working up the rocks where practicable, and cutting steps up the steep snow slope where the rocks were impassable, we were able to make good progress. Indeed, we reached my 1897 pole by 9.45 a.m. From this point there was a drop of 400 feet down steep rocks to the gap between the Middle Peak, on which we were standing, and the Eastern Peak. This was rather difficult owing to the looseness of the rocks. We reached the bottom at 11 a.m., and felt that the battle was won. From this point a steady climb on snow—at first on a fairly easy gradient, and later on up a steeper slope, requiring some step-cutting—brought us to the summit, which was reached at 11.45 a.m.

The scene was too grand for words to describe. We looked right over the top of the great Pir Panjal range, which lies to the south of the valley of Kashmir, and the higher peaks of which rival and surpass Mont Blanc in height. Looking around one saw, standing out like giants, the still unclimbed mountains—Kolahoi, with its Matterhorn-like peak, Nun Kun to the north, K2, Gwasherbrum, Masherbrum, and above all, 60 miles away, the grand range culminating in the mighty Nanga Parbat.

Mount Haramouk has been removed from the list of virgin peaks, but a splendid field for really difficult work still awaits the alpine climber in Kashmir.

And as we go further north toward the great Mustagh range there are numerous giant peaks which present at least this advantage to the climber that the base camp is already at a great height owing to the altitude of the valleys. It is in this region that the highest peaks will be climbed. Indeed Kashmir already holds the record owing to the recent achievements of the Duke of the Abruzzi.

CHAPTER IV

VILLAGE LIFE

Forced Labour—Land Settlement—Rice Cultivation—Sericulture—Village Occupations—Field Work—Horticulture—Apiculture—Autumn and Winter—Some Common Birds.

THE villages of Kashmir are full of human interest as we study the people in their natural environment.

The chief village population is found all round the valley on the higher ground which shelves up to the mountains, on the slopes below the foot-hills, the deltas of the tributary valleys and the sides of the *karewahs*. Here enormous areas of terraced rice-fields are to be found, stretching from the alluvial plain up to the base of the mountains. And as we go a little higher we find whole slopes covered with maize. The flat tops of the *karewahs* are used especially for wheat, barley, mustard and linseed, early crops which come to maturity before the scorching heat of summer parches the soil.

The life of Kashmir depends upon its agriculturists. The population of the Kashmir Province is 1,295,203, and of these probably more than a million are engaged in agriculture. In olden days the interests of the villagers were largely subordinated to those of the inhabitants of the city of Srinagar, many of whom were influential and all of whom were more immediately under the eye of the rulers.

Rice for the city was taken from the villagers at low rates. They were liable to frequent calls for forced labour. Every year the levy of coolies for Gilgit placed in the hands of the Tehsildars (the district magistrates) great powers of oppression. And from the chief of the local administration down

to the humblest peon of the Tehsil this was an unfailing source of income. Meanwhile, the poor and friendless, or those who had incurred the wrath of the authorities, were seized and sent off on the hated task of carrying loads a thirteen days' journey, over rough mountain tracks to Gilgit. Their condition was indeed little better than that of slaves.

" In May 1888 I was on cholera duty in Islamabad. Just as the epidemic was reaching its height, and hundreds were dying every day in all the districts around, a levy of 5000 or more coolies was called for. The villagers were almost distracted with fear. Who would do all the agricultural work? What would happen, during their long absence, to their wives and children? To what perils of pestilence and inclemency of weather would they themselves be exposed in the crowded bivouacs and snowy passes of the deadly Gilgit district? I was present at a sort of farewell service on a *maidan* outside Islamabad, when nearly 1000 men were starting. And when they took leave of the friends who had accompanied them so far, loud was the sobbing of some, fervid the demeanour of all as, led by the mullah, they intoned their prayers and chanted some of their special Ramzan penitential psalms. Braver men might well have been agitated at such a time. It is certain that cholera clung to the camp, and that unburied corpses of hundreds of these poor ' begáris ' marked the whole line of march from Srinagar to Bunji." [1]

In the year 1882 the State tried the remarkable experiment of auctioning the villages for revenue purposes. The purchasers in many cases bid amounts which were absurdly greater than the value of the village revenue, and after wringing all they could out of the unhappy villagers they absconded without paying the State a single rupee. This was bad enough. But to aggravate it the State actually professed to regard the sum offered at the auction as the real

[1] A. Neve, *Mission Hospital Reports.*

8. TYPICAL KASHMIRI COTTAGE.
(To the right is the little granary.)

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value of the village tax, and year by year put pressure upon the unfortunate cultivators with a view to realizing this fictitious revenue!

The great land settlement, initiated by Sir Andrew Wingate in 1887, and carried through by Sir Walter Lawrence from 1889-1895, changed all this, and from that time the condition of the villagers has been one of increasing prosperity. Two among many evidences of this are the large areas of new land being annually brought under cultivation, and the numerous shops, which are springing up in the villages, stocked with cotton piece goods and other luxuries or necessities of civilization.

The abolition of the old method of a special low rate for rice, fixed by Government, was, however, effected too abruptly. It had been going on for generations, and the life of the poorer inhabitants of Srinagar was largely dependent upon cheap food thus obtained. When the market was thrown open in 1902, the price of rice rushed up to more than fourfold, and thousands in the city were threatened by starvation. The Government was compelled to readjust the situation and for a time to make grants of cheaper grain to those who were really poor.

Kashmiri villages are conspicuous in the landscape. There is usually a group of chenar trees, with light grey trunks, mottled with pale yellow, and massive curved limbs, with dense foliage forming dark green masses in summer and brilliant splashes of light red in the late autumn. Close by are two or three lofty poplars and lines of young saplings, bordering orchards of pear, apple and apricot, or market gardens enclosed by wattle fences. Mounds covered with large purple and white irises, brilliant and fragrant in the sunshine, mark the sites of the old village graveyards, and the hamlet itself shows as a collection of large high-pitched, straw-thatched gables, peeping out from among the mulberry trees (Plate 8).

These homesteads embowered in trees are surrounded

by thousands of acres of arable land, terraced squares and crescents of rice-field, irrigated from small channels.

Rice ripens up to an altitude of about 7000 feet. It is the staple crop of Kashmir. There are at least sixty different varieties with distinct names; but there are two broad divisions, viz., white and red. The former is considered greatly superior.

The successful cultivation of rice entails enormous labour. First of all the fields have to be constructed in terraces so as to allow of effective irrigation. Channels have to be dug for the distribution of the water. It is essential, when the rice has been sown or planted out from the nurseries, that the soil shall never again get dry. The weeding alone is a tremendous task. Rows of peasants may be seen standing in mud and water, bent down, scooping out all the adventitious plants and grasses, and plastering mud round the stalks of the young rice plants. This goes on day after day under a hot sun, and the fields have to be carefully and completely weeded no less than four times a year. Where, however, the rice plants have been transferred from nurseries, instead of being sown broadcast, twice is sufficient. This special weeding is called *khushába*.

The Kashmiri is an absolute expert in rice cultivation, and unless early frost steps in, continuous rain at harvest-time, or one of the disastrous inundations to which Kashmir is so liable, there is usually a splendid harvest.

Throughout the valley there is very extensive irrigation. The water can be taken off at great heights from the tributary valleys, and there are also a large number of springs. The distribution is very wide and is said to be conducted on a system introduced by the Moghuls.

In and around Srinagar and the larger towns and villages lift irrigation is also carried on largely by means of a long pole acting as a lever and working on a pivot upon a cross-piece resting on two uprights, or on the forked branches of a tree. The short end of the pole carries a large stone as a

counterpoise, and on to the long end like the line of a fishing-rod hangs a thick rope with an earthenware bucket attached. This is rapidly lowered into the river or well by pulling on the rope and dragging down the end of the pole. When this is released the weight of the stone raises the bucket which, as it reaches the level of the ground, is emptied into a long boat-shaped tray of wood which acts like a funnel and conducts the water in the required direction. This form of irrigation is especially useful for market gardens. All the land really belongs to the State. But hereditary rights of occupancy have been granted to cultivators who pay their taxes regularly. They are not, however, allowed under any circumstances to sell or mortgage their land. This rule saves them from the clutches of the Hindu banias and middlemen. And if it is necessary for a villager to raise money, he can usually do it in advance on his standing crops.

A certain number of high officers and privileged persons, such as the Mian Rajputs, the clan of H.H. the Maharajah, hold estates in Kashmir, which are revenue free and not under the control of the Forest Department. These are called Jagirs.

The land revenue actually collected in Kashmir in 1890 was twelve and a half lakhs of rupees (£83,715). This is about what it was in the time of the Emperor Akhbar.

Of recent years, however, although the *taxation* has been reduced from fifty to thirty per cent. of the total crops of the cultivators, the land *revenue* has greatly increased, and it is now more than half as much again as it was in 1890.

Entering the village, we usually find a broad track with grassy borders bounded by a rippling stream. Grateful shade is cast by large walnut trees, the deeply fissured and gnarled trunks of which rise from spreading roots which encroach on the path. Some of these trees have a girth of 18 feet and more. The houses are mostly two storied, and

they have a framework of wood which is filled in with sun-dried or, in the better houses, with red kiln-baked bricks. Under the thatched roofs is an airy space with stores of grass and firewood, and sometimes silkworms. The eggs of the latter are imported from France and to a less extent from Italy, and about 30,000 ounces are distributed annually to villagers, who place them in the roofs or rooms of their houses and hatch them. The young are then fed on the leaves of the mulberry trees which are so common. The cocoons when ready are purchased by the silk factory. In this way as much as 3,200,000 lbs. may be brought in by the villagers in one year, for which the Department of Sericulture pays over Rs. 600,000 (about £40,000). This goes to about thirty-five thousand villagers, giving them on an average nearly Rs. 11/ each, which makes it quite worth their while, as this is equivalent to at least two months' wages for an ordinary Kashmiri cultivator.

Most of the houses have a front verandah to the upper story in which the people live for the greater part of the year, and at one end of which is a little kitchen with clay fireplace. The inner rooms, chiefly used in winter, are dark and almost unventilated. The ground floor is often set apart entirely for cattle and sheep. If this arrangement secures warmth for the dwellers above, it is at some sacrifice of sweetness. Every village has several granaries, small square wooden buildings, the floor of which is raised a few feet above the ground. And not far away is sure to be a village shrine (Astán) often on an eminence and usually with fine old trees in the vicinity. The Mosque is probably near by, and in its roof may be seen the wooden bier in which the dead are carried to the graveyard to be interred without a coffin. At daybreak and at sunset the voice of the *muezzin* sounds out, calling the faithful to prayer, and soon a small congregation gathers and the Imam conducts the Namáz. In some mosques the congregation chant their prayers almost in Gregorian style (Plate 9).

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9. A VILLAGE CONGREGATION.

To face p. 58.

Often the sides of the houses are festooned with bright rows of red chillies or split turnips, golden maize cobs and dried apples.

In the courtyard in front of a house we see two women busily engaged in pounding the unhusked rice in a large wooden mortar with pestles 5 feet long. First one straightens herself, lifts the pestle as high as she can, and then bending suddenly brings it down with a crash. Then the other woman facing her does the same. This is perhaps one of the commonest sights in the village. On a stretch of green, there is a row of upright sticks at intervals of 2 feet. These are for weaving purposes. One of the villagers may be seen walking up and down rapidly winding from a spindle a thread of cotton in and out of these stakes. In the verandah an old woman is seated with masses of snow-white cotton-wool in front of her, from which, with the aid of a curious old wheel, she is spinning excellent thread. A peep through the window of another house shows a rough loom in which woollen blankets are woven. This is one of the staple village industries. A common arrangement is for the local shop-keeper to advance money on the promise of repayment in blankets and garden produce.

According to the Kashmiris there are six seasons in the year, each of two months. "Wandh," with a somewhat similar sound, corresponds to our English winter, or at least with the time from 15th November till 15th January. During this period and on till the end of March, the first ploughing for wheat and barley is done. Then rice, maize and the other autumn crops are threshed; and when the snow falls towards the end of December the people weave woollen blankets, and attend to their sheep and cattle. "Sont" is the period from 15th March to 1st May. This is an extremely busy time. The fields have to be ploughed and manured for rice and maize. And then these are sown. In many villages the rice is sown in nurseries, and the seed-lings are planted out when they are nearly a foot high.

Broadcast sowing gives better crops but entails considerably more labour in weeding. The wheat and barley harvest begins in the valley at the end of May, and during the whole summer the harvest goes on at the various altitudes. Linseed is a little later than wheat. From July to September the peasants are busy in the fields weeding the rice, maize and cotton.

The last is a very pretty crop, with its large yellow flowers followed by snowy tufts. The real harvest of Kashmir comes on in September and October, called by the Kashmiris the season of " Hard." It is then that the rice and maize, millet, sesame, amaranth and other autumn crops are gathered in. And now the fruit trees are laden, and before long from all parts of the valley strings of ponies may be met, and lines of coolies carrying baskets of apples and pears and sacks of walnuts, most of which will find their way to Baramula and be exported from there by cart to the plains of India.

At harvest-time all round the valley, but especially near the fringe of the forest, the villagers are troubled by the depredations of bears. The fields of maize and the fruit on the trees are a great attraction. To guard their crops the people erect " machans "—little roofed platforms twelve to twenty feet above the ground. Here they sit and watch at night and blow trumpets, beat drums, old kerosene tins, or anything else which will make a noise. And at the same time they emit blood-curdling yells, or piercing whistles, all with the object of terrifying the nocturnal robbers. The combined effect of fifty or a hundred people thus engaged at night over a comparatively small area of cultivated land is somewhat suggestive of pandemonium.

Kashmir is particularly rich in fruit trees. Many of these are indigenous and found wild in the forests. The people are quite clever at grafting. The stock is cut off rather low, and into the end three or four scions are wedged and supported by clay surrounded by birch bark. Ring budding is also successfully practised. In addition to the

ordinary fruit trees, currants, raspberries and gooseberries are found wild. Apricots are also common. The fruit has been all immensely improved by cultivation and the introduction of choice varieties.

The grapes are rather disappointing. In the valley, rapid night radiation in the autumn, and the heavy dew, together with the great sun heat in the day, appear to favour blight and other disease. At the mouth of the Sind valley there are some good vineyards producing delicious white and red dessert grapes.

On the east side of the Dal Lake there are about 400 acres of wine grapes, and at the distillery, under M. Peychaud's skilled supervision, wines of the Barsac and Medoc type are produced. The vintage varies much from year to year. It is said that the soil is deficient in iron and phosphates, and that the frequent difficulty in obtaining perfectly ripe grapes affects both the quality and keeping powers of the wine.

Hops grow well in Kashmir. In the summer the growth is very rapid. A market is found for them in the Murree and other breweries.

A large number of sheep are kept by peasants who live in the valley. These all have to be sent up to the hill pastures in the summer to escape the intense heat and get fresh grazing. They are entrusted to shepherds who bring them back again in the autumn and receive two per cent. of the flock if it is intact. They are also paid in rice and are allowed all the butter made from the sheep's milk.

The cows, which are numerous in the villages, are small, and they usually appear to be half starved. They seldom give more than six pints of milk a day. A cow may be bought for about twenty rupees.

In the sides of some of the houses in the villages we see a circle with a hole in the centre into which bees are seen to be crowding. These are the Kashmir hives.

They are merely earthenware cylinders, about 2 feet long, and built into the wall. The outside end of the hive

has a central hole about an inch across, or sometimes a series of small holes in a circle. The inner end has an earthenware lid fitted over it and sealed on with clay. No artificial feeding is done in the summer, but in winter the bees are supplied with food. No special measures are, however, taken to protect them from the cold, and the mortality is often very great. In many villages, after a severe winter, when the temperature sometimes falls to zero Fahrenheit, more than three-quarters of the colonies will perish. Under favourable conditions strong colonies are formed. Early in May the swarms issue. One hive may give off as many as six, weighing from two to four pounds each. The villagers usually expect the swarms to settle and hive themselves in one of the numerous empty wall hives. The bees are not accustomed to English hives, and it is extremely difficult to retain them. In many cases it appears advisable to fit a strip of queen excluder zinc across the entrance to prevent the queen from leaving. Usually this can be safely removed after two or three weeks. But I have frequently lost swarms in spite of this precaution. One colony left the hive and deserted its brood two months after it had been introduced. This was, however, due to persistent attacks of bee-robbers. Where Kashmir bees are kept in wooden hives there seems to be an unusual amount of fighting and robbing. The local earthenware hives do not appear to attract outsiders. Hornets, however, are often seen attempting to get in. The wooden hives perhaps emit an odour from their joints, for they are pestered by hornets, worried by robbers, and sometimes in the spring a swarm will descend upon an already occupied hive.

The Kashmiris understand something of the management of queens. They sometimes secure a restless queen by tying a fine thread to one of her legs and pinning her to the comb. Sometimes, too, they change queens, and they cut out queen cells quite cleverly.

Two harvests may be obtained, one in June and the other

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in October. The back of the hive is opened and smoke is blown in, and the combs are rapidly cut out. The bees are gentle, so comparatively few are killed. No proper care is usually taken of brood comb, and insufficient supplies are often left for the survivors. Sulphur is, however, not used.

The bees are wonderfully tame. I have often manipulated them without the use of any subduer. As in Europe, there appear to be two chief varieties—the yellow bee and a darker kind. In the yellow variety there is a fairly broad transverse stripe on the back, with four parallel pale yellow bands below. The ventral surface of the abdomen is yellow, and the thorax is covered with light brown fur. The lowest stripe is a little broader at the middle, which makes the bee look as if it had a white tail. The wings when folded reach to the lower margin of this stripe.

Wild bees appear to be yellower and to have slightly longer bodies than the domesticated varieties. I have seen them as high as 12,000 feet above sea-level. The favourite altitude for wild colonies is between 5500 and 7000 feet. It is too hot for them in the valley in the summer; but all round the hills in the mountain villages they thrive. The forests are full of wild balsams and the slopes are covered with wild sage. So great is the attraction of the mountain and forest flowers that many swarms desert the valley in the spring but return to their village hives again in September.

Both hornets and ants are troublesome enemies. When hornets threaten the hive the bees come out and form compact groups, and as the enemy approaches they lower their heads and, with a peculiar quivering movement, turn their tails with the sting exposed towards the intruder, who usually veers off. Hornets, however, sometimes carry off one or even two bees at a time. Occasionally a bee with bold spirit takes decisive action. Perhaps, like Sir Nigel Loring, she regards the hornet as a "courteous and worthy person with whom some small bickering may be had." Or possibly, Marcus Curtius like, she seeks, by sacrificing herself, to save

the whole community. I have seen a bee suddenly dash out from the armed circle of defenders and pierce a formidable hornet four times her own size, inflicting a fatal wound. But all are not so courageous, for one day I placed a dead hornet on the alighting-board when the sentry had gone in for a moment. A casual bee coming out for an evening walk suddenly and unexpectedly caught sight of the orange-coloured monster, gave a most dramatic start, and then hastened back to her own quarters. Whether she spread the alarming news I know not, but almost at once a fierce and stalwart worker emerged and, single-handed, seized the unwelcome intruder and threw him off the platform. In their behaviour toward ants bees seem rather timid. Ignoring them unless they come quite near, they even then appear to chase them with some apprehension lest the ant should turn and seize them by the nose.

Large ants are the most formidable of all foes. They will sometimes raid a hive like a band of Masai warriors attacking a village. There is a large black variety half an inch long, with powerful mandibles, with which they literally cut off the bees' heads. Should an invasion of these occur, the bees will leave the hive, but not before large numbers have been massacred. Fortunately the defence is easy, as it is only necessary to stand the legs of the hive in water.

No one in Kashmir has yet succeeded in getting bees to work properly in the upper sections of a standard frame hive.

It will be interesting to see whether the introduction of English or Italian queens will result in greater industry, or whether their progeny, too, will succumb to the somewhat enervating influence of the climate and the summer and autumn droughts.

As the autumn draws on in Kashmir the days remain bright and hot, but the cold at nights becomes increasingly intense. Early in September excellent snipe-shooting is to be obtained, and large numbers of duck begin to fly over the valley. On some of the lakes wild waterfowl are very

abundant. In 1906 Lord Minto and the Viceregal party shot 1500 duck in one day on the Hukra Jheel. When shooting is going on, the duck rise from the lakes and marshes in clouds and wheel round in tens of thousands, some at a great height.

After the middle of October the leaves rapidly change their colour. Poplars and mulberries become lemon-yellow, chenars a pure light red, and apples and pears orange and crimson. At this season the willows are pollarded and their saplings and leaves stored for winter fodder for the flocks. In the hedges blackberries are abundant. In the evenings at this time of the year a blue mist hangs over the valley and round the foot of the mountains, which take on exceedingly rich orange-coloured tints as the sun sets.

In the winter snow usually falls in the third week of December. After that, sometimes for six weeks, the whole country is snow-bound, clouds settle down upon the mountains and there is no sunshine. The cold then becomes very great. Occasionally the Dal Lake is frozen sufficiently to bear. I have on two occasions skated from the distillery at the south end to beyond the Nassim Bagh, 3 miles to the north-west. It is not, however, very safe, as there are warm springs.

Every morning, during the winter, thousands of jackdaws leave the city and fly in dense clouds out into the country in search of food. About five o'clock in the evening they return. In fine weather they fly high. If, however, the weather is threatening, they skim just over the tops of the houses and trees. It is interesting to watch their flight. The whole army appears to be composed of divisions. As they advance, a cloud of scouts is thrown out in front. On reaching the outskirts of the city the front battalions settle on groups of trees in such numbers that the whole tree becomes black and the branches are weighed down. When the rear divisions arrive there is much wheeling and manœuvring and evidently different clans occupy distinct trees, for which sometimes active skirmishing is carried on. When, however,

the last stragglers have arrived, the whole force rises in a dark cloud and makes its way to the city, where the night is spent roosting in trees and under the eaves of houses.

The valley of Kashmir is remarkably calm. With the exception of thunderstorms in the summer and occasional gales early in March, it is extremely rare to have a windy day. The rainfall varies much from year to year. It is usually between twenty-five and thirty-five inches. The heaviest rain is ordinarily towards the end of July, corresponding to the full development of the monsoon in North India, and it is then that there is great danger of floods.

One of the commonest of Kashmir birds in the villages is the white-cheeked bulbul. These have a graceful feather crest curving forwards and nearly 2 inches long. They are quite domesticated and often come indoors, perching on tables and chairs or even on the edge of a tea-cup, the sugar at the bottom of which has special attractions for them. With a little trouble they can be taught to catch crumbs thrown in the air, and they will perch on the back of one's hand. Swallows are exceedingly common. They usually arrive in March and build their nests in April and May.

Small game is not nearly so common in Kashmir as might be expected. There are no hares nor wild rabbits in the valley. On the hills the chikor partridge is common. It belongs to the genus of rock or sand partridges, and is found usually just above the line of cultivation among the rocks. Coveys are often seen in the fields at harvest-time, and they are met with up to an altitude of 9000 feet. The monal pheasant is the most handsome of all Kashmir birds. The cock is magnificent, with rich peacock-blue plumage with golden-red sheen. These pheasants are not very common. They live chiefly at the upper margins of the forests.

The valley is infested with rats. In the summer they live in the fields and farmyards. In the winter they crowd into the houses and do immense mischief. They would be still more numerous were it not for the large number of half-wild

cats which take up their abode in the roofs and basements of the houses and do valuable service. It is an interesting fact that when Kashmir was attacked by plague there was no evidence of any rat infection.

As we walk through the village we notice the little shop, the tawny-yellow or black dogs stealthily walking about, the flocks of ducks busy gobbling in the stream and the little bathing-houses close by.

Ploughing is done with small bullocks and the ploughs are small, for deep furrows are unnecessary. Rice cultivation is the great interest of most of the inhabitants of the valley. It speaks well for the fertility of Kashmir that although there is only one annual rice crop, in good years excellent rice may be bought at a halfpenny per pound.

It is in the villages that we see the real Kashmir life. The language, dress, complexion, manners and customs of the people here are quite distinct from those of any other country. Probably few people have undergone less change in the march of the centuries than this nation, in its isolated valley, separated by gigantic mountain ranges from all the countries around and, until the last quarter of a century, connected with India only by a rough bridle track more than a hundred miles long.

CHAPTER V

HISTORICAL EPOCHS

Early Hindu—Buddhist—Hindu Kings—Tribal Wars—Tartar Invasion—Mohammedan Rule—Kashmir Sultans—The Moghuls—Akhbar—Jehangir—Afghan Tyranny—Sikh Invasion—Ceded to British—Transferred to Dogra Dynasty.

THE Kashmiris owe much of their character and disposition to their environment and especially to a long history of tyranny and oppression.

Nothing is known of the early ages when aboriginal tribes dwelt on the shores of the great Kashmir lake or in the recesses of the dense forests. The earliest legends are Hindu. But when or how that cult was introduced we know not.

In olden days there used to be several books of chronicles of the kings of Kashmir. These histories were called Rájatarangini, and it is said that there were as many as fifteen. Early in the fourteenth century most of the old Hindu books were destroyed by Zulzu the Tartar invader, and the work of destruction was later on completed by Sikander the Iconoclast. In the following century the enlightened King Zain-ul-ab-ul-Din instituted a search for ancient manuscripts; and copies of four of the books were found. Of these Kalhana's Chronicles were by far the most important. But the history of thirty-five of the early Hindu kings was still missing. Subsequently an old manuscript was discovered written on birch bark. This was called the Ratnákar Purana and was of especial interest, as it contained a record of those kings whose reigns were omitted from Kalhana's history. Zain-ul-ab-ul-Din had a Persian translation made. But both this and the original have disappeared. A copy of the translation is, however, said to have been obtained by

Hassan, who wrote a History of Kashmir in Persian. From this and the Chronicles of Kalhana it appears that there was a succession of Kashmir kings from 3120 B.C. to 1445 B.C. Of the numerous dynasties the Pándava is perhaps the best known. It is said that Ramadeo, the second of this line, founded a large city on the Martand plateau and built the first temple there. And another, King Sandimán, (2629-2564 B.C.) is stated to have built an extensive city on the site now occupied by the Wular Lake. He is also said to have built the original Jyeshteswara temple upon the hill now known as the Takht-i-Suleiman.

Many Kashmiri Hindus hold that the present temples of Martand on the Takht and elsewhere were built by a race of giants or gods, and they triumphantly ask whether any human beings could construct such massive edifices.

The earliest coins which have been found in Kashmir are those of Avanti Varma of the Utpala dynasty (875 A.D.). And it was this king who erected the temple of Avantipoor, which is similar in construction to that of Martand. But there is an immense gap between this period and the early kings of Kashmir legend.

We cannot even tell how long it was before Buddhism first made its appearance. But we know that 250 years before the Christian era, Asoka, the great Buddhist King of Northern India, also held sway over Kashmir. And Buddhism was then the national religion. The ancient capital of Kashmir, the ruins of which can still be seen extending along the foot of the Zabrwan Mountain from Pandretthan to Aitgaji gap, is said to have been founded by him. And throughout the valley many stupas and temples were erected in his reign. His son Jaloka is, however, said to have reverted to the worship of Siva, on account of his attachment to the Nága maidens.

A subsequent revival of Buddhism took place, and that religion reached its zenith in Kashmir in the time of King Kanishka, the Indo-Scythian monarch of northern extraction,

who reigned about 40 A.D., the time when in the west our own isles were being invaded by the Romans.

The famous third great council of Buddhism was held at this period. And the proceedings of the synod, engraven on copper plates, were, according to the Chinese pilgrim Hwen Thseng, deposited in a stupa at a place which has been identified as Ushkpur, near Baramula. In 1882 Mr Garrick, of the Archæological Survey, carried out very extensive excavations in hope of finding them, but failed. The success of recent explorations in the north of India encourage us to hope that they may yet be discovered.

Buddhism gradually declined and by 638 A.D. it is recorded that the monasteries were few and partly deserted and the people addicted to Devas.[1] The Buddhists were then leaving Kashmir and gradually making their way eastward into Tibet and across the Chinese Empire.

For a lengthy period Kashmir was now again ruled by a succession of Hindu kings, some of whom were tributary to China. Of the disposition of one Mihirakula (515 A.D.) we obtain a glimpse. South of Aliabad Serai, where the Pir Panjal route to the Punjab emerges from Kashmir, there is a ridge called the Hasti Vanj. A legend relates how the king, who was marching his army across, was so amused by the cries, struggles and agonies of an elephant which had fallen down the ravine that he ordered a hundred more to be forced over the precipice.[2]

Lalatáditya, who reigned from 697-738 A.D., is the best known of the Hindu kings. He built temples of which the most famous is Martand. He constructed canals, drained swamps and was a successful general. About a century later, 855-883 A.D., another famous king, Avanti Varma, also carried on drainage works and erected the Avantipoor temples. And his son Shankaravarman built the temples of Pattan.

[1] Hwen Thseng. Quoted by Dr Stein.
[2] Lawrence, *Valley of Kashmir*.

From this time dissensions and civil war began to arise and there were protracted periods of internecine strife. Kashmir clans, the descendants of which still exist in the valley, Dámaras, Pálas, Khashas, Tántris and Thakkurs, formed predatory bands and carried fire and the sword throughout the country. Demoralization followed. And in 1305 A.D., in the reign of King Simha Deva, Kashmir is said to have been a country of drunkards, gamblers and profligate women.

Then came the Tartar Invasion. Srinagar was burnt and the population massacred or carried off as slaves. But Zulzu, the invader, was forced by famine to retreat, and with his whole force and thousands of unhappy captives he perished in the snow on one of the southern passes.

With a short interruption of fifteen years Kashmir in 1323 A.D. came for nearly four and a half centuries under Mohammedan rule. First a Tibetan adventurer, Rainchan Shah, who for political reasons embraced Islam, and then the Kashmiri Mohammedan dynasty, came into power. Of the Kashmiri Moslem Kings, Sikander the Iconoclast (1394 A.D.) is best known, as his reign was one of terror and marked by the demolition of the magnificent old Hindu temples and the slaughter of thousands of Hindus. Many others fled and most, especially those of the lower castes, embraced Mohammedanism.

The most famous of the Kashmiri Sultans was Zain-ul-ab-ul-Din, who reigned for fifty-two years from 1417 A.D. He ruled well and carried out many works of public utility, and his reign was perhaps the happiest period in Kashmir history. His son was a drunkard and chaos supervened.

After sustaining one serious defeat the troops of the Emperor Akbar reached Srinagar in 1586 A.D. A battle took place at the foot of the Takht-i-Suleiman. This was not decisive. But after more fighting the Moghuls were eventually victorious. Akbar built the great bastioned wall round the Hari Parbat Hill. Jehangir, who succeeded

Akbar, has left his mark in Kashmir in numerous gardens with chenar trees and fountains.

During the Moghul rule, Kashmir was, on the whole, prosperous and fertile and the shawl industry first assumed importance.

As the Moghul empire began to wane the local governors of Kashmir became increasingly tyrannical and oppressive, especially to the Hindus. But the Afghan rule from 1752-54 is regarded as the worst period of Kashmir history.

We read of Hindus being tied up two and two in grass sacks and thrown into the Dal Lake. They were not allowed to wear shoes or turbans. A poll-tax was instituted. And once again the alternatives were set before them, of conversion, death or flight. The abduction of Hindu women, too, by the dissolute Mussulman rulers was common.

At last a measure of relief came. In 1819, in response to an appeal from Kashmir, Ranjit Singh the Sikh, "Lion of the Punjab," sent in a force which defeated the governor of Kashmir near Shupeyon. This change of rule, although an improvement, benefited the Hindus more than the Mussulmans. Moorcroft, speaking of those days, refers to the deserted condition of villages, and to the exorbitant *taxes*, amounting sometimes to nine-tenths of the whole harvest. And he says: "The Sikhs seem to look upon the Kashmirians as little better than cattle. The murder of a native by a Sikh is punished by a fine to the Government of from sixteen to twenty rupees, of which four rupees are paid to the family of the deceased, if a Hindu, and two rupees if he was a Mohammedan." Unpaid forced labour was the rule, and for this purpose people were seized and driven along the roads, tied together with rope, like slave gangs. Moti Ram, the first Sikh governor, however, introduced a more humane régime. But his successors were incompetent. The combined effect of their feeble administration, a severe earthquake in 1827 and famine in 1831 was to reduce Kashmir once more to the depths of distress. An able governor,

Mian Singh, restored prosperity to some extent. But after his assassination by mutinous troops, disorder and anarchy became universal. Meanwhile Rajah Gulab Singh, the Dogra ruler of Jammu, had twice entered Kashmir. The first time was in 1819 with the Sikh force sent by Ranjit Singh. On the second occasion, in 1842, he came in to restore order after the murder of Mian Singh.

On 9th March 1846, in the treaty following the Battle of Sobraon, Kashmir was ceded to the British Government by the Sikhs in lieu of a war indemnity. And a week later, on 16th March, the British transferred Kashmir to Golab Singh, receiving in exchange 75 lakhs of rupees (£500,000, less than one year's revenue at the present time), and the promise of a nominal annual tribute, one horse, twelve shawl goats and three pairs of Kashmir shawls. Golab Singh engaged to " join with the whole of his military force the British troops when employed within the hills, or in the territories adjoining his possessions; and the British Government promised " to give its aid to Maharajah Golab Singh in protecting his territories from external enemies."

The British had at once to fulfil their part of the treaty, for Imamuddin, the Governor of Kashmir, refused to give up Kashmir and defeated the troops sent by Maharajah Golab Singh to turn him out. On the movement, however, of a British force into Jammu territory, he surrendered. Maharajah Golab Singh was a stern and vigorous but capable and just ruler. He came to Kashmir and himself took charge of the administration, to the great benefit of the State. He died in 1857.

Maharajah Ranbir Singh, his third son, who succeeded him, was a just and tolerant ruler and a good friend to the British in the dark days of the Mutiny. But during his reign Kashmir, although its condition was improving, again suffered much at the hands of rapacious officials, who took advantage of the absence of the Maharajah in Jammu.

This brief review of its history shows that for centuries

Kashmir was subject to constant changes of administration, that good rulers were rare and there was no permanency in the system of government. And although such cruelty as that of the Afghans was the exception, still there were long periods when religious persecution was rife, and tyranny, oppression, exaction and virtual slavery at the hands of the rulers, alternated with anarchy, disorder and even civil war.

Then came the Pax Britannica, Dogra rule but under Christian influence. Hindus, Buddhists, Kashmiri Mohammedans, Moghuls, Afghans and Sikhs had all in turn occupied this unhappy country. But with the accession of Maharajah Golab Singh dawned an era of peace, continuity of administration, reform and development of the resources of the country.

In half a century Kashmir has, under Dogra rule, progressed far upon the road to recovery from its sorrows and woes. Time is still required.

The habits and customs of generations become a second nature and are slow in passing away. It may be long before we have complete religious toleration in Kashmir. But education and reform of all kinds are steadily advancing, and freedom cannot be far behind.

CHAPTER VI

THE PEOPLE

Character—Food—Women—Religion—Shrine Worship—Hindus—Clans—Language—Proverbs—A Dialogue.

THE two indispensable officials of the Kashmir village are the lumbardar and the chowkidar. The latter is practically the village policeman, and his duties are light, as although the Kashmiri is by nature deceitful and given to petty larceny, in the villages there is a public opinion which compels the fulfilment of pecuniary engagements or contracts and puts down fraud and dishonesty. This system works fairly satisfactorily, so far as the village is concerned, but there are, of course, frequent defaulters. In relation to Government, the Kashmiri conscience is very lax, and deceit and robbery are condoned by the villagers even if they do not aid and abet. Europeans are treated as if they were officials, so they have to be careful or they will be cheated. Indeed, they have suffered much in connection with the grain trade. Large advances made to villagers in connection with contracts for grain delivery have been absolutely repudiated and the money misappropriated. And hitherto, in matters of this kind, European capitalists have received no encouragement from the Kashmiri Government, and have sometimes been unable to obtain justice.

The Kashmiri lumbardar, or village headman, is usually an elderly man, often tall, with a beard dyed red with henna, with his upper lip closely cropped and a large rather dirty white turban on his shaven head. He has a long tunic or pheran of puttoo (Kashmiri woollen cloth), wide, baggy cotton

trousers, cut off just below the knee, bare legs and feet, with putties and stout, pointed shoes.

The ordinary villager looks very dirty. On his head he wears a greasy old grey, orange or red skull-cap. His cotton pheran, rather like a night-gown, but with wide sleeves, originally white, is now grey. Loose, short cotton trousers and plaited sandals of rice straw complete his costume. But on his back he has a long, grey woollen Kashmiri blanket, with the end thrown over his left shoulder. Those who have Government employment or service with Europeans often wear puttoo coats, putties and leather sandals (Plate 10).

Many Kashmiris wear charms. The little children have them sewn on to the tops of their caps, a smooth polished pebble, two or three leopard's claws or a metal ornament. The men and women have little oblong packets, about two inches by one, of cloth or leather, tied to their caps or round the neck or one of the arms. These amulets usually contain a piece of paper inscribed with cabalistic signs or with a few words from the Koran. The people are good-tempered, often merry; they have a distinct sense of humour and enjoy a joke. Sir Walter Lawrence gives a typical instance of their grim humour. " One day while hearing a petition I noticed an elderly Hindu villager standing on his head. He remained in that position for nearly half an hour, when I asked him his business. He then explained that his affairs were in so confused a state that he did not know whether he was standing on his head or his heels." If making a petition, a common demonstration to indicate their sad condition is " a procession of two men and one woman. One man wears a shirt of matting. One carries a pan of embers on his head, and the woman bears a number of broken earthen pots." They are, however, patient, industrious in their field occupations and capable of great endurance.

The Kashmiri coolie is a wonderful being. In these days of revived athletic cult a meed of praise should not be withheld from men who can carry a weight of 100 lb. for five or

10. GROUP OF KASHMIRI VILLAGERS AND CHILDREN.

To face p. 76.

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more miles, and who often carry a load of 60 lb. for a whole march of six kos (12 miles).

They begin early. Little children may often be seen coming down from the forest, each carrying a load of wood proportioned to his size. A little five-year-old child is carrying a bundle of sticks weighing at least 30 lb. Behind him are two or three boys, perhaps eight or ten years old, each with faggots of wood from 40 to 60 lb. in weight.

In their daily life the villagers, who are mostly cultivators, are in the habit of carrying heavy loads of grass and other field produce.

In appearance the coolie is often sallow, about 5 feet 6 in height, with a short beard and shaven head, covered with a dirty skull-cap. His physique is not at first sight impressive. He is spare. There is no great obvious development of muscle, certainly nothing of the "Sandow" type. But the muscle is there, hard and compact and able to perform these astonishing feats of load-carrying.

The coolie is in many ways deft with his hands. He can twist saplings into tough withes for lashing together loose bundles. He can plait most serviceable grass sandals and prove himself an agricultural "handy man" in many directions. Nevertheless, he is timid, afraid of bogeys and of being left alone in the dark. Most coolies are cowardly and inclined to be untruthful and deceitful, but not all. I have known brave men who have risked their lives for others, with no applauding gallery and no laudatory press to approve. Kashmiri coolies sometimes deserve decorations — but instead they too often get blows and curses, not often from their English employers, but very frequently from the native servants or chaprasies of Europeans.

The coolie is often of cheerful disposition. If during the day he grumbles at the weight of his load, the length of the road or the steepness of the hills and the probability that the camping place may be cold and without shelter or fire-

wood, he soon forgets his woes when the tents are pitched, fires lighted and his rice is cooking in a large earthenware pot, from which issues a savoury smell. And when he has eaten his fill he often breaks out into song as he sits by the camp-fire, and becomes conversational and even confidential.

Ah, those camp-fires! What pleasant associations they conjure up, as after the toil of the day one sits and watches the mighty sheets of flame tongued and forked, twisting, bending, leaping, flashing or even fiercely roaring and compelling one to shift one's seat. In the background the tall, dark shadowy outline of the firs or the grey rocks catching up and reflecting back the ruddy glow, while showers of sparks like golden rain are given off and floating upwards are lost in the darkness above. The aromatic scent of the burning firewood is carried on the crisp, cold, pure mountain air. A little further off is another similar fire, casting its red light on the faces of the cook and some of his coolie helpers. No sound is heard but the crackling of wood and the occasional louder explosion of a noisy fragment, the call of a fox or jackal close by or the croak of the night-jar.

How often have we sat by similar camp-fires in years gone by with many different companions, some of whom have passed away.

In spite of his great physical strength and powers of endurance, the Kashmiri is highly strung and neurotic, and he will often weep on slight provocation. In the presence of very little danger he will sob like a child. These people can bear pain much better than Europeans, but owing to want of self-control they make more fuss. Naturally impulsive and huffy, they respond readily to tactful handling. On the whole they are grateful for benefits. Their moral sense is fairly well developed. They readily distinguish between right and wrong. In money affairs they are close, and the more wealthy are mean. They spend little, and except at weddings care nothing for show. Even the rich wear dirty clothes lest they should be thought too well off. They are affectionate

Photo by] [*G. W. Possnet.*

11. KASHMIRI PEASANT HOLDING A "KANGRI."

Photo by] [*R. E. Shorter.*

12. KASHMIRI GIRL.

in family life, and very good in nursing sick relatives (Plate 11).

The staple food in the valley is rice. Round the hills it is maize and wheat, and higher up buckwheat and barley. Vegetables and lentils, peas, etc., are largely consumed. Meat is a luxury for occasional consumption. A man doing full work will eat as much as 3 lb. of rice in a day.

Kashmiri children are often bright, pleasant and pretty, but spoilt. Owing to the conditions of life, they acquire, in certain directions, a remarkable gift of bearing responsibility and even of taking initiative action. A small child, five years old, will be seen driving an enormous buffalo along and thumping it with a big stick at intervals. Children will cleverly round up sheep and goats, for there are no properly-trained sheep-dogs. Early in the morning they take the herds and flocks up to the hills and drive them back at night. And often we may see a very small child lying on the grass by the side of a babbling stream, in entire charge of the flocks and herds which are peacefully grazing around. The girls are the great water-carriers. Owing to hard work they soon lose their good looks. They are married at an early age, soon after ten. Little girls wear small skull-caps, and may have their hair beautifully done in a large number of plaits spread out over the back and gracefully braided together (Plate 12). After marriage, however, a thicker turban-like red cap, studded with pins, is worn, and over it a square of country cloth to act as a veil and cover the whole back. The rest of the usual dress of the village women is an ample pheran of dark blue cotton print, with a red pattern stamped on it; or the gown may be of grey striped cotton or wool, with wide sleeves turned back and showing a dirty lining. Round the neck a collar of silver or brass, enamelled in red or blue, or a coral and silver bead necklace, is usually worn; and large metal ear-rings are common. Glass bangles or massive silver bracelets and finger rings, with agate or cornelian, complete the list of ordinary jewellery worn by

Kashmiri women. The feet are bare, or leather shoes, often green, are worn. The houses are without chimneys, so the inmates become smoke-begrimed. There are fewer Mohammedan women than men. The ratio is about nine to ten. Perhaps for this reason polygamy is comparatively uncommon.

More females are born than males, but baby girls do not receive so much care as the boys, and the mortality from smallpox and infantine diseases is higher. The girls are often mothers at the age of fourteen.

Kashmiri women vary very much. A very large number of the peasant women are dirty, degraded and debased. But there are not a few who are very different and who are capable and manage their houses and children and even their husbands.

Kashmiris are attached to their own country and often use the proverb—*Tsari chhu kand thari peth qarar*—"A sparrow is content on its own branch."

About five per cent. of the Mohammedans are Shiahs. Although a highly respectable community, these are looked upon by the orthodox Mussulmans as outcasts. Curiously enough, although the Sunnis are friendly with the Hindus, the Shiahs abhor them. The Shiahs are more friendly to Christians than ordinary Mohammedans. They may be recognized by their turbans, which are tied differently. Apart from shrine worship and times of special stress from disease or disaster, the Kashmiris show very little religious zeal or earnestness.

They are called Pir-parast, *i.e.*, saint worshippers. "No man will dare to pass a shrine on horseback, and I once saw a striking example of the danger of neglecting this rule. A marriage-party was crossing a stream, above which stood the shrine of a saint. All of them dismounted and passed over the bridge, but the father of the bridegroom, with the bridegroom in his arms, rode boldly over. The bridge broke, and the horse, father and son were precipitated into the stream, where they lay struggling. I ran up and rebuked the crowd for not assisting the sufferers, but they looked

Photo by] [*R. E. Shorter.*

13. FAIR AT HAZRAT BAL ZIARUT.

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on gloomily and said the man richly deserved his fate. After some trouble I induced some of my own people to disentangle the men from the horse, and then one of the attendants of the shrine explained to me that within the last ten years four men who had despised the saint and had ridden over the bridge had been killed." [1]

After the Hazrat Bal ziarut the shrine at Tsrar ranks as the most sacred. Indeed, a pilgrimage thither is supposed to obviate any special necessity for going to Mecca. In case of famine, earthquake, or cholera, thousands of people resort to Tsrar, most of them bringing offerings with them—rice, walnuts, money, a fat capon, or even a ram. Twice or thrice a year, under ordinary conditions, large fairs are held at the more important of the shrines (Plate 13). Thousands gather together: the roads are lined with temporary booths with a great display of sweetmeats and cakes, painted clay figures, fruit and ornaments such as ear-rings, glass bangles, metal bracelets, bright-coloured skull-caps and waistcoats. Large numbers of women attend. For them it is the equivalent of the Bank Holiday. Here too may be seen the Kashmiri minstrels. These have long clarionet-like pipes and drums and produce most weird music, often in the minor key. Sometimes they are reinforced by fiddles—curious instruments, with a barbaric twang. Such companies of strolling musicians often have with them dancing boys with long hair, dressed up as women. As a general rule these people are Mussulmans. They are in special request at weddings and harvest feasts. Some of them are said to be good actors and to have valuable dresses and stage properties.

Among the more important shrines of the second rank may be mentioned that of Zain Shah at Eishmakám, which is much resorted to by boatmen, who offer up there the first locks of hair of their children. The Kulgám ziarut, with its pagoda-like roof, its painted lattice work and rich carving,

[1] Lawrence, *Valley of Kashmir*.

is noteworthy. But many of the larger villages have very handsome ziaruts, most of which stand in impressive groves of Kabuli poplar, elm, chenar, or of the rounded dark green foliaged Celtis Australensis (Plate 14).

In the ranks of those who were converted from Hinduism there were two whose names are now regarded with great reverence. One of these is Makhdum Sahib, whose shrine is on the Hari Parbat hill, and the other Sheikh Nur Din, whose memorial is the shrine at Tsrar. These two names are constantly invoked by Kashmiris in times of trouble.

Sheikh Nur Din is the great national saint of Kashmir. He had ninety-nine disciples or khalifas. Most of the best-known shrines can be traced back to one or other of these, as, for instance, the ziaruts at Shukr-ud-din, Eishmakám, Bába Marishi and Poshkar.

The successors of the khalifas were called Rishis, and some of the Pirs still bear that title.

There are about 65,000 Brahmans in Kashmir. Nearly half of these live in the city or larger towns. They are divided up into clans and families, with distinctive names, and intermarriage is not permitted within the clan.

The Hindus of Kashmir are not nearly so particular about caste observances as those in India. They will, for instance, drink water which is brought by a Mussulman, and eat food which has been cooked on the boat of a Mohammedan, and will even allow Mussulmani foster-mothers for their infants. On the other hand, curiously enough, they refuse to eat fruit of a red colour, such as rosy apples and tomatoes.

The Brahmans have faces of the pure high Arian type. The Mohammedans have well-shaped heads, with good broad and high forehead. The nose is rather prominent and tends to be hooked, especially in the older people. The upper lip is rather deep. The average height of the Kashmiri is about five feet four inches to eight inches. It is commoner

14. A MAHAMMEDAN VILLAGE, ZIARUT.

To face p. 82.

to find them below than above this. Their muscular development is good, especially the chest and arms. The legs are often rather thin and spindle-shaped.

Among the Mussulmans there are also clans, but these are only nominal; and there are no restrictions placed upon intermarriage except with Saiyads at the top of the social scale and menials at the bottom.

There are still in the valley many families of the Chak clan, but they have settled down into quiet and peaceable cultivators. It was not always so. In the reign of Sultan Zain-ul-ab-ul-Din they gave much trouble and formed bands of marauders. It is thought that they came from some district to the north of Kashmir, and that perhaps they were originally Dards. At the north-west end of the valley there are the ruins of an old Chak city. And the beautiful Tregám pool, where a clear stream issues from the limestone rock, is believed to have been enclosed by Maddan Chak. In 1556 A.D. Ghazi Khan, son of Kazi Chak, was *de facto* ruler in Kashmir. And it was the Chaks under Yakub Khan and Shams-i-Chak who defeated the Emperor Akbar's forces at their first invasion of Kashmir; and they were again very nearly successful in repelling the second invasion in 1586.

There are still some Pathán colonies at the north-west end of Kashmir. Of these perhaps the most interesting is a clan of Afridis, who live in a valley opening into the Lolab. They are differently dressed to the Kashmiris and more manly, and with their long matchlocks, swords and shields they make a brave show.

Another clan, of lower class than the Chaks, and, like most of the inferior class in Kashmir, with darker complexions than the ordinary cultivators, is that of the Galawáns. These gave great trouble during the Pathán reign. They drove off flocks and herds, looted granaries and even attacked wedding parties and abducted the bride. Being well-armed and all mounted, they eluded pursuit, and it was not till

Colonel Mian Singh, in the days of the Sikhs, captured and hanged the chief and exterminated a large part of the tribe that their depredations ceased. The rest were deported to Bunji, on the Gilgit road. Many, however, have returned, and horse-stealing is still not uncommon.

The lowest class in Kashmir is that of the sweepers or wâtuls. These are extremely dishonest. Many of them are cobblers, others work in leather and straw or act as house and road sweepers. They are dark skinned and are really the gipsies of Kashmir. Their women are often quite beautiful. Those who are more settled live in little Kashmir houses. Others dwell in clusters of wattle huts, with rounded tops, perched by preference upon slightly raised ground. Some of them are eaters of carrion, and these are treated as outcasts by the Mohammedan peasantry.

Although ruled by Hindus, Kashmir is now really a Mohammedan country. For ninety-three per cent. of the people are Mussulmans. There are few Hindu cultivators, but in the villages there are many shopkeepers and subordinate revenue and forest officers of this religion. More than half of the Hindu population, however, lives in Srinagar.

The language is of Hindu origin with Sanskrit roots and allied to Western Punjabi. As may be supposed it is rich in agricultural terms. But the vocabulary is small and inadequate for present day use, being conspicuously weak in terms both for the implements and materials of modern civilized life and for abstract ideas.

With the exception of the Rájatarangini, chronicles of the kings of Kashmir, some Hindu sacred literature and a few lives of Rishis or saints, there is no indigenous literature. The people are profoundly illiterate. Those who can read usually prefer Persian or Urdu to Kashmiri. In the district we sometimes find only three or four in a whole village who can read, and these usually belong to the official or priestly classes.

Kashmiri is a curious mixed language. Originally, in

the days of the Hindu kings, it was doubtless to a large extent derived from Sanskrit. But the many political changes, with their introduction of Mohammedan rulers for long periods, account for the large number of Persian and Arabic words which have become incorporated. At the present time perhaps three-quarters of the vocabulary is derived from Urdu, Persian and Arabic sources, and the remainder from Sanskrit. But undoubtedly the purer the Kashmiri the larger is the proportion of words of Sanskrit derivation. There are many interesting and amusing proverbs in frequent use by the people. Some of these give an insight into the views of the people with regard to their rulers, their religious teachers, and their own village life. Not a few of them breathe out memories of their unhappy history and the oppression which they have suffered for such long periods. For instance—

"Hakímas ta hákimas nishih rachhtam Khodayo."

"O God, save me from physicians and rulers"—

is pungent, but justified by almost daily experience in the East.

"Pir na bod yakin bod."

"The pir is not great. It is credulity which is great."

This shows that in spite of the almost universal respect which is paid to the Pirs or saints, it is nevertheless fully recognized that they make great demands on the credulity of their followers.

In Kashmir, influence is often of far more value than money, because it is the source of money. This is emphasized in the following proverb—

"Kanh mat ditam
Kantil nitam."

"Don't give me anything, but listen to me."

Mohammedans are often said to present some of the characters of the Pharisees of old. That this opinion is

endorsed by some at least of the Kashmiris, so far as their priests are concerned, the following proverb shows—

"Yih moullah dapi ti gatshi karun, yih moullah kari ti gatshi na karun."

"Do as the priest says but not as he does."

Some of the proverbs enunciate sound principles in a terse phrase, *e.g.*—

"Manz atsun chhu kanz atsun."

"To go between, *i.e.*, to act as a surety, is to put your head into a mortar."

"Khairas tájíl ta nyáyas tátil."

"Swift to do good, slow to do evil."

Similar to our proverb, "Wolf in sheep's clothing," is the Kashmiri *Gabi buthi ramahun*, "A wolf with the face of a sheep." In his dictionary of Kashmiri proverbs and sayings, the Rev. J. Hinton Knowles has gathered together a large number of similar epigrams from the interesting folk-lore of the valley.

The administration of justice is still most unsatisfactory. The highest magistrates are upright and uncorrupt. But the police system is a scandal and disgrace. The people regard the police in much the same light as they do earthquakes, famine or pestilence—as a calamity. A well-known Kashmiri proverb illustrates this well. *Khuda sanz khar, tah naid sanz chep.* This means, "God gives the scaldhead, but the barber makes matters worse by wounding your head." This proverb is said to be often applied to a woman who, having lost a child in the river, is arrested by the police on a trumped-up charge of murder. False charges of this kind are extremely common. I remember being told of two men who were attacked by a bear and one of them was killed. The other was promptly arrested by the police and not released until he had paid a substantial sum. In police inquiries the innocent usually suffer quite as much as the guilty, and the giving and taking of bribes is shameless and

notorious. Except where the evidence is unusually strong, it is almost impossible to secure a conviction, in cases in which the accused is a man of means. The whole police force needs radical reform. And to effect this it ought to have European officers until a reliable local staff has been trained.

It is rare now to find a village of any size in which there are no old patients of the Kashmir Mission Hospital. What is their attitude towards the Institution? It may be depicted in an imaginary conversation, which we will suppose to be held under a chenar tree near the village tank. Those who take part in it are—Ramzana, a villager; Mohammed Sheikh, headman of village; Lachman Pandit, a Hindu shopkeeper; and Maulvi Nur-ud-Din, Mohammedan priest.

Ramzana (entering his village after having been in the Mission Hospital for disease of the bone of his right leg for two months). How are you all?

Mohammed Sheikh. Quite well, thank God. How are you? they did not cut off your leg then!

Ramzana. No. I thought they were going to and tried to run away, but they caught hold of me, and before I knew where I was they had put me on a table, tied a bandage above my knee and given me some curious stuff to smell. I know I struggled, but soon everything began to whirl round and round, and then I do not remember anything more till I found myself in a very large room, in a comfortable bed, with a red blanket and white sheets and a floor shining like glass. On either side of me and opposite there were rows of beds full of men and boys, who all seemed as jolly as anything.

Mohammed Sheikh. Yes, I know. I went there with Farzi, you know, my little granddaughter. There *was* a crowd in the room where we had to wait for two hours before we could see the doctor. He came in to see us at the beginning, and read some verses out of the Holy Gospel, and then told us what the meaning was, and he talked Kashmiri

just like a book. Farzi was quite blind and they did something to her eyes. They did not give her anything on a towel to smell, but dropped something into her eyes and then they put in what looked like a needle. The funny thing was that it did not seem to hurt. Farzi never said a word. And the doctor held up two fingers and said, " How many are there? " and I was absolutely astounded to hear her say " two." The wisdom (hikmat) of these foreigners is wonderful. And they have very gentle hands. Then they took Farzi and put her into a women's ward, where there were several other little girls, and there was a miss sahib, who was so kind and gave the children dolls and toys and they had a curious box which you could wind up like a clock and it then produced music like I once heard played at the Palace, where His Highness the Maharajah Sahib Bahadur lives. And the miss sahib used to come every day and read from the Holy Gospel about the Spirit of God, the Holy Jesus, Who was sinless and went about doing good, and Who died to take away our sins.

Ramzana. Why, that was just what the doctor sahib did at our end of the hospital, and we had great discussions when he went away. One man there, an old fakir, said that he had travelled in many countries and been to Africa too, and that lots of the English were bad and violent and drank too much and used dreadful language. But that he had found out that those who did this did not believe in their own religion and hated the name of Jesus, and that those who were disciples of the Holy Jesus were quite different. And he told us about an old colonel sahib who had been very good to him, and he said, " Since I met him I believe in Christ and mean to obey His words."

Maulvi Nur-ud-Din. There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God. (Other villagers join in repeating the Mohammedan Kalima.) Maulvi Nur-ud-Din. These foreigners have a Book and they believe in God, in a way, but they do not acknowledge the Prophet Mohammed,

and their Scriptures are tampered with and spoiled, and they say that Hazrat Isa was God Incarnate, which is rank heresy.

Mohammed Sheikh. I don't know. I remember the miss sahib used to tell us that you could tell a tree by its fruits, and she said the Christians led purer and holier lives than the Mussulmans, owing to the fact that they believe in Christ and He helps them.

Ramzana. That was just what the doctor sahib said.

Lachman Pandit. You Mohammedans think you are the only people who believe in one God, but we Hindus do, and our poet Tulsi Das has taught us that God is one and our Father, and He is all powerful. Why should He not be able to become incarnate as the Christians say He did? I, too, was in the Mission Hospital twenty years ago, when I broke my leg, and I shall always remember the teaching I heard there and the care which I received, far more than I had had from my own people. I would long ago have liked to become a Christian, believing that religion to be the purest of all and the most full of hope and love. In it I see the fulfilment of much which the best and noblest Hindus have striven after. But I dare not. I should become an outcast and lose all that makes life worth having.

Mohammed Sheikh. Quite right, Panditji. Every one should stick to his own religion. If God had meant you to be a Christian, He would have made you one.

Maulvi Nur-ud-Din. No, no. There is only one true religion, " La Illahu illah Allah." But I admit that if all Christians were like those at the Mission Hospital, we could live with them on brotherly terms. My father died three years ago. I hated the idea of his dying under an unbeliever's roof. And yet the old man died quite happy. He was a true Mussulman, but he had a very special reverence for Hazrat Isa.

Ramzana. That's just it. Nearly all the people seem to learn that there. When the doctor sahib was reading

prayers in the ward, at least ten people joined in, saying Amen fervently. Now there is Lassoo. He is quite different since he was there. I am sure he does not tell nearly so many lies, and he no longer beats his womenfolk. I believe he has a copy of the Gospels in his house.

Maulvi Nur-ud-Din. He had better mind what he is about or I will have him excommunicated. Tell him to bring the book to me. But it is time for prayers. Run and tell Rasula to call the faithful.

(They all walk away slowly, except the Pandit, who goes down to the stream to fill his brass lota.)

CHAPTER VII

WILD FLOWERS

Behold, Spring sweeps over the world again,
Shedding soft dews from her aetherial wings ;
Flowers on the mountains, fruits over the plain,
And music on the waves and woods she flings,
And love on all that lives, and calm on lifeless things.
SHELLEY.

IN the spring the wheat-fields are full of brilliant red poppies. The intensity of the sunlight shining through their petals, and the complementary contrast of the fresh green of the young crops, combine to accentuate the glorious colour of these peerless flowers. And as in the homeland, here, too, the carol of the lark may be heard as it soars higher and higher, trilling out its joyous song.

On the banks around, and the broad borders between the fields, we see groups of large purple iris with their delicately pencilled petals. Kashmir is very rich in irises. On the hillsides and knolls in the valley, there are battalions of the large white variety, and their fragrance is wafted on the air. There is also a large mauve iris, which is less common although fairly abundant. The tall yellow flag, still more graceful than the English variety, is found here and there. All along the roadsides and on the banks of the river the dwarf blue lilac iris (*Iris ensata*) is most abundant. Masses of it, seen from a distance, often closely resemble sheets of blue water.

The wild roses of Kashmir are famous. They are yellow, white, and every shade of red and pink. The double yellow rose occurs in hedges and is a very characteristic Kashmir flower. It has a peculiar perfume. The petals of another

charming single rose are terra-cotta colour inside and primrose outside. Some of the single white roses are extremely pretty. The blossom sometimes measures 3 inches across. One beautiful variety is the Rosa moschata, with delicious scent and long rambling stems covered with large white or pale pink blossoms. There are many varieties of red rose. Some, like the Rosa macrophylla, have large leaves and carmine-coloured petals. The Rosa Webbiana is upright and straight with rich rosy pink flowers crowning the summit. Others throw out long trailing branches laden with fragrant flowers, or brilliant scarlet hips. Some are found in tall and tangled hedges, together with the blackberry, the snowy blossom or crimson haws of the blackthorn and festoons of clematis. Others grow as low isolated bushes on the mountain slopes, bathed in sunshine and bursting into sprays or rounded surfaces of glowing colour.

On the foot-hills the changing seasons bring a succession of blossoms. Earliest of all is the little white and crimson anemone. After this the slopes are dotted first with small yellow crocuses and then with striped red and white tulips. Later on patches of Tartaric furze put out bright yellow blossoms. Scattered about and mixed with the wild briars are little rounded bushes of cotoneaster, with dainty white blossoms and the under surface of the leaves light coloured. There are knolls and whole banks covered with "Close bit thyme that smells like Dawn in Paradise." Spikes of mauve salvia and the stately mullein, with its tall stalk and long line of bright yellow flowers and its thick downy leaves, are conspicuous in places. When the crown imperial lilies are in blossom, their vivid green foliage, setting off the orange red of their flowery crowns, presents brilliant glimpses of colour.

Clumps of red sorrel (*Rumex*) are very abundant, and they often contribute more to the general colour of the hillside than any other flowers. In the summer and autumn

the ants are always very busy gathering heaps of their tiny petals at the entrances to their nests, and they may be seen carrying them down to form their winter stores. Perhaps the acid contributes to the formation of formic acid in the ants' economy.

Here and there are bushes of dwarf plum (*Prunus prostrata*) with a profusion of pink blossom.

On these hillsides, in the summer, snakes are not uncommon. They are, however, seldom found on slopes with a northern aspect. This accounts for the Kashmiri saying that no poisonous snakes exist in parts of the valley from which the sacred Mount Haramouk can be seen. There are no cobras in the valley of Kashmir. The two poisonous snakes are the Gunous and Pohr. The gunous has a broad head. It is one and a half to three feet long, dark grey on the back, with lozenge markings and ash coloured underneath. The poison fangs are like the claws of a large cat. Its bite is seldom fatal, but is often followed by gangrene of the bitten limb. The pohr is a thin whip-like snake, one and a half to two feet long, dark brown in colour and dull red underneath. If a person is bitten, the Kashmiris, where possible, at once tie on a tight ligature above the wound, and the patient has native spirit and conserve of roses given him to eat, while music is played to cheer him up! Every year several cases of snake bite are brought to the hospital for treatment and recovery is the rule.

The Dal Lake has a special floral beauty of its own. The grandest flower is the lotus, with its pink cup-shaped blossom from six to eight inches across and large circular blue-green leaves, red underneath. Globules of water stand like pearls on many of these as they rest on the surface of the lake. In their flowering season in July the stalks have lengthened and the leaves are above water-level, lying about at various angles, a charming background to their magnificent flowers.

The Euryale ferox is one of the most remarkable of the lake flowers. The leaves of these are quite marvellous. Some are 3 feet across, dark green and shiny, deeply veined, hairy and almost circular. They rest on the surface of the water. The under surface is of a rich purple colour, ribbed and provided with curved spines, nearly an inch long. The flower is somewhat like a yellow water-lily.

The white water-lily is very abundant and most beautiful. All around are great stretches of reeds and bulrushes attaining a height of eight to ten feet. These are the home of the moor-hen, the dab-chick and the reed-warbler. At certain seasons of the year flocks of gulls from Central Asia visit the lake. Herons are common and may be seen patiently standing in shallow water engaged in fishing. Many of the fine chenar trees round the shore have extensive heronries.

On the floating gardens we notice large tufts of azure-blue forget-me-not, sweet-scented water-mint and groups of sturdy willow-herb. Here may be seen the pale blue tailless kingfisher, with orange breast, hovering almost motionless over the surface of the water, dropping into it with a sudden splash and then darting off to a neighbouring bank. Silently perched on one of the poles, used for mooring the floating gardens to the bed of the lake, we notice an osprey. Large dragon-flies, bright blue, yellow or red, dash about over the surface of the water and swallows wheel round overhead.

On the banks there is a rich growth of white clover. In the summer, fields of scarlet and golden coral-like amaranth and crimson cockscomb flood the landscape with rich colour. Yellow charlock is abundant in the fields and borders. In the month of May the numerous orchards of quinces burst into blossom, and the trees are covered with little snow-white cups. Hanging over the water from rustic trellis-work we notice the tendrils with large leaves and the yellow flowers of the vegetable marrow, cucumber and melon.

Colossal pumpkins also may be seen. Later on there are gardens full of tall-tufted and tasselled maize, 10 feet high. The dark green foliage of the pomegranate is lighted up by its flashing red blossom. Large blue Kashmir larkspur, bushes of white roses in profuse bloom, and the lace-like flowers of several varieties of the umbelliferæ, all contribute to form a scene of surpassing beauty. Looking into the depths of the clear water we admire the long wavy translucent pale green feathery leaves of water-plants, some of which have pushed dainty little pink flowering spikes just above the surface. There, too, spread out, are the graceful leaves of the water-chestnut, supported by their buoyant air-filled petioles. And down below we may just see their three-cornered spiny fruit. In the still water all the nearer beauties are reflected as in a mirror and also glimpses of the distant blue of mountains, the peaks of which are capped with perpetual snow.

'The flowers of the outlying and tributary valleys and of the uplands of Kashmir vary greatly with the altitude.'

As we ascend from the valley level, perhaps following up the course of one of the numerous tributary streams, we pass along lanes bordered by hazel, hawthorn, honeysuckle and jasmine, with its sprays of yellow blossom, and by a tangled mass of bramble and long trailing white clematis.' The hillside above is covered by the stately eremurus, a royal flower beloved by bees.' Its tall spikes rise to a height of four to six feet, the upper half of which is a mass of delicate cream-coloured flowers, with yellow stamens and fragrant odour. Its sword-like leaves spring from the base of the flower stalk and radiate outwards like those of the aloe.

'Leaving the main valley behind, we find that the tendency is for the vegetation to outstrip the restraining force of grazing; and yet the latter is most extensive.' From early summer to late autumn tens of thousands of sheep

and goats, and immense herds of buffaloes and other cattle, are driven up these paths to the higher pastures. A short distance from the path, and especially round the borders of those fields which are protected by fences, the flowers grow in great profusion. Here are absolute thickets of balsams, especially the pink and the yellow varieties, cream-coloured scabious and pink mallow, with a carpet below of wild strawberry, crimson lychnis and white silene. Here, too, may be seen, lightly flitting past, many familiar butterflies—the Copper, Brimstone, Admiral, the little Mauve, like those found on the chalk Downs at home, the yellow Swallowtail, and finest of all, but rare, the large purple Swallowtail.

The flowering bushes are numerous. Whole hillsides may be pink with wild indigo which, at a distance, produces the effect of heather. Another extremely common shrub, flowering very early in the year and producing delicate wax-like flowers on bare stalks, is the wild guelder (*Viburnum foetens*). This forms, indeed, the chief undergrowth on the margins of the great forests. Here, also, may be seen the golden-balled barberry, bright yellow broom and the hanging panicles of the wild wisteria.

But it is in the upper valleys that Kashmir reveals its true floral wealth. Here the ground is carpeted with sheets of pale blue forget-me-nots. Like the flower-beds in a garden the margs change their colour with the seasons. At one time several square miles of ragwort are visible — a veritable field of the cloth of gold. At another time the dominant colour may be pure deep blue from a far-flung wavy sea of Lindelofia spectabilis—one of the borage order. An upland meadow may become absolutely pink with balsams or a delicate mauve from the blending of the pink with blue.

Often we come upon large groups of beautiful or peculiar flowers. It may be a patch of deep orange-coloured dwarf sunflowers, or rayed purple asters with orange centre, or

the curious Morina longifolia, with long prickly-pointed leaves and pink, yellow, and white flowers, like an unusually beautiful dead nettle. Here, too, we see the mauve scabious, groups of silvery everlastings and large yellow potentillas.

The rich soil and moisture in the forests favour the growth of some especially charming flowers. Of these, perhaps, the most exquisite is the columbine, tall and graceful with rounded but feathery foliage beautifully balanced, and cream-coloured sepals and mauve petals prolonged into long and elegant spurs. Early in the year many of the woods are full of white single peonies, the large cup-shaped blossom of which crowns its spreading foliage. Near by may, perhaps, be seen the podophyllum, a single digitate leaf, with, resting on its upper surface, a solitary white flower like a Christmas rose. Later on this is succeeded by a bright red oval seed-pod. Some of the banks are covered by a small bright green laurel with red berries. There is also a handsome purple delphinium with spreading leaves. Another beautiful flower which is abundant in the forest is the Jacob's ladder (*Polemonium coeruleum*), with fern-like leaves and a line of sky-blue flowers with yellow stamens. A cream-coloured tiger-lily (*Lilium polyphyllum*) is occasionally to be seen in small groups. It has very long stamens and the points of its petals are curled back. It is most fragrant.

A large umbelliferous plant (*Sambucus adnata*), with wide-spreading leaves and tall stem, is a striking object on the hillsides and occurs in masses at the fringes of the forest. It is crowned by a large head of yellow flowers or orange-red berries. In between the trunks of the firs there is a dense undergrowth of white and yellow balsams, wild pansy, troops of dog violets and strawberry blossom, with here and there a graceful spirea three or four feet in height. At the sides of the streams and in moist places under rocks and shrubs the maidenhair fern (*Adianthum venustum*)

grows luxuriantly. In many places bracken is abundant. The Adianthum niger is also common. More rarely and usually with its roots near water, we see the elegant Pteris pellucida, a most graceful fern, with long narrow fronds radiating from a central stalk.

It is not till we emerge from the fir forests at their upper border and enter the high valleys among and above the birch trees that we find the most beautiful of the alpine flowers. Here there are clumps of rhododendron with dark green shiny leaves, tawny below. The flower clusters are lilac, spotted with purple. Higher still is the Rhododendron anthopogon, a small shrub with cream-coloured flowers. This is the Kashmir alpine rose.

The ground around us now is dotted with anemones, sulphur-coloured, mauve and white. On grassy rocky mountain slopes there is also the very handsome Anemone tetrasepale, two to three feet high, with a crown of white blossoms on a leafy flower stalk. In moist places the Primula denticulata is abundant with its lilac-coloured balls of blossom. Two particularly beautiful flowers which are found here are the Adonis chrysocyathus, which is like a large double dwarf yellow anemone, and the Trollins acaulis, the corolla of which is pentagonal with orange-yellow delicately-veined petals. In the wet grass of hollows or near streams, the ground for hundreds of yards is often crimson with closely-growing Pedicularis siphonantha. On the little islands or raised banks the bright yellow Corydalis Falconerii, with its pale green fimbriated foliage, is very conspicuous. Sometimes near a rippling stream we come upon a patch of the charming Primula rosea. Higher up among the rocks, wild rhubarb grows in quantities. The hillside may be coloured mauve with aconite, among which here and there a spike of pure white blossom may be distinguished. Here, too, we find the dwarf delphinium, with large dark blue cowl-like flowers, and the short purple alpine columbine. Near dripping rocks is the magnificent

15. THE BLUE POPPY (MECONOPSIS ACULEATA).

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purple Primula Stuartii, with its numerous blossoms on a white stalk and a circle of long lanceolate green leaves white underneath. On the rocks above we often see one of the daintiest of all flowers, the Isopyrum grandiflorum, a group of whitish blue, prettily pencilled little cups, rather like anemones, but more delicate.

Wherever we look we are filled with wonder and admiration. On sunny slopes between cliff and river the large white Anemone rupicola may be found, with flowers 3 inches across. Edelweiss is extremely common, and very fine specimens may be easily obtained. Blue flowers are always delightful. The Corydalis Kashmeriana has struck out for itself a peculiar tint of brilliant pale blue which is unique. Many, too, are the varieties of saxifrage, sedum and ranunculus. Two very pretty dwarf mauve and lilac irises (*Iris Kumaonenis*) call for special mention. The orange-coloured wild wallflower (*Erysimum altaicum*) must not be forgotten, for it contributes greatly to the brilliancy of colour of these alpine slopes. Many of the knolls, even at this height of between eleven and twelve thousand feet, are clothed with forget-me-nots, among which may be seen, standing up, the fine yellow calceolaria-like Pedicularis bicornuta. Among the tumbled masses of moraine, too, we may find the charming blue poppy, Queen of Kashmir wild flowers! (Plate 15).

The ground in many places is riddled with the burrows of voles and different varieties of field-mice. Little dark-brown lizards may be seen wriggling with feverish haste out of the traveller's way. Snakes are not found at this altitude. We may, however, see among the loose rocks a curious rodent, the mouse hare, which somewhat exceeds a large rat in size but in other respects is not unlike a hare.

As we climb higher and gradually rise above all vegetation, the flowers gradually disappear and are replaced by lichens. But even here, up to a height of 15,000 feet, we

find curious woolly-leaved, globular hairy-flowered plants, with lilac or purple petals mostly belonging to the Saussurea group (Plate 16).

Kashmir is so exceedingly rich in wild flowers that in a short space it is impossible to do more than refer to some of the more abundant, more beautiful or more characteristic of them. A very large number have no English names, which adds to the difficulty of description.

16. THE GREAT SAUSSUREA (SAUSSUREA GOSSYPIPHORA).

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CHAPTER VIII

FROM SONAMARG TO GANGABAL

Sonamarg—The Glacier Valley—A Narrow Escape—A Group of Mountain Lakes—Ascent of Mount Kotwal—The Ancient Temple of Nára Nág.

SONAMARG, which is three marches up the Sind valley, is one of the most charming places in Kashmir (Plate 17). On our way there, during the last 5 miles of the route, we pass through exceedingly grand scenery. The valley becomes narrow, with sheer precipices on either side, and the Sind River, hemmed in and falling steeply, becomes a roaring, foaming torrent.

As we emerge from the gorge we come in sight of the beautiful glacier valley. The Sind River here has been crowded up against the mountains on its right bank by the great moraine fan upon which Sonamarg, the golden meadow, rests at a height of 300 feet. The marg consists of a series of crescentic terraces and ridges, the outer of which are a mile across. These are the successive terminal moraines of the immense glacier which once filled the side valley above. But the boulders and rocks have become clothed with firs and pines. And between the curved ridges there are now grassy meadows, spangled with alpine flowers. In their consecutive seasons these present varying sheets of colour—now a blaze of golden ragwort—in a few weeks' time mantled with pink balsams or gloriously blue with *Paracaryum heliocarpum*, one of the borages, and forget-me-nots. The higher slopes are carpeted with wild strawberries, and white, mauve and yellow anemones. And some of their hollows are bright with rose primulas, columbines and bushes of alpine rose.

Here and there clumps of a white orchid (*Cyprepedium macranthera*) are found.

The swiftly-rushing stream is overhung by grey rocks, half masked by moss and ferns jutting through the dark masses of firs. Above the crests of forest-clad ridge are stretches of pale green birchwood and clinging bushes of pink rhododendron.

Standing like sentinels at the entrance to the glacier valley, in the angle between the gorge of the Sind River and the defile down which the glacier stream plunges with deafening roar to join it, is one of the most impressive pieces of mountain scenery, not only in Kashmir, but in the world. Seven thousand feet sheer above the marg, on the opposite side of the torrent, rises a line of bold peaks, with jagged ridges and sheer precipices dropping down on either side. These embrace in their steep hollows four extensive glaciers, the lower ice-falls of which are 3000 feet above the stream (Plate 18). The glacier valley is under snow until the summer is far advanced, and often with a crash and a roar the ice-cliffs above topple over and a stream of great blocks roll down the steep slope. When the sun is shining warmly these slopes are raked by falling stones and rocks set free by the melting of the ice above. It is possible to climb on to the first of the glaciers and to explore the deep crevasses, with their blue cliffs and towering séracs. But care has to be exercised if descent into the icy caverns is contemplated, as disintegration is constantly going on and immense fragments subside and fall daily into the chasms and fissures. The snow bridges which span the stream below are also sometimes unsafe. On one occasion, to my dismay, I saw a party with two English ladies crossing an obviously dangerous bridge of this kind. The noise of the torrent was too loud for a warning shout to be heard, and it might have caused delay on the bridge. Within three minutes of their safe passage we heard a rumbling sound, and looking back saw the bridge in the act of collapsing.

17. AT SONAMARG.

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From Sonamarg very delightful expeditions may be made—to the glaciers—to the top of the precipitous "Grey Peak" on the opposite side of the Sind River, and up the flowery, green, birch-crowned hill which faces the glacier line. Or, following up the glacier stream and climbing the steep snow slopes to the watershed, we may obtain a magnificent view of the Harbagwán and Kolahoi Peaks. And passing between two sapphire-coloured lakes and over the lower margin of a small glacier we may reach the edge of the height overlooking the Lidar valley, and peer down into the depths below, with the glory of the Matterhorn-like peak of Kolahoi, its glaciers and its formidable arêtes revealed to us across the valley. And far below, through a light veil of fleecy cloud, we obtain glimpses of green slopes and tree-clad heights slanting down to a valley full of boulders and broken rocks.

Behind Thajwáz, the small village below the terminal moraine of the Sonamarg glaciers, there is a valley opening in from the north-west. Up this lies the path to Haramouk *viâ* the Lakes Vishn Sar and Gád Sar—a beautiful upland route. At first the track ascends over green slopes covered with bracken and masses of the coarse fern-like foliage of a three-feet high umbellifer with cream-coloured blossom. Overhead the lark is singing joyously, groups of the stately white eremurus are still in blossom, and the pink geranium and deep-red wild rose give a touch of colour to the luxuriant herbage. Whole shoulders are mantled with thyme and crowned with the prickly spikes of the pale yellow Morina Wallichiana. As we continue to rise, we pass through groups of scattered pines and sycamores and glades fringed with birch woods. Below us on the right is the dense fir forest, and across the valley a great wall of rock, orange, purple, yellow and grey in folds and waving lines, towering up to thousands of feet above.

We pass several encampments of gujars, gentle, kindly people who live in little tents, rough shelters of boughs or

rudely constructed huts. Their tall forms may be seen moving among herds of ponderous buffaloes. Some are dressed in light grey coats with braided red borders, holes at the arm-pits, and rather full skirts fitting closely at the waist. But most have dark blue tunics, baggy trousers and voluminous blue turbans. The women's dress is similar to that of the men, but their trousers are baggier and often of striped blue and red cotton cloth, and they wear picturesque caps with a blue cloth hanging down over their shoulders. The features of these gujars are very marked. They have large hooked noses, bushy eyebrows and long ropy beards. Some of the younger women are pretty, with a Jewish type of beauty. And the children are often quite fascinating. The mental horizon of these nomads is very limited. I overheard an amusing conversation between two men who were watching me sketching. The subject was a landscape with distant snows, a splintery, rocky ridge in the middle distance, and a pale green lake in the foreground.

One of the gujars said that he supposed I was painting a flower. After a pause he added that it was evidently a fowl! a little later, his face irradiated with smiles, he said that he knew what it was. It was a stag!

Large numbers of these herdspeople come from British India. They pay a tax on their cattle of two annas for a sheep, four for a goat, one rupee eight annas for a buffalo cow, and two rupees for a buffalo bull. In view of the extensive grazing which they obtain and the destruction wrought, especially by the goats, to young trees, these rates do not appear excessive. Indeed, a larger charge might well be put on goats, and those gujars who are not Kashmiri subjects might reasonably be expected to pay still more.

In the summer, in addition to the gujars and shepherds, we also find large herds of ponies in the upland valleys in the charge of galawáns. The Kashmir pony is small and wiry. Most are of a chestnut colour. They are exceedingly prolific. With care in segregation most excellent ponies might

18. THE GLACIER VALLEY, SONAMARG.

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be produced. For Kashmir, with its countless valleys, affords unusual facilities for scientific horse-breeding on a large scale.

Pony carriage is of the utmost importance to Kashmir, as there are so few cart roads. A good Kashmir pony will easily carry 200 lb.

Many of the gujars, when ill, find their way to the Mission Hospital or come to us in camp. And in the most remote mountain districts we often meet old patients, who are not slow to bring along sick people for treatment. They talk, however, a dialect of Punjabi, and conversation is not very easy.

From the margs above the forest we descend a few hundred feet to the river, which we cross on a snow bridge. This is the parting of ways. For to the right, up a narrow valley, between grey and yellow limestone cliffs, resting upon bright green slopes dotted with birch trees, goes the track to Tillel, an isolated mountain-girt pastoral district between Sonamarg and Gurais.

To the left our path ascends steeply, keeping close to the bank of the torrent and often, for a mile at a time, actually on the snow with the stream beneath. Occasionally a booming sound may be heard as one of the snow cliffs or bridges falls into the stream. In its higher reaches the valley opens out somewhat. The tops of the hills are bare as they rise above the level of vegetation. All around there is a wilderness of rocks, among which I twice catch sight of the curious little brown-faced mouse hare. We see floating below us banks of fleecy clouds, showing that we have reached a considerable altitude.

We camp for the night in a romantic spot, among the scattered rocks. A crystal clear stream flows over a bed of white quartz débris past the door of my tent. Around there is a profusion of alpine flowers, including specimens of a curious woolly spike, about a foot in height, with violet and red flowers—one of the Saussurea group. On the bank, which falls away abruptly to the stream 200 feet below,

there are patches of dwarf juniper. We are at the foot of the Nich Nai Pass.

Next day our path winds up the side of a steep, grassy slope, full of marmot burrows. Down below us to the left is a pretty little blue-green mountain tarn. We continue our climb over snow by the side of a rather deep stream, which is running in a snow channel, with walls 10 feet high and the bed also of snow. And we reach the top of the pass in about an hour. The height is approximately 13,500 feet. From here, looking back south-east over the snow-filled valley below, we notice that it is in a line with the Baltal valley. And there is a panorama of high peaks. On the left is Sirbal.

To the right of that, beyond the Zoji-La Pass, stands the fine Machoi Peak, with close to it on the south, Kanipatri. Beyond this last, to the right, there is an extensive snow-field, sloping up to the Amarnath Peak. To the south again of that, rise the bold Panjitarni sentinel peaks, marking where the path to Amarnath cave comes over from Lake Shisha Nág. Beyond them, still to the right, are the lofty summits of the Koh-i-Nur group.

Towering immediately above us, to a height of over 15,000 feet, are the jagged-pointed peaks of the Vishna Mountains, with small glaciers clinging to their northern face.

We descend to the north, going down about 1500 feet, chiefly on snow slopes. On our right there is an outcrop of limestone, and further on an outstanding hill, very denuded towards the top, and with a crest of rich, orange-coloured castellated crags, and further down on its slopes vertical scarps of the same formation. This is wonderfully like much of the mountain scenery in Ladákh. And away to the north there is a very bare range with reddish-grey pinnacled cliffs, like those behind Sonamarg.

In a mountain-girt country like this, the evidence of the process of formation is writ large on peak and cliff, and the study of geology is one of fascinating interest.

The most important, and indeed the only general account of Kashmir geology, is a Memoir published by Lydekker in 1883. Of recent years, however, fresh investigations, carried on by Mr C. S. Middlemiss, Superintendent of the Geological Survey of India, have thrown important light upon the Silurian Trias sequence and the Marine Sedimentary series of Kashmir.

The Upper Trias, where it occurs, is usually very striking, culminating, as it so often does, in lines of bold, reddish-yellow precipices resting on beds of Muschelkalk.

As we ascend, the tendency is for the rocks to become more crystalline and less stratified, until we find a pure grey limestone which, however, is absolutely barren of fossils.

Although the weather is cloudy and rain falls at intervals, we notice that to the east the clouds form a straight line, beneath which there is clear blue sky. This line marks the position of Ladákh, where rain seldom falls, the clouds having condensed and discharged their moisture on the long glaciated mountain ridge, some of the peaks of which we have just been admiring.

Our descent has brought us to a large stretch of flowery meadow, dotted with buffaloes grazing on the marshy, peaty pastures near the river. This marg extends about 3 miles to the north. It is drained by a large stream which flows into the Gurais River and is difficult to ford. Beyond the marg it is enclosed by blue-grey cliffs, and becomes a series of roaring rapids, and the green slopes fade away on the precipitous sides of the gorge, which is absolutely impassable. On one occasion I explored it, but could discover no possible route, and curiously enough I found a large goat which had doubtless belonged to one of the numerous flocks which browse on the marg in the summer, and which had become lost and cornered by the precipices.

At the west side of the marg, in a hollow, banked up by a line of moraine, is the beautiful Lake Vishn Sar. This is about three-quarters of a mile long. In its pale green waters large

patches of snow are floating. These have evidently broken off the avalanche cliffs on the south side. A thousand feet above the lake is a glacier with an ice-fall about 150 feet in height.

The lake owes much of its interest to the very bold-pointed peaks, fenced round with stupendous precipices, at the foot of which it lies. Its charm is augmented by the flower-covered moraine and the broad stretch of meadow below, with the snow-streaked ranges beyond. Its shores formed a beautiful site for our second camp.

The weather still remained unsettled and showery, and it was raining when we started next morning from Vishn Sar and commenced to climb the pass above us. To our left was a massive peak with a rounded top, reminding me of one of similar appearance, but on a smaller scale, to the left of the valley below the Stalheim's Cleft in Norway. This one, however, is of trap and not granite.

We followed a small track winding up the green slope to the west. After a rise of a few hundred feet we passed to our left a triangular-shaped tarn, Krishn Sar, with sides about 400 yards long. Near the northern angle there was a small grass-clothed rocky islet. The lake itself was choked with masses of snow. On our right there was now a long ridge stretching away westward. Up the side of this we steadily climbed, under a series of small cliffs of dark grey and yellow limestone. This was especially interesting, as I found that the dark limestone was fossiliferous and crowded with small corals, crinoid stems and other marine forms. We reached the top of the pass, which is about 13,000 feet high, in two hours, and saw at our feet, 1000 feet below, a narrow snow-filled valley leading away to the west. This is bounded on the south side by a continuation of the Vishn Sar chain, and on the north by a prolongation of the limestone ridge. Immediately below us was another tarn, which might appropriately be called marmot lake, as the slopes below were extensively colonized by these rodents.

To our left the glacier-worn rocks extended to a height of 1500 feet above the valley, their smooth-polished convex surfaces being capped with grass and lower down with juniper bushes. Above them rise abruptly bare triangular faces of grey rock, marked criss-cross with cracks, and seamed and scarred by centuries of alternate frost and heat.

About 2 miles down this valley we came to Lake Gád Sar. This, unlike Vishn Sar, occupies a true rocky basin. To the south rises a magnificent peak with two glaciers below it. Of these the eastern is of some magnitude and the western comparatively small. As we passed we were greeted by two reverberating salvos of glacier artillery, as at an interval of five minutes some of the séracs fell in with a roar and a crash. The lake, which is deep, is about half a mile long. The southern half is occupied by floating avalanche snow. The rest is a beautiful deep green colour. On the north side it is bounded by rounded masses of glacier-polished rock, rising to a height of 50 feet above the water. Between two of these knolls it has found an outlet. Little fish may occasionally be seen in this lake, to which fact it doubtless owes its name.

Below Gád Sar the valley turns to the north for about 4 miles. The scarped ridge on our right comes to an end about 2 miles beyond the lake, forming a pretty mane-like crest. But it is succeeded by a higher ridge to the north, also of limestone, and with a series of terraces and crags. At this point in the Himalayas there appear to be extensive ranges of the carboniferous period passing across from south-east to north-west.

On the left bank of the stream below Gád Sar there is also a limestone ridge, which was perhaps originally continuous with that on the right side, for it also is fossiliferous.

It is not easy to reconstruct in imagination the conditions which existed when these lofty peaks and high ranges, with their deep valleys, were beneath the sea or formed mountainous islands, the shores of which were whitened with surf and the cliffs of which re-echoed the roar of breakers.

Meanwhile our valley, called by the shepherds Kell Nai, has broadened out and the slopes on either side show first isolated birch trees and then shaggy woods with conspicuous white trunks and branches. Running steeply up to the right is a narrow gorge which leads to Tillel. Avalanche snow still fills the deeper hollows of the valley and forms a succession of snow bridges. The bright green meadows are strewn with fragments of limestone detached from the cliffs above. These do not, however, appear to contain fossils. It is interesting at this altitude to see goldfinches and to hear their familiar song.

The following morning, 9th July, our march commenced by a steep ascent over the shoulders of the ridge to our left, through the birch wood and at a height of a thousand feet above the valley, on to the green down-like slopes above. Here the air was vibrating with the song of the larks. Our direction changed from north-west to south-west as we kept along the rolling marg—a delightful walk! After the rain the air was fresh and invigorating and everything around was literally sparkling in the sunshine. We were far above the river, above the forest level, above everything except the grey peaks jutting up from the stony slopes and snow-fields, and the fleecy clouds by which they were enveloped. In the hollows, clear broad streams, with stony beds, flow away from the snow-fields which mantle the hillsides. Beds of vivid rose primulas, with the sun behind shining through their petals, impart brilliant patches of colour to the landscape.

Pitched in a slight depression we see the shepherds' tents, with close to them a conspicuous plot of reddish-brown bare ground on which the flock is lying. Seen from the distance this is a curious collection of cream-coloured and dark spots sometimes covering an acre or more. For some of the flocks number over a thousand. The sheep become quite automatic in their habits. They know that they must not move out till the sun is well up and the pasture less wet. At mid-

day they extend in open formation over a very large area of marg and mountain side. But as evening approaches, and the sun begins to set, long continuous lines of them may be seen wending their way down the hillsides and coming towards the little white tent and dirty brown patch. The neighbourhood of these shepherds' settlements is not the place to camp. The reek of the ground around may sometimes be recognized at a distance of half a mile.

The shepherds are sturdy-looking people, broad and stalwart, and their women look robust but hard-favoured. Unlike the gujars, these are true Kashmiris. Some of them are pleasant and friendly, but hospitality is not their strong point, and they are, perhaps not unnaturally, unwilling to sell sheep.

After a steady ascent over successive fields of snow, among boulders and across stretches of peaty marsh, we pass a chain of shallow lakes on the watershed. And once more we looked down upon the richly-wooded valleys of Kashmir. Lying at our feet, 2000 feet below, was the Wangat Nalla, one of the tributaries of the Sind valley.

We have one more pass to cross in order to reach the Gangabal Lakes and Haramouk. This is very steep and the last few hundred feet are under snow. The height of the top is about 13,500 feet. During the last part of the climb we are enveloped in clouds.

From the summit there is a glorious view. Facing us is Mount Haramouk, rising 5000 feet in a series of sheer precipices, from two exquisitely beautiful turquoise blue lakes. On the eastern and north-eastern faces are two magnificent glaciers.

The whole is wreathed in cloud and the mist comes swirling and eddying up from the valleys below. Sometimes the mountain mass opposite to us is blotted out—then a glimpse is caught of the summit alone, looking incredibly high. Then a piece of stupendous precipice is framed in a wreath

of mist. Anon the clouds lift and the whole mountain is revealed in its glory with its glittering domes and tiers of ice-cliffs, its wide glaciers with rounded ice-falls, its thin white curved terraces and glittering séracs.

Descending about 1500 feet, we soon reached the shores of Lake Gangabal.

The journey from Sonamarg had occupied us four days —each day we had crossed a high pass. Our baggage had been carried by six ponies very lightly laden. The ponies of this district are famous for their cleverness on rough, difficult tracks. In Tillel, the district we were skirting, the ponies will almost sit on their haunches as they make their way down steep rocky slopes, and the ponymen will sometimes catch hold of their tails to steady them in some particularly difficult piece of descent. These ponies owe their strength and agility to the fact that they were born and bred in the mountains and are accustomed from their earliest days to the steep rocky sides of mountains. Their greatest foes are leopards. But the habitat of these is lower down in the jungle between six and eight thousand feet.

On my descent from Gangabal, when camping at Wangat, my baggage ponies had been turned loose to graze for the night and one of them was killed by a leopard. Only its throat was torn and evidently the leopard had sucked its blood.

Ganga Lake, or as it is usually called, Gangabal, lies at the foot of Mount Haramouk. It is 3 miles long and runs from a point to the east of the summit, in a north-westerly direction, terminating immediately beneath the north-eastern glacier. It is bounded on the north-east side by long rock-strewn, juniper-clothed slopes coming down from a serrated rocky range. And on this side several small streams flow into it, one of which comes from a little tarn a thousand feet higher up and to the north, named Lool Gool.

Gangabal Lake is shut in by moraine at the south-east end, where five distinct crescents can be made out. That which forms the actual margin and bank of the lake is a mere embankment ten or twelve feet high, with a gap of 60 yards through which a broad shallow stream flows among large boulders. This catches the light and its sparkling, rippling surface forms a sharp contrast with the green colour of the lake beyond. To the south of this stream there are higher ridges of moraine, one of which forms a low hill which stands 200 feet above the lake level.

The south-west side of the lake is most impressive.

From the foot of the Eastern Peak of Haramouk there is a fan-shaped slope of grass-grown détritus about half a mile long, which shelves down to the shores of the lake. Above this are 2000 feet of polished, rounded cliffs occupying a gap three-quarters of a mile in width between two ridges and supporting the deeply-fissured pale-blue ice-cliffs of an extensive glacier. This rests at the foot of dark snow-streaked precipices, which are in turn crowned by the corniced snowy cap which forms the summit of the mountain.

The north end of the lake on the west side is equally impressive. It is almost overhung by an extensive glacier about a mile across, the further end of which comes down to 300 feet from the water's edge. Above this are 1000 feet of séracs and then the first ice-field stretching across in two gentle curves. Still higher, ice-falls, séracs and crevasses are piled up for another 2000 feet. And hemming them in on either side and also forming a central partition are towering crags, stained red and yellow by lichens and rising in successive tiers till they reach and uphold the snowfield above.

From the foot of the glacier, falling down the precipices below, are streaks of white foaming water, which lower down wind like streams of milk through steep banks of grey débris to the lake.

The colour of Gangabal is superb. At our first glimpse

from the top of the pass it appeared turquoise blue with broad masses of violet shadow lying across it. At the northern end there was a streak of pure liquid emerald green. Later on in the day, according to whether sunshine or cloud, calm or wind prevail, its waters pass through every shade of green. Thus the whole lake may be pale green intersected by dark green bands. Or equally beautiful is its appearance when it becomes a deep blue-green, but with lines of pale *eau de nil* lying across it. Sometimes, like a mirror, it reflects all the details of its mountain walls. More often, while still retaining its exquisite colour, a delicate surface vibration throws the reflections into vertical masses of light and shade as seen on the face of the water.

In the evening the colour gradually deepens from pale to dark green and dark green to violet, grey or indigo-purple, while long lines and sheets of high light rest upon it.

A cloud remained suspended a few hundred feet above the water, intensifying the mystery as one looked into the fairy cave-like shadow below and sought to penetrate its hidden recesses. Round the shores we see the pretty little white-capped redstart and the yellow wagtail. The lark, too, may often be seen to drop suddenly into the rich green herbage and luxuriant alpine blossoms.

The rocks around are trap and of a pinkish colour. Many of them are veined or spotted with quartz. Along the shore, in the few places where it is shallow, the boulders beneath impart a reddish hue to the water. Sheets of golden-yellow marsh buttercups brighten the dark reddish-brown peaty soil of the meadows on either side of the outlet of the lake.

Half a mile below is another lake called Gangi. This, which is about 500 yards long, lies right under the cliffs of the eastern glacier and is enclosed in a moraine basin. Floating about in it are numerous masses of snow detached from the avalanches lying below the glacier. To the south

of it rises a hill to a height of 500 feet, which appears to be composed chiefly of moraine.

Gangabal, as its name (Ganga = Ganges) implies, is regarded by the Hindus as a most sacred place. And hither every year there is a large pilgrimage of Kashmiri Hindus, who bring with them fragments of bone which have escaped destruction in cremation. These relics of their deceased relatives they cast into the green waters of the lake.

The usual route to Gangabal is up the Wangat Nalla, a tributary which joins the Sind valley on the north side just below Kangan.

On 13th September 1898, I made my first ascent on Mount Kotwál from this valley. The weather had been very unsettled. Crossing to the left bank of the stream near Nára Nág, I was glad to occupy the verandah of a gujar's house for the night.

Next day it dawned fine, so we started off and steadily climbed a ridge for 2500 feet. It then began to rain. Fortunately we were partly sheltered by fir forest. As it was getting very cold, we were unable to emerge and strike over the upland exposed ridges. Snow began to fall. The coolies shivered and talked of dying in the cold. So before midday we stopped at an old gujar's encampment. Here we found a lean-to shed of branches of fir placed against an immense tree. Thoroughly clearing this, we piled on fresh fir branches and hung up a tent at the back, lighted a fire in front and made it very cosy. The coolies and my cook, Rasula, were almost as comfortable and quite dry. In the afternoon it cleared, so I started off with Abdullah, a Kashmiri mountaineer, and Mukhta, a local levy. We climbed about 1500 feet to a peak from which we obtained a good view of Mount Kotwal (1421 feet), a most formidable and inaccessible looking crest. Next day we started with rope and ice-axes. Unfortunately the rain of the previous day had cost us 5 miles and 2000 feet, all of which were added on to this day's work. At 8 a.m. we reached a shallow lake called Hokhsar,

above which the peak rose straight and precipitous. The next thousand feet of our ascent were over very steep moraine. We then followed an arête on the northern side, and finally got into deep snow, which became steeper and steeper, until we were compelled to cut steps. Mukhta now gave up and went back. I worked on with Abdullah until nearly midday. But we were still about 500 feet from the top. The last 200 feet cost us an hour's hard work. The fresh snow was very embarrassing. It covered everything, and we could see neither foot nor hand hold on the face of the steep rocks. At last we had to abandon the attempt. Descending, we plunged down a magnificent gorge to the Nára Nág temples—a drop of 6000 feet. We reached camp at 6 p.m. after twelve hours' work, of which eleven were spent in actual climbing up or down. Here we found Rasula the cook disabled with paralysis, the result of lying on wet ground when very hot. I sent him into Srinagar, where fortunately he made a good recovery.

Six years passed before I had another opportunity of attempting Mount Kotwal. In 1904 I started from the village of Boorphrar, 2 miles below Goond, in the Sind valley; and under very favourable weather conditions I climbed 5000 feet on the first day and placed a small shelter tent in a rocky amphitheatre between the little snow-capped south peak and the northern summit. Although midsummer, the cold here was intense. Next day I achieved the ascent with comparative ease, scrambling up the eastern arête. From the top there was a very striking view of Haramouk.

The old ruins of Nára Nág are about 6 miles up the Wangat valley. On an eminence, at the mouth of a gorge, with the pine trees rising steeply behind and a torrent below, stands the chief temple on a beautifully moulded plinth 30 feet square and 3 feet high. It is a massive square edifice built of blocks of granite. The walls, which are about 25 feet broad, present on each face a rectangular gabled porch pro-

Photo by] [*G. Millais.*

19. PAYECH TEMPLE.

(One of the most perfect specimens of an ancient Hindu shrine.)

To face p. 117.

jecting out 3 feet from the surface. At the centre of this, on each side of the building, and approached by two steps, is a doorway 10 feet high and 5 feet broad, with a massive square stone architrave surmounted by a triangle containing a sculptured trefoil which originally framed an image. The projecting porches each support a beautiful trefoil arch upon which a pointed gable rests.

The four corners of the building are corniced above to a depth of 5 feet. The remains of a pyramidal stone roof still exist and project as eaves a foot beyond the walls. The temple is about 30 feet high, and the pointed roof must have brought its height up to about 50 feet. The main entrance is on the east side, and evidently originally a massive flight of steps with a wall on either side led up to it. The other doorways were closed with granite blocks with a sill outside for lamps or votive offerings.

To the north side there was a courtyard with four small chapels, the ruins of which still exist. This temple does not appear to have stood in a tank, but ornamental stone water courses show that a stream was trained through the cloisters.

There is a smaller temple, with an oblong courtyard formed by ruined cloisters, a few hundred yards further up the valley.

The date of these temples appears to be about the tenth century. In this lonely but beautiful mountain recess a body of Hindu priests must have lived and performed their mystic rites perhaps for centuries. The temples were no doubt regarded as the portals to the sacred lake of Gangabal. Now they are deserted, fallen in ruins and overgrown by bushes and even forest trees (Plate 19).

From this point the path to the lake ascends steeply for 3500 feet through pines and among blocks of disintegrated granite. It then winds along the top of a lofty green shoulder under and over cliffs of schist clothed with juniper and sparkling with flowers, among which here and there the blue poppy may be seen.

The view from here is commanding. Deep down below is the valley we have left, with its foaming torrent.

On the other side, 7 miles away, is the precipitous crest of Mount Kotwal.

We can, too, see right over the tops of the intervening mountains and across the valley of Kashmir to the long faint line of white, the Pir Panjal range, in the midst of which the bold form of Mount Tatticooti can be clearly discerned.

A further climb of 1500 feet through the birch-tree coppices of Tronkol, over sloping meadows and strips of moraine, brings the traveller at last to a point where first the smaller lake Gangi and then Gangabal itself burst upon his delighted vision.

CHAPTER IX

TRIBUTARY AND OUTLYING VALLEYS

The Loláb—The Wardwan—Kishtiwar—Rope Bridges—Shisha Nag—The Famous Cave of Amarnath—Large Game.

To the north-west of the valley of Kashmir, beyond the range which on that side bounds the Wular Lake, is the Loláb valley. This is crescent-shaped, running round for 20 miles from the pretty little mountain village of Duar in the south to Khopwára in the west, where a bridge crosses the Loláb River just above its junction with the Kámil. Below this point the united streams are known as the Pohru River, the large tributary which enters the Jhelum below Sopur. Duar is about 6000 feet above sea-level.

Down the centre of the Loláb valley, especially on the right bank of the stream, there is a large flat area under rice cultivation. In the early summer the wide expanse of fresh green-growing crops is no less beautiful than the thousands of acres of fields of ripe golden grain in the autumn. But the Loláb owes its special charm to the cedar and pine forests with which the mountains are clothed and between which are turf slopes dotted with fruit trees. The forests are densest on the south side. In them is the wreckage of generations—mighty trunks, prostrate, lying at every angle, some recently fallen, others showing all the stages of decay and covered with moss and ferns, or forming simple raised ridges of deep brown soil.

In the lower reaches of forest, mixed with the conifers, we see hazel, bird-cherry, sycamore, horse-chestnut and walnut. And there is a dense brush of witch-hazel and guelder.

These woods are inhabited by troops of monkeys, which live on the young leaf buds and rifle the still green fruit. Most destructive here, as in all Kashmiri forests, are the herds of goats, which greedily devour the seedlings and younger trees, and carry devastation wherever they go. Every summer Kashmir is invaded by thousands of gujars or herdsmen with enormous flocks of sheep and goats and herds of buffaloes. Many of these live on the south side of the Pir Panjal range in the winter. And most of them are nomads. As the warmer weather comes on they pour through the passes and along the roads leading into Kashmir, and distribute themselves all round in the upland valleys and on the margs. Some of them make clearings in the forests and act as the pioneers of agriculture. Their houses are built of logs, usually on a slope, with which the flat roof is almost continuous at the back. The front of these huts has a narrow verandah. Tall, pale and of sallow complexion, these people form an absolutely distinct race. They have long bony faces with large hooked noses, and talk in sonorous and nasal tones. Their language is a dialect of Punjabi. They are extremely ignorant and simple, but more honest than the Kashmiris. They form colonies in groups, each of which has a tribal chief to whom many families own allegiance. The gujars make enormous quantities of butter which is clarified by boiling and converted into ghee, losing in the process about one quarter of its weight.

All round the valley at the margin of the forest the grass is speckled with the delicately-veined, white wood-sorrel, clumps of strawberry blossoms and troops of deep-coloured, sweet-scented and pale dog-violets. Pine cones and their débris lie scattered about. The beautiful forest bridle-path passes through park-like glades studded with apple and pear orchards. Sometimes it crosses low ridges with scattered pines and cedars, the ground under which is tinted with the light red of the fallen needles. Flocks of green parrots with shrill cries dash between the dark spreading foliage of the

cedars. The path then runs along the upper margin of rich deep-brown, freshly-ploughed fields bounded by rough log fences and only recently reclaimed from the forest, as is shown by the charred and blackened trunks still standing. Groves of walnut trees, with high dark gables showing among them, mark the position of villages on the gentle slopes running down to the arable land below.

The Loláb is a valley of homesteads, with fine large poultry and fertile land, bearing rich harvests of rice and maize up to the fringe of the encircling forest.

In marked contrast to the Loláb is the Wardwan, a long narrow valley which lies to the east of Kashmir. For the lower part of its course it runs almost due south. The Wardwan River rises in the Barmal glacier of the great Nun-Kun mountain and joining the Marau stream, ultimately drains into the Chenáb.

These outlying Kashmir valleys have each their own characteristic features. That of the Wardwan, unlike the Loláb, is its depth and narrowness; so that the sun shines for only a few hours in the day. Wheat and rice will not ripen, and we find instead, on sunny slopes, fields of barley and buckwheat. The winter is prolonged and the snow lingers on. The villages are collections of dark-brown log huts, with roughly boarded roofs, crowded together and often surrounded by a sea of mud. In the short summer the people seem hardly able either in their houses or persons to remove the accumulated grime and filth of the winter. All down the valley the trees are tall, with long trunks and branches given off high up. And the pink balsams, which are abundant, grow in places to a height of 6 feet. In the late autumn, herds of deer cross this valley and ford the river near Inshan, making their way up the slopes and through the pine forests on its western bank.

In the Wardwan the tendency is for the rocks, many of which are schistose, to be soft and friable. This imparts a gentle rounded contour to some of the hillsides.

Descending the valley, we keep along the left bank of the river, sometimes on green slopes, at others crossing gay, flowery meadows, or compelled to climb by some rocky precipice abutting on the river. Then for miles we march through dense forest—silver firs, pines, poplars, alders and hazel, till 18 miles below Inshan we emerge on an open space called Marau, the junction of the rivers. Here there are several square miles of terraced rice-fields.

When I was last there it was late autumn. Patches of amaranth, brilliant red and yellow, caught the sunlight. Little piles of cut rice were standing in the fields and the villagers were reaping with feverish haste. For fresh snow had whitened the mountains and even fallen in the valley. And a high white glittery line bounded the valley to the south.

From Marau, looking up the gorge to the north, there is a fine view of not very distant summits some of which are over 20,000 feet in height (Plate 20). The river runs at the bottom of a deep gorge, one side of which is a sheer precipice. The opposite side, also steep, is pink with bushes of wild indigo. And here and there in hollows is a small cluster of huts. This is called the " Hot Water Valley." In it there is an intensely hot spring which attracts sick people from a radius of many miles round. The river is crossed by a rope bridge of twisted birch twigs. A few days before my arrival three men had been drowned by its breaking while they were crossing.

Below Marau, the united streams sweep through a succession of deep and narrow valleys. The scenery is similar to that of Kishtiwar. The path can no longer closely follow the river but has to climb up on the hillsides, with precipices below on both sides. The valleys are very narrow. The foaming torrent swirls and eddies at the bottom of a deep chasm. On the other side, almost within rifle shot, but secure from molestation, herds of wild goat can be seen feeding. Villages are few and far between, perched high up on the hill-

20. MARAU GORGE.

To face p. 122.

sides to enable the cultivated slopes to catch the sunshine. And here even red bear actually come down at night to rob the maize-fields.

At last we reach the great Chenáb River with its immense volume of blue water.

The Vale of Kashmir does not stand alone in its beauties. In the Himalayas there are other jewels with similar setting. One of these is Kishtiwar. Lying to the east of Kashmir, it can be approached from various directions—from Jammu, Chamba, Kashmir and from Ladákh. Its altitude is considerably less than that of Kashmir. As a result there is very much more cultivation on the hillsides. The great River Chenáb flows through, for the most part in deep cuttings at the bottom of narrow, gorge-like valleys.

Leaving Srinagar and travelling eastward, partly by boat on the Jhelum, and partly on foot, I reached on the third day the pretty village of Sagám. This place is a typical Kashmiri hamlet. It lies on a slope, lifted above the alluvial plain, at the mouth of one of the tributary valleys. Flowing through is a small stream of clear water, bordered by pollarded willows. Here and there are patches of turf, sloping banks or knolls, shaded by magnificent chenars with massive silvery trunks and large digitate leaves. Here the most delightful of camping grounds can be found. The village itself consists of scattered houses constructed partly of timber and partly of sun-dried bricks. Some of the gabled roofs are covered with rough planks, others with birch bark and a layer of earth. Glimpses of them can be seen here and there nestling amongst the walnut or other fruit trees which grow in their little patches of luxuriant garden. The Mohammedan shrine and Hindu tank complete the picture. By the side of the latter there is a group of lofty but aged elms. Blocks of carved stone lie scattered about, the remains of some ornate Hindu temple, which was perhaps at its zenith about the time when St Augustine first landed on the shores of the British Isles.

To the tanks and the shrine the villagers resort—the Hindus in neat white turbans or coloured skull-caps and dirty white tunics—the Mohammedans in greasy grey skull-caps and pherans. The Hindu women, alone, with their bright red garments, give a touch of colour which adds to the picturesqueness of the scene. This village contains a large number of Hindus, some attracted by the sanctity of the tank, others the lineal descendants of those who escaped forcible conversion centuries ago at the hands of the followers of Islam.

I had brought with me some Christian literature in Kashmiri, Urdu, Persian, Sanskrit and Gurumukhi—the prevalent languages. But I found only one reader, in the person of the village schoolmaster. In the evening about twenty patients gathered, and the following day, sixty. These formed an attentive audience as I set forth the object of my journey, and told them of Him who came to save from sin. The next day we commenced the ascent of the Marbel Pass. Our path, a mere sinuous track, leaving the village, wound its way first through rice swamps, then, as we gained higher ground, through bushes of wild indigo and patches of sward studded with many familiar flowers. It then crept along the side of a gorge, with hundreds of feet below a torrent beating itself to foam against obstructing rocks. At last we plunged into the pine forest. After some hours we emerged from this at a higher level, where groups of firs were scattered over a rich flowery meadow, bright with dwarf sun-flowers, asters, anemones, primulas, forget-me-nots and lovely white columbines. Camping here for the night, we kept ourselves warm with a regal bonfire of pine logs. Next day, after a steady climb on the snow, we at last reached the knife-like edge of the pass. From here a long descent, first on snow, afterwards over turfy uplands, and then down through the forest of pines, sycamores, horse-chestnuts, walnuts, and elms, brought us to the side of a clear stream. Soon after, we reached the first village of Kishtiwar, a group of flat mud-

Photo by] [*G. Millais.*

roofed single-storied huts built on the hill in such a way that the top of the roof is continuous with the slope of the hill above. On these roofs, in the summer, little huts of grass are erected. Sometimes, being the only level ground, our tent would be pitched on top of one. There we spent the night. About a dozen patients visited us and heard the Gospel Message, perhaps for the first time in their own tongue. In the night heavy rain fell, and the mountain tops around were whitened with fresh snow. Our route now took us through pine and cedar forests and along a deep gorge. Before long we had to cross two rope bridges, the second of which was over the Chenáb. Picture to yourself three strands of twisted birch twigs thrown across a river—two of these strands act as handrails and the third is for the feet. The three are joined together by slender cross pieces. On this frail structure, which swings with the wind, and drops with a graceful loop from precipice to precipice, the river dancing 40 feet below, you cross (Plate 21).

The scenery here is most striking. On the left the green waters of the Chenáb, smooth and deep, issue from a deep gorge into which the rays of the sun barely penetrate. That way lies the route to Little Tibet. Some miles up that valley, a few years ago, a great landslip disclosed some curious blue pebbles. These attracted the attention of the inhabitants of a little village not far distant, and they gathered a large number and carried them to a frontier town in British India. Here they were found to be splendid sapphires. Some one must have "made a good thing out of them." Having learnt their value, and with bright visions of wealth in prospect, the natives hurried back to find more. But, sad to say, another landslip had occurred and hidden them all, and to this day, although much sought after, they have only been discovered in comparatively small numbers.

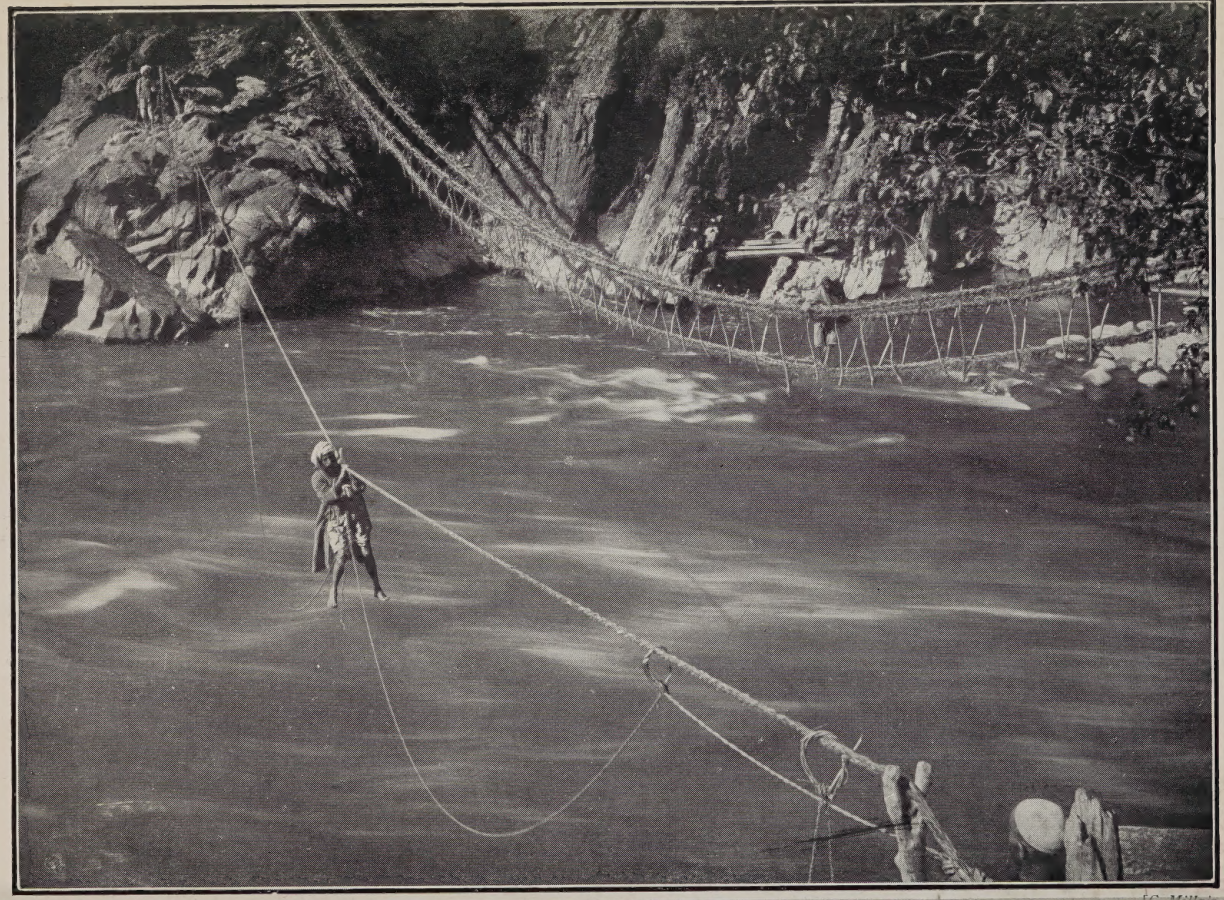
From the Chenáb to the City of Kishtiwar is a steep rise of 1500 feet, the depth to which the Chenáb has cut its bed. The road is paved, and forms really an immense staircase

from the river to the town, and all around it are signs of old Hindu splendour—carved stone tanks and spouts and little temples and cloisters of cunning workmanship, fourteen hundred years old. Their construction must have involved immense toil, and now their ruins are picturesquely overgrown. In places the clear water still runs along some conduit which patient hands prepared for it more than twelve centuries ago.

The approach to Kishtiwar itself is over an immense flat turfy meadow or maidan, used as a polo-ground by the native gentry. Kishtiwar lies on a table-land 4 miles by 3 in extent, and surrounded on the west and north by the Chenáb ravine. The mountains form an amphitheatre, clothed on the east side by pines and backed up by snowy peaks. The population is about 2000.

The people were most friendly. The day after our arrival we were visited by fifty patients. The chief magistrate, who paid a call, had his chair placed beside me, and took a lively interest in the work. He was also present when I preached to the people. The next day 100 patients came; the day after, 150; so we were very busy. Among numerous other operations, eleven were performed for cataract. Christian literature was distributed, two or three addresses were given daily and opportunities were found for quiet conversation. Close by there was a quaint old mosque, where every morning the Mohammedans chanted their prayers in something very like Gregorian tones. The head priest came and visited me, and willingly accepted a copy of the New Testament.

Below Kishtiwar the Chenáb takes a great curve to the west, leaving a corner of mountainous country partly encircled. Over this corner we crossed by a high pass. The view, looking back, was sublime. The three lofty Brahma peaks and Nun-Kun, all snow-clad, and all over 22,000 feet high, stand out with special grandeur. Near the top of the pass we spent the night at the village of Késhwan, the head-



man of which looked like a pirate or buccaneer—a swarthy, powerful fellow, in picturesque attire. We were well received, and even in this out-of-the-way place fifty patients mustered, and formed an attentive audience too.

Some months later, the son of this headman was attacked by a bear in the forest close by, and severely injured. They actually carried him all the way to the Kashmir Mission Hospital, and spent some weeks with us there until he completely recovered.

Two days' descent on the other side of the pass brought us to Doda. Here, most unexpectedly, we had the great pleasure of meeting Dr Hutchison, the veteran medical missionary of Chamba. We spent the whole of the next day together, and had a good many patients, whom we were able to address in the two languages best understood. Some had never seen a European before.

At Doda there is a curious arrangement for crossing the Chenáb. Five or six strands of leather rope cross the abyss. The passenger sits in a rope loop, suspended by a wooden ring, which runs on those strands, and is pulled across by a line attached to it (Plate 22).

From Doda, three days' mountain climb, through a forest composed chiefly of holly trees, brought us to Rámband, on the main road to Kashmir by the Banihal route.

Seven thousand feet above the level of the valley of Kashmir there is a series of mountain tarns with blue waters and rocky shores. Most of these are evidently due in part, if not entirely, to the blocking of the outlet of glacier streams by masses of moraine.

The three most beautiful of these lakes are Konsa Nág, Gangabal and Shisha Nag. The two former I have already described.

Shisha Nag is about 16 miles beyond Pahlgam. The route lies up the Tanin River and for the last few miles, after ascending the steep slopes of Mount Pisu, it passes through a beautiful green valley with crown gentians, alpine irises

and wild wallflowers in profusion. In these upland valleys it may be often noticed that many of the smaller slabs of rock have been turned over—the work of the red bear searching for grubs. A final climb over moraine slopes, and Shisha Nag lies before us, a stretch of water 2 miles long. The exquisite pale blue colour, similar to that of Lake Lucerne, is due to the slight opalescence of the water from the presence of fine glacier dust in suspension. A line of snow peaks of fantastic shape rises above the lake on the right; and their snow slopes extend steeply down to the water's edge, where there are ice-cliffs from which masses become detached and float about like small icebergs.

Two marches further on, at a height of 13,000 feet, in a remote valley, reached by crossing a high pass, is the sacred cave of Amarnath. This is a centre of pilgrimage. Every year in the late summer, hundreds of Hindus, men and women, with a band of half-nude Sadhus, make their way to this cave. In bad weather, for those with insufficient clothing and no tents, the journey may be dangerous. An untimely fall of snow may cause many fatalities (Plate 23).

The cave is situated up a narrow valley, the bottom of which is always full of snow. All around, the pinnacled limestone rocks present weird and fantastic shapes, and they are of that peculiar reddish-yellow tint which especially appeals to the Hindu. At the back of the cave, which is a large hemispherical hollow about fifty yards in height, breadth and depth, some springs which issue have become frozen and form solid dome-shaped masses resting on a smooth surface of ice with curved and zig-zag markings. The whole block of ice is clear as crystal. The chief one is about 2 feet high and covers an area of three or four square yards. The central portion, being in the form of a phallic emblem, is an object of special adoration. Pilgrims come from all parts of India to Amarnath, for it is a place of great fame. At Puran Mashi, the time of the full moon of the month of Sawan, usually in July or August, the pilgrims

Photo by] *G. Millais.*

23. SADHU, OR HINDU DEVOTEE.

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approach the sacred cave. Sometimes there are as many as six or seven thousand. As they reach the steep slope at the foot, the more zealous of their number, both men and women, cast off their clothing and with scanty covering of birch bark they climb to the entrance, striking up as they go a fervid chant.

As parties of pilgrims emerge from the cave, they shout out a final salutation or song of praise. The surrounding holes and fissures are the abode of pigeons. If any have remained in the cave, and frightened by the unwonted clamour they fly out, this is regarded as the climax and witness to the merit of the worshippers. In order, however, to acquire the full amount of merit it is necessary to approach and quit the cave by certain definitely-appointed steep and toilsome routes.

In olden days Kashmir used to be a wonderful place for large game. A perusal of Brinckman's *Rifle in Kashmir* will show what a sportsman's paradise it was half a century ago. Now sportsmen have to go farther afield. Ibex are still numerous in Little Tibet. The average number shot annually is between two and three hundred. Markhor are abundant in the Gilgit district. They used also to be numerous in the Kaj Nag Mountains near Baramula. About fifty head a year are shot. For Ovis Ammoni it is necessary to go to the great plateaus between Ladákh and Chinese Tibet, and the annual bag rarely exceeds sixteen. Owing to the preserves, stag are now fairly abundant in Kashmir. And every autumn large herds make their way over the mountains, especially at the east end of the valley. It is sad to think that every year fifty or more of these beautiful animals fall to the sportsman's rifle. Owing to the rapid and lamentable diminution of large game in Kashmir, systematic preservation has been adopted of recent years with most beneficial results.

The name of Colonel A. E. Ward will always be associated with the good work which he achieved in this and other directions, such as the construction of roads, building of

bridges, improvement in the breed of sheep by the introduction of Scottish rams, and original research in the Natural History of Kashmir.

The Game Preservation Department now has in Major H. E. Wigram a genial and tactful secretary. And the State has been fortunate in obtaining the services of Mr J. H. Phelps to take charge of the State Rakhs (the actual reserved areas).

Both the black and brown bear and also leopards are destructive and their preservation by game laws is not in the interests of the people of Kashmir. Leopards will not infrequently destroy several head of valuable cattle in a few weeks and the herdsmen may not destroy them without a license. It is said that they are increasing in numbers. And in the winter they often come down from the mountains and wander about on the outskirts of the villages and sometimes even on the Takht hill close to Srinagar.

The red bear is often a pest to the shepherds and will attack flocks night after night. But black bear are the more numerous. The depredations of the latter are directed chiefly toward standing crops of maize. They will, however, occasionally carry off sheep. Their tempers are precarious, as they are much hunted and often shot at. In consequence, they frequently attack villagers without provocation and inflict very severe wounds on the head and face with their teeth. More than two hundred are shot every year. The favourite habitat of the red bear is between nine and twelve thousand feet above sea-level. About sixty are killed per annum.

CHAPTER X

THE APPROACHES TO MOUNT KOLAHOI

A Short Route to the Lidar Valley—The Bhogmoor Pass—Pahlgam —The Armiung Valley—Har Nag Pass.

THE clouds which drift over the plains of India towards Kashmir are first arrested by the Pir Panjal range. After a greater or smaller fall of snow or rain, according to the time of year, they cross the valley of Kashmir, and are again arrested by the northern chain of mountains which forms the second line of defence against snow or rain to the dry upland deserts of Little Tibet. The result is a line of snowfields and glaciers, from which a series of summits arise, partly mantled by snow and partly consisting of steep faces of rock, the cracks and fissures of which are streaked with white. The ranges to the north of Kashmir can be conveniently grouped for descriptive purposes, according to the rivers by which they are drained. The slopes of one group ultimately contribute all their surplus water to the River Jhelum, in the valley of Kashmir. This group may therefore be considered as most intimately connected with the valley. And of its higher peaks, Mount Kolahoi is one of the best known. Viewed from the south-west, its northern peak appears almost the shape of a sugar-loaf. Seen from the east or west, the shape is that of a pyramid, two of the three sides of which are well seen from the north. From some points of view its resemblance to the Matterhorn is very marked. The natural approach to Mount Kolahoi is up the Lidar valley.

From Srinagar there is a rough cart road to Islamabad. It runs along the right bank of the river, through Pampoor

and Avantipoora, as far as Sangam, where it crosses the bridge and passes through Bij-Behara and on to Kanbal.

This road traverses most beautiful scenery, and at no time is it more beautiful than in the month of June.

The country around is very fertile. There are fields of waving golden corn ready for the sickle. The roadsides are bright with scarlet poppies and mauve salvias. Sometimes the path runs close to the river, the long bends of which are extremely pretty, with their blue water in mirror-like stretches, or, where the current is more rapid, with flashing rippled surface. The banks are clothed with irises and lined with willows, while here and there is a stately group of lofty chenars.

Ascending the wide plateau above Pampoor, we admire the fields of linseed with pale blue blossom and feathery flower stalks. And there are squares of deep madder brown, freshly-turned soil, where even now the cultivators may be seen silhouetted against the bright morning light as they urge on the sluggish yokes of oxen and guide their small wooden ploughs. The cotton crop has failed owing to the drought and they are about to put in maize instead.

The low-lying ground is occupied by fields of rice, the little green blades of which are nearly a foot high and rise in groups about 9 inches apart and standing in water.

Rows of villagers, some of them brightly clad but most of them almost nude, stand in the mud bending over the water doing "khushába," that is, grubbing up weeds with their hands and banking up the mud round the rice stalks.

Beyond the river and fields to the right is the Pir Panjal, with the sun shining fully on it—a pale blue-grey range with far-flung white serrated crest and lace-like snow markings on its upper slopes.

On our left, to the east, the mountains are quite near. They form a succession of bold spurs jutting down into the valley. In the morning they are in deep blue shadow, relieved by little stretches of pale green—where the sun has

lighted up some slope or shoulder. The recesses between these spurs form a series of shallow valleys which are terraced with cultivation and dotted with villages. Turning off from the main road at Avantipoora, we enter one of these side valleys. And a six miles' ride across the plateau brings us to Trál, a small town standing in a broad and fertile mountain-girt plain.

Beyond this the path rises steadily and we pass through villages embowered in walnut trees and up a track lined by hedges of white jessamine and most fragrant white roses, blossoming in large clusters, with cream-coloured petals and golden stamens. Some of these bushes attain a height of 20 feet. Here, too, the blue jay may be seen, the beautiful bird of paradise fly-catcher and the long-tailed black-and-white magpie.

Twenty-five miles from Srinagar we pitch our camp in the shade of a mistletoe-bearing walnut grove at the foot of the Bhogmoor Pass—a short route to the Lidar valley.

This is a typical Kashmir valley pass, crossing at a height of 8000 feet the mountain ridge which bounds the Lidar valley on the north-west. The path follows up the right bank of a small stream and ascends through dense thickets of witch hazel, guelder and wild indigo, with in places graceful bushes of feathery spirea. The air is still scented with the perfume of the abundant white roses.

We then enter the forest and find ourselves in shade. An impressive silence reigns, for with the sunshine we have also left the birds behind. The forest trees here are the horse-chestnut, filbert, sycamore and an occasional yew, and as we near the summit, firs and birches. There is not a very great variety of flowers in this dense forest. Yellow balsams are, however, very numerous. There are, too, white columbines, podophyllum, the pretty white peony and a large myosotis. The ground is covered with moss and ferns, among which the maidenhair and lady-fern are the most abundant. Ever and anon we pass great blocks of trap

rock, seamed and spotted with quartz, embedded in the hillside and clothed with moss and saxifrage.

At last we reach the summit and find it covered with short, crisp turf and spangled with white and mauve anemones.

The rocks and knolls are bright with wild thyme. On the other side, more than 2000 feet below, is the Lidar River, the roar of which can be distinctly heard.

The scene is one of singular beauty. On the opposite side of the valley there are scarred and seamed grey peaks of the Panjal volcanic series with snowfield gullies. These peaks are supported by cliffed buttresses, which in turn rest on the green shoulders and fir-clad slopes of the mountains which bound the valley. These slopes are composed largely of agglomeratic slate, with beds of the Fenestella series and outlying low hills of limestone or quartzite.

In contrast to the bold crest of the confronting rocky range is the smiling Lidar valley, with its rounded contours and gentle slopes studded with orchards and shaped, near the river, into long stretches of terraced rice-fields. The rich, bright green, too, of the walnut foliage and the springing crops, contrast with the deep violet background of fir forest, with its scarps of pink rock and its pale grey snow-streaked summits.

The south side of the pass, like the top, is grassy. Here, too, there are scattered pines. The path is bordered by little clumps of primula and bushes of pale green sage. Across a gorge to our left the face of the hill shows an outcrop of limestone cliffs. We drop steeply down a spur and find ourselves once again among the bushes of fragrant white rose. Here, too, there are fields of maize with lines of women plying their hoes and singing as they work. Little flat-topped houses rest against the hillside. And as we descend, we pass châlet-like cottages roofed with rough shingles and surrounded by patches of cultivation reclaimed from the mountain slopes.

On both sides of the Lidar valley fir-clothed ridges jut down in succession from the chief ranges. Round the foot of these spurs pass the main roads which lead up the valley. That on the left bank is the more frequented. Leaving the River Jhelum at Islamabad, the path skirts the north-west side of a great plateau, with raised beaches and glacier-ground sands, and following up the left bank of the Lidar, passes within 2 miles of the famous temple of Martand. It then runs through Báwan, with its sacred tanks and grove of fine old chenar trees, past the limestone cliffs and caves of Boomzoo, and 12 miles further on the picturesque monastery of Eishmakám.

Beyond this the valley soon becomes narrower and the river is pent up between its steep banks and becomes a roaring torrent, making its way with a rapid fall down a channel, full of obstructing boulders, among which it is churned into foam.

Pahlgam lies at the upper end of this gorge, in a wide valley at the confluence of two streams, the Lidar and Tanin rivers. Mount Kolahoi is the culminating point of the great mountain mass which separates these two.

A good view of this mountain may be obtained from the right bank of the Lidar River, where the road climbs over a shoulder about 3 miles below Pahlgam.

Behind Pahlgam, to the north, there is a high green ridge with precipitous spurs. Above this ridge may be seen three crests. That to the right, with a bifid peak, is the South Peak of Kolahoi. In the centre is the Buttress Peak, and to the left the Roof Peak. Behind and to the north of the Buttress Peak and almost hidden by it, but showing to the left, is the North Peak.

From Pahlgam there are three possible routes to the foot of Mount Kolahoi.

One lies along the right bank of the Tanin stream as if to Lake Shisha Nag; but at Tanin, instead of crossing the stream, you keep up to the left and a steep climb of a few

hundred feet brings you on to Astan Marg, a stretch of beautiful rolling upland meadow.

At the end of this, about 3 miles further on, is the Astan Marg Pass, which leads over towards the cave of Amarnath. This route passes under Sach Kach Peak, leaving it on the right, and it joins the path which crosses the Panjitarni Pass from Shisha Nag Lake. Both these rugged and wild tracks are used by the Amarnath pilgrims.

The route to Mount Kolahoi, however, turns to the left at the foot of Astan Marg Pass and runs up a narrow valley strewn with immense boulders partly overgrown with saxifrage moss, ferns and flowers—a grand natural rockery.

The path winds through aged and gnarled birches, and about 3 miles from Astan Marg there is a steep ascent of nearly 3000 feet to the Rajdain Pass. Here we cross a field of perpetual snow. On the left is a little lake, with the cliffs of Rajdain Peak rising abruptly from it. Circling round the north side of Mount Rajdain, we obtain a magnificent view of Mount Kolahoi, which now faces us with only the Har Nag valley between. A descent of 2000 feet brings us to Har Nag Lake, at the north end of which is the best point for commencing the ascent of Mount Kolahoi (Plate 24).

The same point may, however, be more easily reached from Pahlgam by following up the main Lidar River. This route leads to the source of the Lidar in the north-east glacier of Mount Kolahoi. At Aru, instead of following up the stream through Lidarwat, we turn to the north up a small tributary, the Armiung River, which curves round the outlying cliffs and glacier-worn rocky shoulders of Mount Kolahoi on the south side.

This stream has been recently stocked with young English trout. It also contains large numbers of Kashmir snow trout, which attain a maximum length of about a foot and rarely exceed a pound in weight. Along the side of the river one frequently sees the white-capped redstart, an extremely pretty bird, dark-brown with cardinal red tail and white-

Photo by | *A. Neve.*

24. MOUNT KOLAHOI FROM RAJDAIN PASS.
(The North Peak is to the right and the Notched South Peak to the left.)

To face p. 136.

topped head. It is sociable, too, for often it will accompany the traveller for some distance, flitting from rock to rock and wagging its tail up and down. Perhaps, however, it wishes to see him away from the vicinity of its nest. The water-robin is another familiar inhabitant of these mountain streams; and stone-chats and wagtails are common.

The Armiung River descends steeply in a narrow valley. On its left bank are towering cliffs—the precipitous northern face of the ridge which separates it from Pahlgam. Our path lies along the right bank, and above us on our left, as we climb, is a marvellous series of glacier-polished rocky knolls and shoulders, stretching up to two or three thousand feet above the river. The surface of many of these is wet, and cuirass-like, reflects the high light. In olden days there must have been an immense southern Kolahoi glacier filling this valley.

As we ascend we pass as usual through scattered pines and dense fir forest, and cross every now and then sunny glades. Here we see the white cuckoo flower in abundance. By the side of a little stream we notice specimens of maiden-hair fern, with five fronds radiating from a single central stem.

Presently we have to cross the torrent on a single smooth log, and then we pass through groves of sycamore with their pretty pendant, reddish-coloured seed-pods, and as we rise higher we enter the birch woods. Here there are some fine old trees, with trunks 15 feet in circumference and widely-arching boughs. At this altitude there are more flowers, and the slopes glitter with patches of golden Adonis chrysocyathus, with its large chrysanthemum-like blossoms.

Here, too, there are several varieties of primula, including the elegant Cartusa matthioli, mauve and white anemones, yellow and white ranunculuses, and the graceful fritillary lily, with its large brown-spotted, green hanging bells.

The most direct path of all from Pahlgam joins our route at this point. It is a mountain track which leaves the Tanin valley near Praslung, a village about 5 miles from Pahlgam, and crossing the ridge at a height of 10,600 feet, descends to Armiung.

As we descend the valley above Armiung the birch trees become more and more scanty and their white stems are distorted and bent downwards by the weight of many an avalanche. Patches of juniper may now be seen on the slopes and on top of the cliffs.

Soon we have to cross extensive snow-slopes and we find the valley blocked by successive terraces of moraine, hundreds of feet high, and with wide intervals of smooth turf between, which are clothed with sheets of anemones and tufted with the crown gentian and rose primula. All around there is a profusion of birch-tree wreckage brought down by avalanches. And, scattered about between the rocks, are several specimens of the exquisite blue poppy (*Meconopsis aculeata*), which, however, does not flower till the early autumn.

At last we find ourselves on the edge of the snowfield extending up to the Har Nag Pass, which is now only 3 miles away. Above us on the right are the cliffs of the Har Nag Peak, with long vertical dark streaks on their light-grey surface indicating the lines of drainage of the melting névé above. These cliffs rise abruptly to a height of 3000 feet above the valley. On our left are the yellowish-grey precipices of an outlying ridge of Mount Kolahoi with very wavy strata, and at their base are enormous masses of fallen débris. Blocks of rock of all shapes and sizes lie about in picturesque confusion. Some of these are of stupendous magnitude, and many are tinted lemon-yellow, orange and bright red by patches of lichen. Above the cliffs a solitary golden eagle may be seen soaring. It is usual, too, at these altitudes to hear the call of the cuckoo—a sound which in Kashmir is especially associated with the higher valleys.

Indeed, the cuckoo is often nearly the last bird seen at these heights.

In the summer, in the highest valleys, we find colonies of goatherds, picturesque people clad in dark blue and red. The women and children wear quaint silver charms and ornaments round their necks and on their head-dresses. But the little children are the most interesting. They are often extremely pretty. Their little blue and red caps are decorated with mother-o'-pearl buttons, sewn on in ingenious patterns, and they are also decked with curious silver amulets. These goatherds wander on from valley to valley seeking fresh pastures for their large flocks, which may be daily seen scattered over the hillsides often in most inaccessible-looking places.

A steady climb, almost entirely on snow, brings us to the top of the Har Nag Pass. Among the cliffs we see fine specimens of the large purple Primula Stuartii and many clumps of the beautiful Isopyrum microphyllum, which is like a delicately-pencilled anemone.

From a point a few yards higher up to the right a striking view may be obtained of the double Southern Peak of Mount Kolahoi, with a boldly-curved snow-covered arête on the right leading to the summit.

At our feet, to the north-east, is the Har Nag Lake, under snow, which is intersected by numberless rifts. It is about half a mile in length. And beyond it, stretching away down and ending in a deep ravine which debouches 12 miles away near Baltal, is the Har Nag valley. The peculiarity of this valley is the way in which early in the year it is striped and streaked with beds of snow, between which on the slopes are patches of rock or turf which assume all kinds of fantastic shapes, such, for instance, as colossal caricatures of men and animals. Here, too, all along the hillsides, there are knolls covered with dwarf brown-green juniper. And the sudden shrill, piping cry of the marmot attracts our attention to the numerous

warrens, above which one or more of these curious rodents may be seen sitting upright and watching to sound a timely alarm.

Down the middle of the valley flows a broad and winding stream which finds its way eventually into the Sind River.

CHAPTER XI

SCRAMBLES ON AND AROUND THE KASHMIR MATTERHORN

My First Attempts—Renewed Efforts—Nearly Successful—A Fresh Attack in 1910—Untimely Snowfall—A Sensational Arête—An Awkward Accident—The Har Nag Gorge—Baltal—Mount Kolahoi and its Northern Glacier.

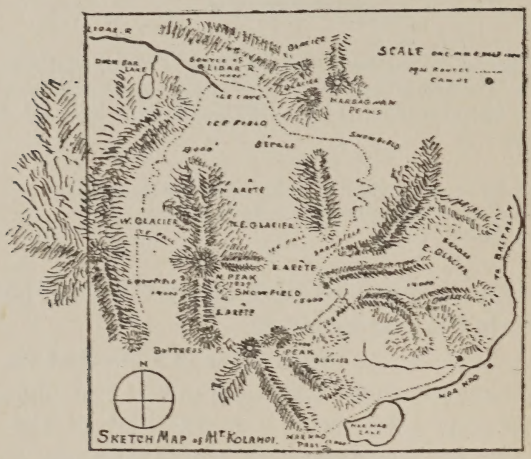
> And far on high the keen sky-cleaving mountains
> From icy spires of sunlike radiance fling
> The dawn . . . SHELLEY.

My first attempt on Mount Kolahoi was in the year 1900 and the second was in the year following.

There was, however, so much snow in 1900 that we were compelled to make our final camping-ground at Armiung, the herdsmen's summer settlement, 3 miles short of the pass. As a result of this, our climb was little more than a preliminary exploration, and we were only able to cross the Har Nag Pass, at the head of the Armiung valley, and laboriously push up slopes of soft snow to a ridge 14,200 feet high and about 2500 feet below the summit of the twin South Peaks. We obtained, however, an interesting view of the North Peak, and were able to form an opinion as to the best line for future attacks. Both in 1900 and 1901 the party consisted of the late Rev. C. E. Barton, myself, and twelve porters. In 1901 there was much less snow, and we were able to pitch our final camp 6 miles nearer to the mountain, at the foot of the grass-covered moraine slope which banks up the Har Nag Lake at the northern end. Mount Kolahoi now lay to the west. And on the east side of the Har Nag valley stood

the interesting snow-capped cliff-sided peak of Mount Rajdain, 15,389 feet high. This was climbed in the autumn of 1901 by a party consisting of the Bishop of Lahore, Dr Arthur Neve and the Rev. Foss Westcott.

At our base camp we cut down all our loads to a minimum, and the following day ascended 2000 feet, pitching two shelter tents on the north-eastern arête, just above the séracs of the



north-east glacier and a short distance below the great ice-fall.

Here we spent the night. The weather was unsettled and it snowed several times during the afternoon and evening. We were most fortunate in having brilliant weather next day, and we started off along a steep slope which required much step-cutting. Our party numbered four—ourselves and two porters.

We were roped the whole day. After a gradual ascent of an hour and a half we reached the foot of the ice-fall. From this point a near and striking view of the South Peak in profile was obtained (Plate 25). Later in the year Dr A. Neve

Photo by] [*C. E. Barton.*

25. EASTERN ICEFALL AND SOUTH PEAK OF MOUNT KOLAHOI.

To face p. 143.

succeeded in climbing on to the snow slopes of this peak, and with more time at his disposal thinks an ascent might have been accomplished.[1] Cutting our way up the ice-fall, we reached the great snowfield. There were very few crevasses, and we were able to make almost a bee-line for the North Peak, leaving, as we did so, a magnificent bergschrund, quite encircling the north-west side of the South Peak, on our left. At one place the ice-cliffs must have been 80 feet high.

The North Peak looks very steep, but presents two snow-filled gullies. Water was tumbling down these, but, owing to the warmth of the sun, there were no glazed rocks. Choosing the north-eastern of these couloirs, we found that the rocks, which are of trap formation, afforded the easiest route for the first 1000 feet. We then crossed the snow from right to left. It was extremely steep, but fairly soft. Time now failed us, and we were compelled to retrace our steps; but not before we had fairly satisfied ourselves that the line adopted, if followed up, would probably lead to the summit. As far as we could judge there were no greater rock difficulties than those already surmounted, while toward the summit the gradient appeared to become somewhat less. The point we reached was about 16,500 feet; the summit is 17,827 feet. The South Peak appears to be about 1000 feet less. It is surprising that the difference is not greater, for the North Peak always appears to stand up alone and conspicuously separated from all others. Mount Kolahoi could be climbed from the north side, so far as the preliminary ascent to the snowfield is concerned. But the difficulties would be greater. At the extreme head of the Lidar valley the peak towers up over a fine glacier. The ascent would be made up the west side of this, crossing it above and getting on to the snowfield to the east of the peak. From here the east or south-east face would have to be

[1] This peak was successfully ascended by the author and Lt. Mason, R.E., in June 1911.

climbed, probably at the same place as that selected by us. The two faces of the pyramid seen from the north are absolutely impracticable, being almost perpendicular rocky walls.

Between 1901 and 1910 I made three more attempts to reach the summit of Mount Kolahoi. Stress of work, however, in Srinagar prevented me from choosing the best season for the ascents. And I was also, for the same reason, unable to organize proper climbing-parties. Nevertheless, in 1903, with Dr Henry Holland, a successful ascent was made which only fell a few hundred feet short of the top.

In 1910 I was able to take a short holiday early in June, and at once made my way to the foot of the Har Nag Pass. Here I had the pleasure of welcoming two fellow-climbers who had come from Srinagar to join me in a fresh attack on the North Peak. One of these was Lt. Mason, R.E., of the Kashmir Trigonometrical Survey, and the other, Prof. Dunn, of the Government College, Allahabad.

We made our headquarters' camp and depôt on a strip of green turf, about a mile below the lake, surrounded by stretches of snow. In the evening a musk-deer was seen and two pine martens. These latter are terrible poachers, and will sometimes even run down a stag by sheer force of endurance, going on day after day. If the ground is covered with snow they have a great advantage.

In attendance on the camp, too, was a large solitary black raven.

The next day, June 27th, we ascended a long green shoulder to the west. Here the slopes are like a flower-garden. The dark blue alpine columbine and a dwarf iris are abundant. The latter is a beautiful flower, which if cultivated might more than rival the Japanese Iris Kamferii. There are a few scattered orange-coloured poppies, and along the fringe of the juniper bushes the electric blue Kashmiri *corydalis* is conspicuous, also a handsome *phlomis* rather like a large pink dead-nettle. Tufts of the golden *adonis* light up the hillside

and everywhere there are clusters of wild rhubarb, the young leaves of which are a bright reddish yellow. Primulas, as usual, are abundant. Here and there an excoriation shows where the red bear has been grubbing roots. The call of the cuckoo may still be heard and a pair of these birds may be seen fluttering from rock to rock.

On the higher slopes the grass is much shorter and in many places the ground is covered with the compact pink blossoms and tiny rosetted leaves of the Androsace Sarmentosa. But here and there the turf is replaced by peaty depressions with scattered fragments of quartz and pools of water.

We placed our base camp on the top of a ridge about 2200 feet above the Har Nag valley. To the north we looked straight across at the massive séracs of the upper part of the eastern glacier. And below us to the south lay the great snowy basin of Har Nag. On one of the western slopes of this, in the evening, we saw two ibex and watched them with interest as they quietly walked away towards the Har Nag Pass.

In the early morning there was a thunderstorm and rain fell. This caused delay in starting. We left our base camp at 6.15. Looking to the east, we observed a rainbow-like halo round the sun at a distance from it of about 20°. We took with us sixteen porters with light loads and two Kashmiri mountaineers, one of whom, Abdullah, had often climbed with me in time past and accompanied the Duke of the Abruzzi's expedition in 1909.

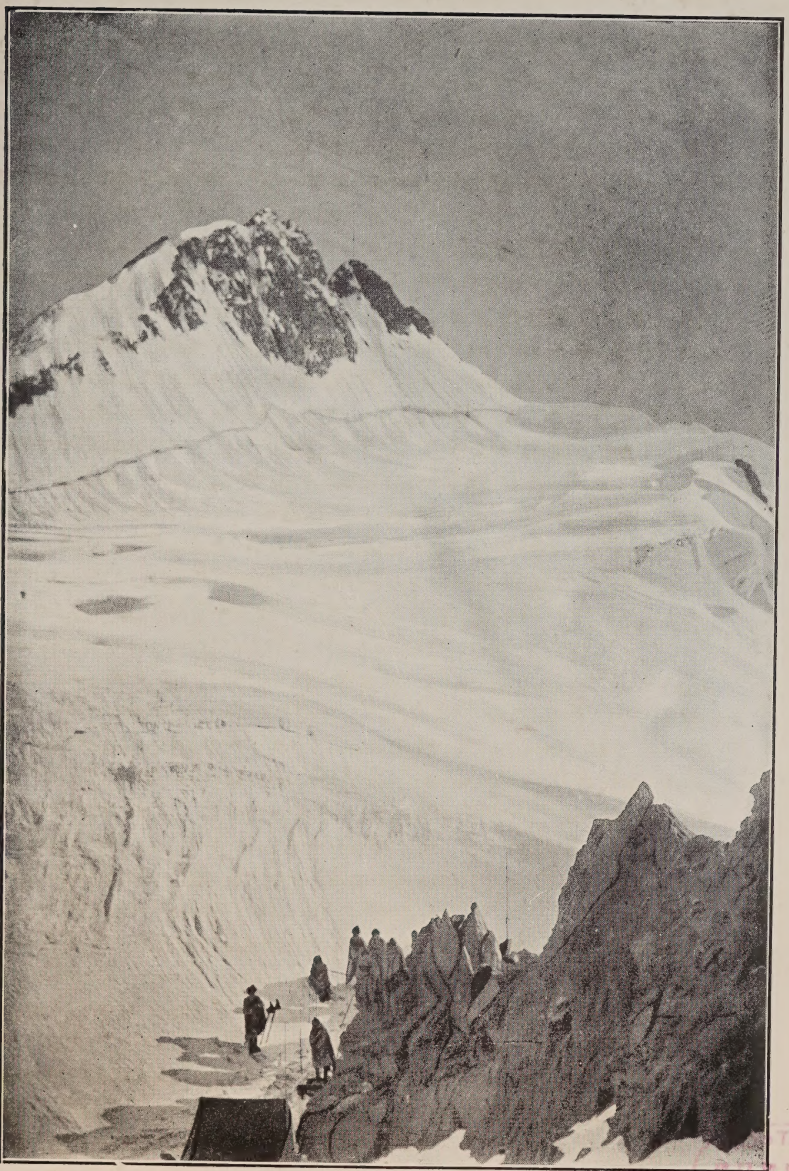
Our route lay for the first three-quarters of an hour up a snow slope below a line of cliffs, to the west of our base camp. At 7 a.m. we reached the hollow between these cliffs and the ice-fall which bounds the great Kolahoi snowfield on the east. Here we roped and cut steps up for about 150 feet, and at the top we left a buried ice-axe and attached rope to facilitate the return of the porters.

As we looked back at the snow slope over which our ascent had commenced, we saw a musk-deer bounding across until

it disappeared on the declivity at the south side of the east glacier. Its long leaps formed a striking contrast to the leisurely movements of the ibex of the previous evening, but the latter were much more distant.

From the top of the ice-fall we ascended the slope of the névé, and at 8 a.m. reached the position where I had placed a shelter tent on three previous occasions, viz., 1902, 1903 and 1907. This is a snow hollow at the point of a rocky ridge to the north which juts out into the snowfield 70° E. by S.E. of the North Peak (Plate 26). From this point there is a very fine view of the peak, the sides of which appear to form an angle of even less than 45°. The peak looks impressive and difficult. From here we crossed the snowfield, taking a curved route to avoid the hollow and keeping rather to the south just below the bergschrund of the South Peak. The ice-cliffs on our left were very fine. Some of these are 80 feet or more in height and overhang deep crevasses. We arrived at the first rocks at the base of the peak at 9.30 a.m., the distance from the position of the old ridge camp being about a mile straight across the snowfield and one and a half miles by the route we had taken. After an hour's rest for breakfast we commenced the steep ascent by climbing up the lower end of a couloir which leads straight from the névé to a point nearly three-quarters up the eastern arête. It was necessary to traverse this to reach the south-east side. The snow was very steep, but being soft, it was easy to cut steps across. The distance was about 100 feet. We still had laden porters with us and great care had to be exercised in getting them safely across.

The rock climb then commenced. The formation is trap and, although steep, the rocks afford excellent foot and hand hold, and the south-eastern arête is sufficiently broad to afford considerable choice of route if the way appear blocked by insuperable cliffs. Where the arête is too difficult it is always possible to cut steps round on the snow-filled couloir, the angle of which is, however, about 45°.



26. SHELTER CAMP AT BASE OF SOUTH PEAK.

To face p. 146.

At a point approximately 1000 feet above the breakfast-place and 16,000 feet above sea-level we found a ledge about 4 feet broad, with a small snow slope above it. By building a wall at the outer edge and levelling down the snow until we came to ice we succeeded, with the aid of our porters, in making a platform eight feet by seven, which just held a Whymper tent. We then dismissed all the porters except two and they returned to the base camp. The two Kashmiri mountaineers also remained with us, and they and the two porters occupied a Momery tent on a ledge which they prepared a little higher up.

The weather was cloudy, and it rained and snowed at intervals, and occasionally the whole view was obliterated by cloud. In the evening it cleared up and there was a most magnificent view. Looking across the western slope of the South Peak, purple and mauve ranges could be seen with their snows lighted up with rose pink. The sky above was flaming salmon colour. To the east the view was still more wonderful, line upon line of snow peaks, Nun-Kun, 23,000 feet, the Koh-i-Nur Peak, the bold outline of Panjitarni and further to the left the fine Amarnath and Machoi peaks were all bathed in rosy light with purple masses and gleaming snowfields standing out vididly against the blue-green sky. A thousand feet below us were more than 2 square miles of snowfield, all the shadows and markings on which were a delicate mauve colour. Facing us and hardly more than a mile away was the South Peak, with its bold jagged outline and double summit standing out in relief against the pale sky. Everything seemed to point to fine weather for the climb. But this promise was not fulfilled. In the night, clouds formed, and we were enveloped in mist. Heavy showers of snow fell at intervals. Next morning at 6 the rocks were covered with fresh snow and we were still in the clouds. At 6.30 it began to clear, but there was one more sharp snowfall. Owing to the altitude we all suffered from severe headache and from insomnia. One of us was *hors de combat* with mountain sick-

ness. At 7.30 we made a start, the party consisting of Lt. Mason, Abdullah, Ahmdu, one porter and myself. At once stiff rock-climbing commenced. Mason, who was also suffering from mountain sickness, aggravated by the strain of climbing, had to give up before 8, and reluctantly returned to camp with the porter. The snow at first proved numbing to the fingers. The greater part of the climb was up steep rocks on a succession of ledges, working from side to side to avoid those faces which were inaccessible. And where all were impassable we took to the couloir. Near the rocks the snow of the couloir rested on ice, necessitating most careful step-cutting. Kolahoi Peak projects upwards about 3000 feet from its snowfield (Plate 27). Of this, by the route chosen by us, at least 2500 is rock-climbing. I have mentioned that the couloir descends from a point on the eastern arête about three-quarters of the way to the top. Leaving the top of this couloir below us on the right and still climbing among the rocky masses, with a steep drop on the left to the snowfield below, we reached a point on the edge of the main eastern arête where we were unable to advance owing to an obstructing rock. The only accessible route was by creeping round this on a small patch of snow which was partly resting on the arête and which partly formed an overhanging cornice. The drop to our right was appalling. There appeared to be a sheer precipice of 3000 feet resting below on the north-east glacier. We cut steps and hugged the rock as closely as possible, and then found some ledges by which, with our backs to the abyss, we ascended. Advancing cautiously along the arête for another fifteen or twenty yards we came to a full stop. The arête had thinned down to a knife-like edge. On the right in places it was actually overhanging. There were some small corniced patches of snow, portions of which crumbled and fell as we looked. On the left the rocks sloped away down at a general angle of perhaps 50° and with no apparent line of strata to afford foothold. This slope, too, was broken by numerous vertical rock faces.

27. THE KASHMIR MATTERHORN.
(The dotted line shows the route taken. ◇ = Highest point reached.)

To face p. 148.

Here and there were patches of snow, but it was impossible to approach them. Two thousand five hundred feet below on the left was the great snowfield. About 100 yards further on, along the arête to the west, was a very prominent pinnacle between twenty and thirty feet high, with a small patch of snow to the south of it. If we could have reached this, it looked as if the arête became somewhat less knife-like beyond (Plate 28).

The weather, which had been very uncertain and changeable, added to our difficulties, for we were repeatedly enveloped in clouds, and snow fell at intervals. Brief glimpses of the summit could be obtained every now and then through the driving mist. It appeared as a white snow-cap, corniced on the north side and also on the east, to the left of the point where the arête joined it, and sloping down somewhat to the south. It seemed to be about 200 yards away and 300 feet higher than the point on which we stood. Through rifts in the scudding clouds we caught occasional glimpses of the depths beneath, the séracs on the north-east glacier, with below them the source of the Lidar River, where I camped last year. The Harbagwán Peaks and tops of all the mountains around were shrouded in mist. The clouds were rapidly piling up. Abdullah and Ahmdu behaved admirably. With the exception of a low whistle from one of them on catching sight of the arête edge, neither betrayed any sign of fear. If I had decided to try to push on, I think they would have obeyed. It was now 12.30. The weather was rapidly getting worse. So I gave the order to retreat.

The descent was uneventful with one exception. In climbing down the crevice above the overhanging cornice of snow, I noticed that there were some large angular loose rocks at the top. In getting down, one of these, owing to awkwardness on my part, was displaced, and sliding off, gradually fell down between me and the side of the cliff. The man below was fortunately well out of the way. And I had an absolutely sound hand-hold, so was able to draw myself

to one side and let the rock crash down. As it did so, however, it made a rent in the right side of my stout tweed knickerbockers a foot and a quarter long.

Going down we were careful to avoid the snow as much as possible as the surface was soft and we plunged deeply into it, and on such steep slopes there was risk of starting an avalanche.

We reached the snowfield about 3.30 p.m. The peak was then almost hidden by cloud and sleet was falling steadily. Crossing the névé to the top of the ice-fall, we descended and reached the base camp by 4.30. Here I found Mason and Dunn waiting for me. The weather was very threatening and we decided to strike tents and descend 2000 feet to our depôt, which we reached about 5.30 p.m. Heavy rain had come on and continued all night.

Next day, 30th June, our climbing party broke up. Messrs Mason and Dunn set off for Srinagar *viâ* Pahlgam, while I descended the Har Nag gorge. It poured without intermission all day. I had with me twelve porters. The first 3 miles of the upper Har Nag valley were easy and pleasant. A mile below the camp on the left we passed the snout of the Eastern glacier, the upper part of which is about half a mile across. This glacier presents a typical dragon-like appearance, with its long scaly back, its head and rounded shoulders, and it only wants eyes to make it most realistic.

For two miles below this, the valley trends somewhat to the east, and then curves round to the west and finally takes a northerly direction towards Baltal.

The scenery becomes extremely grand. The river runs between cliffs. On the right bank these attain a great height and are of yellow and grey limestone. In them pretty grey and white snow pigeons have their nests. Within the distance of a mile, three narrow side valleys with steep gradient join in on the east. The stream then plunges down 1000 feet in quarter of a mile as a series of cascades in a rocky gorge. At the bottom there is a romantic hollow surrounded by lofty cliffs and the river flows away to the

28. THE LAST HUNDRED YARDS.
(On the right there was a sensational drop of 3,000 feet sheer.)

To face p. 150.

north under masses of avalanche snow hemmed in by precipices.

The descent on the western side of the Har Nag Falls is always difficult. A narrow path on a steep declivity winds down with cliffs below. After the continuous rain of twenty hours it was impossible and most dangerous, as the little path was so slippery. So we had to reascend and cross on a snow bridge, climb over the cliffs and make our way down a very slippery but less dangerous track to the basin at the foot of the falls. Here the birch trees scattered on the hillsides added to the beauty and grandeur of the scene. On the grassy slopes were splendid specimens of the Anemone tetrasepale, with its fine head of white blossom; and there were groups of the charming pink Cortusa matthioli, which is like a primula, with hanging blossoms. For the next 5 miles we walked on the snow down a narrow gorge. Every now and then, where a gap occurred, we were compelled to climb the hillsides above the torrent on precarious paths, rendered dangerous by the heavy rain. Here the ice-axe did good service. At 5 p.m. I reached the junction of the Har Nag and Amarnath rivers. The former was bridged by snow. To cross the latter it was necessary to ascend the left bank for a mile and cross another snow bridge. We then struck the path from Amarnath cave to Baltal and climbed over the top of a cliff. Descending a slippery path, 2 miles through margs surrounded by firs and birches, bird-cherry and sycamores, brought us to Baltal, at the foot of the Zoji Pass. The porters did not arrive till the next day. But fortunately there is a rest-house, and I found a passing traveller, Major Kirby, R.A., who most kindly supplied me with food and bedding.

At Baltal the flowers are most beautiful. The woods are full of white, cream-coloured and mauve columbines. Here, too, the fragrant Lilium polyphyllum, with its curled petals and long stamens, is found. The hillsides are orange with wild wallflowers and the violet spikes of *Dracocephalum*

nutans. Here also may be seen the red and yellow globular blossom of the wild onion and the pretty white flowers of the garlic. The tops of the cliffs are clothed with firs, while dense birch coppices, with their graceful white trunks and branches, mantle the slopes. On the face of the cliffs the strata, limestone, schist and trap form waves, and are in places heaved up to an angle of 50° or 60°.

Baltal is at the head of the Sind valley, and from here the road to Ladákh goes winding up to the watershed above, cleverly engineered round the face of precipices of slaty schist, with far below on the right, the deep snow-filled ravine down which the young waters of the Sind dash from their source in the glaciers of Kanipatri above (Plate 30).

Between the Sind River here and the Amarnath River there is an angle. This, which lies behind and to the south-east of Baltal, is occupied by an imposing line of cliffs stretching up in tiers to a height of over 3000 feet. At the top a jagged splintery ridge runs back still further to the south-east and joins on to the snow-capped, snow-corniced Amarnath Peak.

Between the cliffs and on the crests of the lower ones there are birch woods, some of the trees of which are old, gnarled and massive.

The climb is steep, and it is necessary to wind round the foot of a succession of tower-like limestone rocks with precipitous faces. And in descending very great care has to be exercised to avoid the numerous cliffs with which the steep slopes are walled below.

The flowers, as usual, are most beautiful. In the woods we see the graceful orange and cream-coloured *Lathyrus*. The ground is covered with purple and white anemones, and as we rise above the trees we find countless groups of different kinds of primulas of every colour, rose, dark purple, pink and mauve. The alpine columbines are particularly fine. On top of the ridge, too, we notice the purple astragalus and there are sheets of sulphur-coloured anemones.

To the north-west, looking across the Sind valley, we saw facing us and quite near, the snowy Sirbal Peaks with their horseshoe-shaped ridges enclosing a glacier covered with fresh snow. A convenient route to these might be to climb the ridge to the left at the top of the Zoji Pass.

But the great interest of the summit of the crags behind Baltal is the striking view which we obtain of the north-east side of Kolahoi Peak, with to the left of it the Buttress and South Peaks. As the crow flies, the North Peak is 8 miles away, but it looks wonderfully near, and the grouping of the ridges which flow away to the north and east is very well seen from here.

The Government Ordnance Map as a whole is wonderfully correct, and it is chiefly in the filling-in of details and of names that errors are occasionally found.

From above Baltal it looks as if these ridges joined on to the North Peak of Kolahoi. And the Government Map has made it so. As, however, we have already shown, instead of this, the North Peak actually rises on three sides from an extensive field of perpetual snow resting on glaciers, and the only ridges joined on to it are those to the south and south-west.

The revision of the Trigonometrical Survey of Kashmir is now being commenced and the map of these regions will soon, no doubt, be brought to a high degree of accuracy.

From Baltal to Sonamarg is a beautiful march down a green valley. The hillsides also are green and dotted with pines. Above they are steeper, and there are shale slopes and actual cliffs. The south side of the valley is densely clothed with fir forest. About half-way to Sonamarg there is a tributary valley known as the Sirbal Nalla. This comes down with a very steep gradient from the glaciers of Harbagwán and the head of the Sonamarg glacier valley. In 1909 I crossed from the north-eastern glacier of Kolahoi to Sonamarg, and in doing so passed the two little lakes the waters of which drain down this valley. The fact that the

Sirbal Peaks are on the north side and the Sirbal valley on the south side of the Sind valley is apt to cause some topographical confusion. Of the two tributary valleys on the north side, that which leads up to the Sirbal Peaks is called the Ranga Nalla. And the other, barely 2 miles above Sonamarg, is known as the Nila Grat Nalla. Perhaps it owes its name (nila = blue) to the beautiful deep blue shadow in which its lofty cliffs are bathed.

All the way down the upper Sind valley the meadows are gay with flowers, giant hemlock, wild strawberries, euphorbia, sheets of orange wallflower, violet *dracocephalum*, and the primrose-coloured prickly *morina*. And in the woods the cerulean-blue Jacob's ladder is conspicuously beautiful.

Sonamarg is a collection of dirty dilapidated châlet-like huts. But to the north is a beautiful ridge of dolomite rising from grassy slopes and stretching up to 5000 feet above the valley. On its bare reddish-grey southern face this is worked out into numberless peaks and pinnacles at the base of which little patches of snow rest.

Mount Kolahoi and its Northern Glacier

The finest mountain scenery in Kashmir is always to be found in the vicinity of a great peak. The extreme upper limit of valleys, with their birch-clad and juniper-clothed slopes, with their flowery meadows and fragrant but invigorating air, with the sources of rivers, the stretches of glacier, and above all snowy domes, stupendous precipices, serrated edges and soaring pinnacles, combine to satisfy the highest ideals of the lover of Himalayan heights.

The village of Pahlgam, with its pine-covered plateau 7300 feet above sea-level, is a favourite summer resort for Europeans seeking relief from the heat of the plains of India, or from the enervating climate of the valley of Kashmir in the hot season. It is situated at the confluence of two streams,

the Lidar and the Tanin rivers, and is almost in the shadow of Mount Kolahoi.

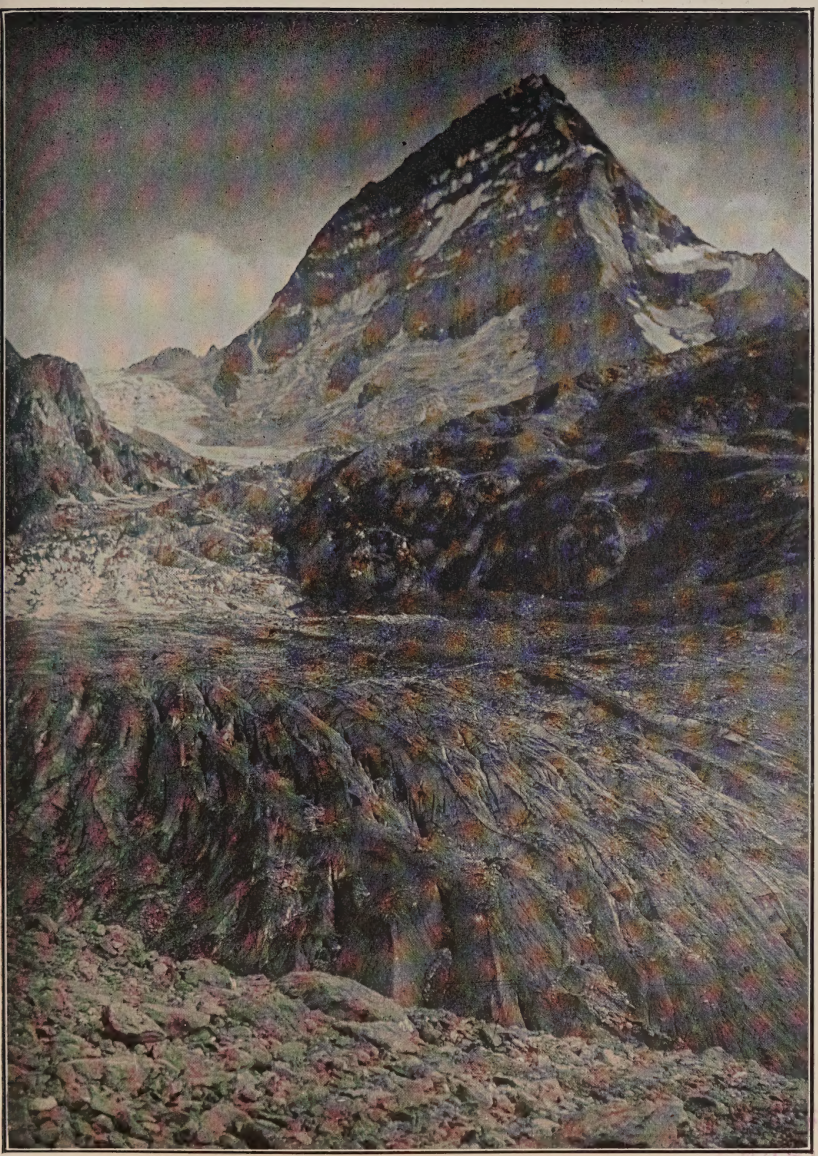
Leaving Pahlgam by the Lidar route, we soon enter a narrow valley, the sides of which are steep and in many places precipitous. The path, which is practicable for ponies, winds round slopes and ridges on the left bank of, and some hundreds of feet above, the river, which is here a foaming torrent. Eight miles from Pahlgam we come to Aru, the last village, a collection of dark, reddish-brown pine log huts on an extensive marg or alp. Here the last supplies are laid in and two more porters procured, bringing our total up to fourteen.

Beyond Aru the scenery becomes increasingly beautiful. The valley is a little wider, and stretches of flowery meadow alternate with pine forest. The cliffs on the right, part of the outlying buttresses of Mount Kolahoi, become bolder and more striking; and on the left side, as we enter a district known as the Lidarwat, tiers upon tiers of cliffs are piled up to a height of 4000 feet above the river. Crossing the stream just above this point, the path ascends more steeply. Pine forest is replaced by occasional coppices of fine old birch trees, well grown and most picturesque. Immense blocks of rock, fallen from the cliffs above, make the path increasingly tortuous. At last, at a height of 10,500 feet, we emerge from the gorge, and turning round to the right, changing our course from north to due east, we ascend into a more open valley with, on the left, grassy slopes, and, on the right, birch-clad knolls. Facing us now are the twin peaks of Mount Harbagwán, 16,055 feet, with, to the left of them, a small glacier high up. At the end of the valley is the grey snout of the northern Kolahoi glacier. From an ice cave to the right of this issues the Lidar River, at this point a comparatively small stream which can be forded in the morning. Climbing the slope to the left of and opposite the glacier, an excellent view can be obtained of the great pyramidal peak of Mount Kolahoi, the precipitous north-east

face of which is toward the spectator. The cliffs on its western side are very impressive. On the east side, on the sky-line, is the long arête (Plate 29), the only possible route to the summit, which, however, has never yet been reached. A near approach was made by Dr Henry Holland and myself in 1903, when we climbed as far as the first of the vertical snow streaks visible on the north-east side of the peak about 300 feet below the top. Precarious snow cornices and rocky gendarmes prevented our complete success. The final ascent on that occasion was done from a shelter tent placed on the large snowfield at a height of 15,000 feet. Our base camp was at a point 3000 feet lower on the south-east side of the mountain, near the partly frozen Lake Har Nag. In 1910, as already described, I succeeded, under very favourable weather conditions, in advancing a few yards further.

In 1909 my object was to ascertain whether the névé could be reached by way of the northern glacier. My camp was pitched close to a large rock, 400 yards below the glacier snout. This glacier has receded quite quarter of a mile since my first visit in 1887. The Trigonometrical Survey Map was completed in 1857. Reference to this, and to the relative position of the side streams, especially one which descends from a small lake 1000 feet above the valley, shows that since that date, viz., in fifty years, the glacier must have retreated about a mile.

On 24th August 1909 I attempted the terminal ice-fall to the left of the cave. It involved too much step-cutting, so retracing our steps, we found, about fifty yards to our left, a shallow crevasse which we followed up and soon arrived on the first ice-field, a tract about half a mile square, covered with boulders, débris and gravel, with a few *roches moutonnés*. There were very few crevasses, but at the upper end, to the south, was the second ice-fall, a mass of séracs with fantastic peaks and spires, knife-like edges, towers and miniature domes. These were quite impassable, and they were hemmed in on either side by precipices. Crossing below this from



29. KOLAHOI PEAK AND ITS NORTHERN GLACIER.

To face p. 156.

left to right and climbing over the extensive lateral moraine, I ascended a steep grassy slope, gradually rising above the séracs and the glacier-polished cliffs which form their lateral boundaries. The flowers here were most beautiful and varied. Among the heaped-up rocks the blue poppy grows and thrives. In places the hillside was golden with ragwort. As a contrast, ever and anon a little knoll is passed, azure-blue with forget-me-nots. In the hollows, the pink and the deep red and white *pedicularis* with its curly-tailed flowers, or the pale yellow variety with calceolaria-like blossoms, the sky-blue Jacob's ladder and the dwarf evening primrose are abundant. Mauve geraniums with flowers 2 inches across, and the petals charmingly pencilled, are universal. Falconer's *corydalis* with rich yellow blossoms, the elegant *swertia* with its spotted orchis-like leaves, the deep blue clusters of the *gentiana carinata* and alternate-leaved aconite occur in patches, and there are groups of velvet edelweiss and silver-starred everlastings with pearl drops of dew sparkling upon them and of large golden potentillas quietly nodding their heads. Here, too, are some of the oddities of the flower kingdom, the Kòt or Chinese incense plant (*Saussurea Lappa*), the fragrant root of which is exported for the preparation of joss sticks, and the flower of which is like a black thistle. And at the upper limit of vegetation we find the fluffy globular *Saussurea gossypiphora*, the woolly hairs of which are applied to wounds (Plate 16).

At a height of 11,500 feet a honey bee is found, with its fawn-coloured furry blouse and four light yellow stripes, its pollen basket full of snow-white food. It is engaged with feverish haste in augmenting its stores. Here, indeed, is a rich profusion of nectar and pollen, but what will it do in the winter? Is it a member of a summer colony which has come high for its harvest and will, later on, migrate to warmer climes? Here, too, in numbers, is the less civilized humble bee with its gay orange-coloured raiment.

Down in the valley below can be seen the shepherds'

tents with widely-scattered browsing sheep and goats. These are folded at night; but great mischief has been wrought among them recently by a red bear which has returned night after night.

Meanwhile we have mounted 1000 feet and are above the séracs; and before us lies the second ice-field. This also is thickly strewn with large angular blocks of trap and basalt. In many places the former is seamed and dotted with quartz. Occasionally blocks of pretty suleimanite, with daisy-like crystals, are seen. The strike of the strata in the Peak is N.W. to S.E. This second ice-field is larger than the first, owing to its being joined by an additional glacier which debouches from the west side of Mount Kolahoi. This is not marked on the Government Ordnance Map. The third ice-field on the main glacier is not very steep, but it is deeply fissured by vertical crevasses. Fortunately there are comparatively few transverse rifts on the face and we succeed in making our way to the crest, at either side of which there is a maze of crevasses. The nearer we approach to the side on our left, the more intricate do they become. Three separate attempts are made to get off the ice, but we are headed back each time by impassable chasms. A fourth effort is successful, and by cutting steps to the bottom of a shallow cavity we make our way along an edge between two crevasses and reach a snow slope. The third ice-field is small but completely intersected with transverse crevasses. Above it is the fourth ice-fall, very steep, and broken up into séracs. Our route turns the flank of both these obstacles, and mounting first on snow, then on very steep rocky slopes and shale slides, and finally on shelving snow requiring careful step-cutting, we at last reach the snowfield above the glacier. This is the part of the same névé as that on which I had pitched a shelter tent on the previous occasions already mentioned.

The weather now became bad, and we were enveloped in mist and rain which obscured the near and impressive view

which we should otherwise have obtained of the final 3000 feet of the Kolahoi Peak. Here a most absolute silence reigns, unbroken even by the distant roar of the torrent in the valley below or the trickle of innumerable rills of water on the ice. Four times the thunder of avalanches, a most awe-inspiring and solemnizing sound, reverberated from the stupendous cliffs opposite.

The total time required for the climb and descent to camp was twelve hours. The result was to show the accessibility of the Kolahoi snowfield from the north. But undoubtedly the south-eastern route is easier. The vertical western face of the Kolahoi Peak rises from the west glacier. This separates it from its two great buttress ridges which pass off respectively north-west, and north-west by west, to the upper Lidar valley.

CHAPTER XII

MEDICAL MISSION CAMP WORK

On the March—Methods of Work—Worship of Sacred Places—The Pirs—The Great Flood—Relief Work.

Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition and action,
With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the earth !—
Not for the gain of the gold, for the getting, the hoarding, the having,
But for the joy of the deed ;—but for the Duty to do !

CLOUGH.

To come into really close contact with the people it is necessary to go and live among them. This can be done by going into camp. Firstly we gather together a good supply of medicines. These and our surgical instruments, dressings, tents, bedding, clothes, etc., are packed up into separate bundles, altogether about ten in number. Next day they are all put on board one of the flat-bottomed river-boats. We embark, with a dispenser and a surgical assistant, and quietly drift down the stream. Presently night comes, but our boat continues its course, one or two strokes of the paddle at the back, every now and then, keeping the bows straight. Early the next morning we come to an immense stretch of water, the Wular Lake. The boatmen always cross this with great trepidation, as it is exposed to severe storms which sometimes come on suddenly and are occasionally destructive to life. Under favourable circumstances we reach the other side by midday. The next step is to obtain porters to carry our baggage over the mountain-passes. The following morning we make an early start and begin climbing up steep grassy slopes. Then the path enters a great pine forest. As we approach the summit

of the pass, looking back, we obtain a magnificent view of the Wular Lake, glittering in the sunshine, 3000 feet below, with the Vale of Kashmir extending away into the dim distance beyond.

Crossing the ridge, we descend gradually through dense fir forest until the trees begin to get thinner and more scattered.

Kashmir has its backwoods—stretches of sloping hillsides, partly under cultivation, with green patches of Indian corn rudely fenced in by primitive hedges of broken tree trunks. Here and there are groups of blackened tree trunks. Close by is the margin of the great forest, home of the bear and leopard. Troops of monkeys may be seen, swinging from tree to tree, or grouped in grassy glades, munching wild apples, green walnuts, or any other forest fruits upon which they can put their paws. Sometimes they are so near that you are tempted to chase them. If you do so you will find that instead of running off along the ground where they could easily outdistance you, they will almost at once take to some high tree, perhaps a fir, up which they will run till they reach the top branches, where they sit and calmly survey you to see what you intend to do next. The settlers who live in the flat, earthen-roofed log huts, which are scattered about in the newly-reclaimed fields, have to reckon with these predatory bands, which systematically rob their crops.

It was in such a district as this that I took up my quarters for a short time in the month of May. The hut in which I was staying is on the very border of the forest. Behind lay a fringe of blue pines, with cedars and spruce trees, gradually becoming more and more dense. In front was the dark brown of the rich newly turned-up soil; a little further away the gleam of flooded rice-fields; and here and there a grove of walnut trees, from among which peep out the roofs and walls of dark brown log huts.

The news soon spreads that the doctor has arrived. And early in the morning little groups of expectant patients may

be seen sitting beneath the pine trees. Their numbers are continually being added to, until at last there may be as many as a hundred and fifty or two hundred people. Herdsmen there are, and numbers of ordinary Kashmiri peasants; a sprinkling of Punjabis, who have come as emigrants; two or three Hindus, distinguishable by the vertical reddish-yellow mark on their foreheads; and shyly holding aloof there are also groups of women, some clad in dirty grey gowns which were once white, and others, the wives and daughters of Gujars, dressed in dark blue.

Our stock of medicines and instruments is arranged on a table and all the scattered clumps of people are gathered together in a semicircle facing the doctor, who briefly explains to them all his object in visiting the district; that he has come to endeavour to help those who are sick; that he has come from the well-known hospital at Drogjun, Srinagar. Here, perhaps, one or two of those present say that they have been there, and were with us for some time, and were kindly treated and got well. Resuming, the doctor goes on to say that he has also come to tell them all the Good News of the Gospel of Christ. Here some one present interrupts and is understood to say that this was what he heard when he was in the hospital, and that it was good doctrine. The doctor then reads some short passage to the assembled crowd, which is being constantly augmented by fresh arrivals, and in simple phrases in their own Kashmiri language tells them the old story of the sinfulness of man, the love of God and its manifestation in our Saviour Christ. The audience listens with marked attention, and as the doctor closes with the words that the work which is done at the hospital at Drogjun and which is also going to be done in their midst is the work of Christ, because it is at His command, in His name, by His servants and for His honour, there is a murmur of assent. After a short prayer for the blessing of God upon the work and the people, the medical part of the work is begun and goes on till all present have been seen.

Their ailments are very various. Some have old-standing indigestion or chronic coughs. Others are suffering from ophthalmia or from various parasitic diseases. The latter are largely propagated by infected drinking-water. And young children are specially liable to suffer. In most Kashmiri villages the juvenile population, instead of being strong, well, and of a healthy colour, is pale and unwholesome looking. Skin diseases, too, largely due to dirt, abound. A good many surgical cases are usually brought to us. And from a professional standpoint these are the most satisfactory of all, as we can usually either put them right at once, or give them a note of admission to the central hospital.

The work in some of its aspects, although arduous, is not without its touch of humour. In one part of the arena a line of children will be seen waiting for their dose of santonin and castor oil, which is administered in such a way as to remind one of the ministrations at Dotheboys Hall. Sitting under a tree may be seen an enthusiastic patient, carefully scraping with his forefinger the remains of castor oil from a red earthenware cup and consuming it with apparent relish. Public interest reaches a high pitch when an operation is to be done, and it is impossible to exclude unprofessional spectators. Perhaps some small tumour is removed, or a series of cases of in-turned eyelashes is operated upon, teeth are extracted, or small abscesses lanced. I often wonder whether our antiseptic precautions are not regarded as some kind of special ritual. If chloroform has to be administered the interest reaches its high-water mark, and a hush falls upon the onlookers. Next day the crowd is larger than ever, and if many days are spent at one centre the numbers are apt to become so great as to be almost unmanageable.

The importance and value of periodic tours in the outlying districts of Kashmir are obvious. Not only do these bring us into touch with remote villages, and enable us to attend to those who may require skilled treatment, but they also quicken the flow of patients from the villages to the

hospital, where treatment can be carried out under the most favourable conditions, and where in the wards there is daily Christian instruction.

It is easy enough for those who live near the river to come in to the hospital, even if their homes are distant. But there are many remote mountain valleys which are difficult of access. A mountain pass more than 2000 feet high is a serious obstacle for any one who is blind, lame or otherwise disabled. Hence the recurring visits of the medical missionary are hailed with delight.

And year by year Christian teaching and the healing art have thus been carried to all parts of Kashmir. "In the Wazir Garden at Islamabad, under the chenar groves at Pampoor, by the broad placid river at Sopur, in the visitors' bungalow at Baramula, the busy portal of 'the Happy Valley,' in the stately gardens at Vernag and Achibal, by the sacred tank at Báwan, below the great mosque at Eishmakám, among the walnut trees and orchards of sequestered mountain villages, have the message of Divine love and the ministry of healing been brought to the sinful and the sick."

In Kashmir there is very little fanaticism. In some respects the toleration is surprising. The friendly relations existing between Mohammedans and Hindus are remarkable, and partly to be explained by the fact that many Hindu customs have survived, even among Mohammedans.

At the present time the Mohammedans greatly outnumber the Hindus in Kashmir, forming 93 per cent. of the total population. Forcibly converted from Hinduism in the fourteenth century, they still retain some indications of their original faith. The most striking of these is their affection for sacred places. Thus both religions have this important feature in common. For the Hindus also resort to springs, tanks and lakes. "Although great Pan be dead in Greece, the twilight of the gods is not yet in Kashmir. Every grove has its familiar deity; every clear spring or

rushing torrent its water-nymph." Not a few Mohammedan shrines have been placed on the sites of former Hindu sacred springs, and the worship has been continuous, although changed in form.

A large number of villages have each their own shrine, usually the grave of some Mohammedan saint of bygone days.

Often one tank will have a Hindu " Astán " on one side and a Mohammedan " Ziarat " on the other. Recently, when on tour, I pitched my tent on a peninsula, in the middle of a tank, and the droning sound of a Hindu chanting his Shasters on one side and of a Mohammedan Darwesh reciting the Koran on the other side, seldom ceased.

In this respect the worship of Hindus and Mohammedans is similar. Indeed an easy transition seems to have occurred, when the Hindus embraced Islam, under Mohammedan pressure, and their devotion was transferred from the spring to the tomb. The oldest Mohammedan shrines now existing may be traced back to about the fourteenth century. Devotion to, reverence for, and implicit trust in the village shrine play a much larger part in the religious life of the average Kashmiri Mohammedan than any special regard for the Koran or its teaching. And although the name of Mohammed is reverenced by the people they know little about him. It is the shrine which protects from disease and disaster, and to it they look for aid in any enterprise or in times of stress. Gifts are brought to it by the villagers—fowls, rice, ghee and sometimes money. The custodians of the tombs are usually descendants of the " holy " man interred therein. They are called Pirs or Pirzádas, and wield considerable influence. They can usually read, and a common arrangement is for them to take turns in conducting the worship of the village mosque. Besides receiving the offerings of the faithful, they eke out a rather precarious livelihood by making and selling charms. These

consist of a short verse of the Koran, or even an undecipherable scribble on a scrap of Kashmir paper, folded up and stitched in a little piece of cloth or leather perhaps two inches long and one and a half broad. This is tied round the neck of the applicant, or round one of his arms. If there is disease of the foot or leg the amulet may be found attached to the ankle or knee. In cases of illness the Pirzádas are usually called in and they recite prayers and issue fresh charms. The common people have great faith in these Pirs. One of the villagers, referring to the plague, which had not invaded the isolated mountain district in which his village was situated, said to me, "It has not come here, sir, the Pirs here have mighty powers."

Sometimes when we are camped in a village, the Pirs shun us. At others they are friendly, and come and listen to the preaching, and are willing to accept and even pay for little books. Occasionally they raise objections to the teaching, or ask questions which are not always relevant. In talking to them, one of the most useful arguments is the sinlessness of Our Lord. For what is required is something to show them that Christ is not as they claim, only one of a select number of great prophets, who were equal and are all mediators.

The Great Flood

"As on my return from a tour to Kishtiwar, on a cloudless June morning, I looked from a snowy pass westward for 100 miles across the great basin of the Kashmir valley, with its ripening wheat and young green maize, and the glitter of its streams and the soft blue haze of its distant towns, I little dreamt that in a few days there would be the highest flood recorded for many generations.

"Even before the heavy rain, the Wular Lake was already at its flood level, from the melting of the exceptional snows of last winter. Then came two heavy downpours, with but

three days' interval. In the side valleys the bridges were swept away, and as the clouds cleared, we learnt by the telegraph that the river had risen 30 feet at the head of the valley, Islamabad. Steadily the water rose, overlapping the lofty embankments which protect the towns and cultivated areas. With ample warning the people fled from all the lower ground, carrying their little household effects. It was beautiful, but cruel; those ever-widening, ever-rising stretches of rippling, gleaming water, then the crash of the cataract and of falling houses, as the flood broke through or lapped over an embankment and swept down in resistless power, involving gardens and palings and outhouses in one common ruin. There was much to be done in the way of salvage at the English Church, at the library which fell, crushing thousands of volumes into the muddy water, and in other places. And it was a strange sight to be rowing about the Munshi Bagh in which we live, trying to avoid the masses of wreckage swept along by the swift current, and steer one's way among the upper branches of fruit trees, or past the half-submerged roofs of huts.

"The hospital, so splendidly situated on the western spur of the Takht Hill, was at once the refuge for many, and every possible part of it was occupied to overflowing, while the surrounding slopes were covered with refuge camps, and the road blocked with ekkas and carriages. At the foot of the hill house-boats and barges were moored, and rafts of timber were floating about. The scene was one of picturesque beauty, for the weather was brilliant. Among the hospital inmates were all sorts and conditions of men, Europeans, Parsees, Sikhs, Kashmiri officials and military officers as well as the usual variety of patients. For the first few days we must have numbered over 200 persons. There was almost a water famine, for the water pipes had been carried away and provisions were very scarce. We were soon active in relief work, for hundreds were homeless, and some destitute. A wealthy and philanthropic Parsee, Mr Dhanjibhoy, C.I.E.,

generously bought large quantities of grain in the Punjab and sent it up for us to sell at a low price; so a grain shop was opened at the hospital, of which Mr Knowles took the charge, and this rice or flour was sold below cost price to those whose houses had been destroyed. In addition to the work thus done by the Mission, there was another larger relief fund. The Kashmir State also gave a large amount of wood for the purpose of rebuilding. By invitation of the Resident, I took charge of an area of about 200 square miles of flooded district between the city and the Wular Lake. Much of my work had to be done by boat, as the water was still very high, and some of the villages surrounded by marshes had to be reached partly by wading. In the course of a month I visited about 100 villages, distributing Rs. 4000 of the State Relief Fund, issuing orders on the Forest Department for timber, and also orders for water-chestnuts, of which a large crop soon became available. Later on I was joined by Pandit Radha Kishen, formerly Chief Justice, and by Colonel G. Young, C.B. As the news of this relief spread, villagers, who had deserted their ruined homes and fled to the hills, or gone for work to the towns, began to return and collect materials and rebuild some kind of shelter from the weather. We found intense poverty in the lower villages where people were eking out an existence on herbs and the stalks of water-lilies. In one village but three families out of twenty had any kind of grain. Fortunately at that time the flocks were all on the mountains, and so were safe out of harm's way. There is much recuperative power in Kashmir villages, and with the help of grants of wood most were rebuilt before the winter.

"In my work I received considerable help from the higher State officials, and on one occasion, having run out of money, I bicycled up to the city and called on the Private Secretary to the Maharajah, and His Highness gave me Rs. 500 from his private purse to go on with. Mr Knowles and Mr Tyndale-Biscoe were doing similar work in and around the city, and

we were glad to be in a position to help relieve such a catastrophe.

"The Medical Missionary needs to give a wide and liberal interpretation of his marching orders. Sanitation claims a place in the functions of the physician in all lands, not least amid the filth of the Orient." [1]

[1] A. Neve, *Mission Hospital Reports.*

CHAPTER XIII

A GLIMPSE OF KASHMIRI TIBET

The Sind Valley—A Delayed Post—The Zoji Pass—Dras and the Dards—Kargyl—The Battle of Pashkyum Valley—Moulbe Sculpture—Lámoyóro Monastery—A Weird Orchestra—Chunrezig—The Bon Chos—Assassination of Langdarma—A Ladákhi Village.

It was on a beautiful day towards the end of May that I started on a journey to Leh. This town is the capital of Ladákh, a barren but very picturesque and interesting country in the midst of the Himalaya mountains between Kashmir and Chinese Tibet.

Turning our backs on the little European settlement at Srinagar, on the stately but sluggish river Jhelum, and leaving behind us the great line of glistening peaks which bound the valley of Kashmir on the south, separating it from the plains of India by a mountain barrier 150 miles wide, we rode out to Kangan, the first large village in the Sind valley, on the great high-road to Ladákh, Tibet and China. At Kangan the valley is about a mile across. The Sind River is a deep and rushing stream, fed by melting snows in the regions to which we are going. The road wends its way up this valley, sometimes close to the river, at others climbing over spurs or traversing patches of gloomy forest, again emerging and like an English country lane, bounded by rough hedgerows, rich with honeysuckle, jessamine and wild roses. Every few miles we pass a village nestling in walnut and mulberry trees; the fruit of the latter, which is ripe, is eagerly consumed by the juvenile population, which grows visibly fatter in the mulberry season. Horses,

cows, sheep, goats and even dogs may be seen greedily devouring the fruit as it lies on the ground. At night, too, bears, attracted by the sweet juicy berries, sometimes come down and climb the trees. The next part of the route has an alpine beauty and passes through upland meadows brilliant with flowers—ragwort, larkspur, balsams, columbines and anemones, with a background of fir forest. This in its turn presents a dark serrated edge against the atmospheric mauve, from which rise snowy peaks and slopes like burnished silver.

Not long ago Rahmana, a postal runner, was carrying his mail-bag along this road. He had it slung over his back in a blanket. Suddenly he felt a violent blow from behind which knocked him over. On turning round he saw a large black bear standing over him. Shouting for help, he caught hold of his post-bag, which the bear was proceeding to examine, and tried to run away; but this unfortunately directed the foe's attention to him, and the bear, sitting up in its characteristic posture for attack, struck him a violent blow in the face with its right paw. Rahmana fell down again and would very likely have ended his days there and then, if some villagers, hearing his shouts, had not rushed up. The bear, seeing their numbers, judged that discretion was the better part of valour and fled. Rahmana was carried on a bedstead 20 miles to the Mission Hospital. I met him at Kangan some months afterwards when he had quite recovered, although he was sadly scarred and disfigured. " Thrice," he said, " during the first night at the hospital the night nurse came to see whether I was still breathing and thinking I might be dead, I was so weak." He spent several weeks with us and was most grateful. The Christian instruction which he had received from day to day had evidently impressed him, and he will, I know, give us a warm welcome whenever we visit his village.

Leaving Kangan, we passed the place where the day

before, the road being bad, a pack-pony belonging to Major D——, a sportsman, had fallen into the river and been swept away. The whole of that pony's baggage was lost, including rifles and money. As we went on, the valley became narrower and the sides steeper. Clouds had been gathering, and suddenly a terrific storm came on, the thunder rolling round and reverberating among the cliffs and mountains. The rain continued, and we were soon thoroughly drenched and our baggage (on pack-ponies) well soaked. The water was running off the ground in sheets and night was coming on. Pitching tents was out of the question, so we took shelter in a house in the village of Revil. The owner, who was sitting in a kind of verandah, swept it out for us and here we established ourselves.

The next day being Sunday, we made a halt, and soon found that sick people were beginning to arrive. So we unpacked our medicine boxes and soon all the village had gathered round. Amongst others was a former hospital patient, who, like Rahmana, had been attacked and severely mauled by a bear. He brought a present of honey and then proceeded in Oriental fashion to descant to the assembled crowd on the excellences of the Mission Hospital and how well he was treated there.

Great wreaths of white cloud were drifting along the hillsides and the fresh snow was quite near us. But the next day, in spite of rain, we pushed on.

A few miles further up the geological formation is interesting and characteristic. From just below Gagangair in the S.W. in ascending order, as we march up the gorge N.E. to Sonamarg, we notice schistose slates, quartzite, lower carboniferous (*syringothyris*) limestone, agglomeratic slate, with traces of fenestella beds and Punjal trap. Finally, at Sonamarg, above all, are permo-carboniferous layers and muschelkalk. In the latter, fossil *Ptychites* have been found by Stolkza and by Middlemiss. The latter points

30. THE ZOJI LÁ PASS.

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out that the sections of the Lidar valley show exactly the same sequence.

The scenery was now very fine. The valley became narrower and narrower until at last it formed a great rift or chasm, with the river foaming at the bottom. Our road, which was several hundred feet above it, was carefully built on the steep hillside. Opposite it were beetling cliffs nearly a mile high, with here and there between them patches of gloomy pine forest. Two more days brought us to the foot of the Zoji Pass, the boundary between fertile Kashmir, with its flowery meadows and dense forests and the barren rainless upland valleys of Dras and Ladákh (Plate 30).

The top of the Zoji La Pass is about 11,200 feet above sea-level, and although easy in the summer and autumn, when the path ascends through graceful birch woods and over green slopes studded with pink primulas or brilliant red potentillas, it is difficult to cross in the winter or spring on account of the deep snow. Rising at 3.30 a.m., we had not gone far before our difficulties commenced. The snow was too slippery for laden ponies, and in places snow bridges had broken away. We were obliged to unload, and, with the aid of some hardy mountaineers, carried our baggage over the difficult and dangerous places. Presently the snow seemed harder and we again loaded the ponies, but even then, ever and anon, one would fall through up to his girths. After seven hours' hard work we reached a shelter hut. The worst of the pass was now over. Some months later a Moravian missionary, Mr Francke, very nearly lost his life trying to cross too early in March. He was overwhelmed by a heavy snowstorm, lost his way, fell into a drift and gave himself up as lost, when providentially he saw in the distance the dim forms of two postal runners, and following in their track he extricated himself.

In the shelter house we found a solitary traveller—strange to say, a former hospital patient on his way home—

an old man very feeble and with a bad cough. He had been unable to proceed and might have died but for our arrival. Giving him food, we put him on a pony and carried him safely on his journey for some days, till we reached a large village. On the way we were caught in a sharp snowstorm and passed the skeleton of some poor traveller who had perished by the way.

After two days we reached Dras. This is a small village in a wide open valley 10,000 feet above sea-level. Amid grassy slopes and patches of cultivation there are detached groups of flat-topped houses, and for such a remote place there is a fair population.

Dras is one of the districts where there are descendants of the Dard invaders who entered Western Tibet from the north-west; but having become Mohammedans, these have lost many of their distinctive features. On the other side of Kargyl, to the north-east, there are, however, still some genuine Dards, who have kept up old customs, including a special festival every two or three years, when they sing Dard songs. Both here and at Dras the Dard language is spoken. It is strange that there are so few of these Dard colonists left. Mr Francke gives the following story which he has heard of their fall. "The Dards were besieged in their castle (probably by Tibetans), and when their supplies of food and water came to an end, they resolved to die together. So they all assembled in the central hall of the castle and the oldest man pushed away the stone on which stood the central pillar supporting the roof and the falling roof buried them all." The Dards were fond of adorning rocks with outline drawings of animals. The ibex is the favourite, but mounted huntsmen and even tigers are occasionally represented. And various symbols and stone images show that they were Buddhists.

At Dras more than seventy patients came to me in one day. One of the bystanders interpreted for me from Kashmiri to Tibetan. The head magistrate of the district

happened to be there and sat by my side. He also accepted a copy of the Gospels in Persian.

Just beyond Dras, on the plateau, there are some interesting stone images by the wayside. One of these bears an inscription in Kashmiri Sharáda characters, which was partly deciphered by Cunningham, who made out amongst others the word "Matreiyan." In all probability these are Buddhist images, dating back to the emigration from Kashmir.

The news of our coming now preceded us, and, as we marched on, often we would find a little group of patients and their friends waiting by the roadside to interview us. Here and there a former patient would appear. One old man, for instance, had received his sight after an operation for cataract. Further on we met a cripple being carried in a basket *en route* for the Mission Hospital, which was now ten days' journey away. Sometimes a blanket was spread on the ground for us to sit on and dishes of dried apricots and their kernels and currants were brought out. The people are pleasant-mannered but very dirty. In some districts their lives are hard, owing to the difficulty in raising crops in the desert. Nothing can be done without irrigation. Wherever a stream comes down from the snow-clad heights, there is a fan-shaped area of cultivation, and little channels are cut along the hillside as far as the water can be carried. In some villages there are three or four lines of small irrigation canals one above the other. Occasionally they may be seen hundreds of feet above the road. These channels were many of them perhaps constructed in the first instance by the Dards.

The sands of some of the rivers, the banks of which we were now marching along, contain a fair amount of gold. In some places the people do gold-washing, but their methods are primitive and they make little more than the daily wages of an ordinary labourer. Here and there one finds evident traces of old workings. There are, for instance, remains of

gold-diggings near Channegund, 7 miles before we come to Kargyl.

The next day we reached Kargyl, which is a large village and marks the border where we pass into Ladákh. In the villages on the Kashmir side there are some Hindus and Sikhs, but most of the people are Mussulmans, and Mohammedanism is now spreading chiefly by intermarriage with Tibetan women. In Kargyl both polygamy and polyandry exist side by side.

In Tibet polyandry is the custom. This has been defended, even by British officials, on the ground that the country is too poor to support a population married in the ordinary manner. The fallacy of this would be less obvious if the unmarried women of Tibet remained virgins, which is not the case. Moreover, the practice of polygamy, which in the case of Tibetan Mohammedans is becoming more frequent, has shown no signs of producing a population too large for the districts where it is in vogue. Most of the people in Kargyl understand Tibetan only, but there are very few Buddhists. After Kargyl the population is Buddhist and you feel that you are in a strange country.

Here and there on the hill-tops or by the wayside are to be seen the simple square altars known as lathos, which date back to before the introduction of Buddhism, but upon which people still place flowers and hang strips of rag as an offering to " the Unknown God."

On leaving Kargyl we crossed the Suru River which carries down masses of dark-coloured silt, and climbing up 200 feet we crossed a bare and arid plateau surrounded on every side by high but barren peaks. After 7 miles we descended to a stream and found vegetation again—willow-trees, poplars, barley and wild roses.

This is known as the Pashkyum valley, and was the scene of a great battle in the autumn of 1834, when the Dogras, under Zoráwar, invaded Ladákh. The Ladákhi leader

fell early in the day and his army at once fled in the direction of Moulbé and Shergol, destroying the bridge to prevent pursuit. The Dogras, however, crossed the river on inflated skins, inflicted great slaughter and also captured some hundreds of the fugitives who were neither so well armed as themselves nor possessed of discipline.

Winter came on and the Ladákhis had their chance, but their leaders were absolutely incompetent. Mustering an army of about 15,000, they again marched down to attack the Dogras near Langkartse, between Kargyl and Suru. But on the approach of the Dogras they again fled, losing 400 of their number who fell through a snow bridge and were drowned and 200 who were made prisoners, including their general. The Ladákhis then retreated to Moulbé. The Dogras followed them up and the Ladákhi army retired to Leh. All the chief towns along the route now hastened to make their submission and sent large presents to Zoráwar. In this way Lámoyóro, Saspool and Alchi escaped being sacked. The Ladákhi king, having capitulated, Zoráwar entered Leh and received a substantial indemnity of 50,000 rupees and he also arranged for an annual tribute of Rs. 20,000.

Meanwhile a Dogra fort at Suru had been attacked by the chief of Sod, who captured it and killed the garrison. Zoráwar, who heard of this when at Lámoyóro, at once marched to Suru, put the small Ladákhi garrison to the sword, and, by offering 50 rupees per head on all who had joined the chief of Sod's force, 200 were surrendered to him. These he beheaded.

Leaving Pashkyum behind us, we plunged into a narrow rocky valley, devoid of all verdure except here and there where a little rivulet trickling down the hillside supplies sufficient water for trees and grass to grow. These spots were welcome oases in the desert. In some places the mountains were wonderfully tinted—red, yellow and violet, due to the colour of the soil.

After we had marched about 20 miles from Kargyl, emerging from a long and narrow ravine, we entered a wider valley and saw opposite to us, on the side of the hill at Sheogol, the first monastery, a small group of square white buildings with flat roofs, the edges of which were painted dark red, perched on a cliff of conglomerate.

A little farther on we caught sight of the Moulbé Lámaserai, right on top of a pointed hill 300 feet high, standing out in the valley. Just beyond Moulbé there is an immense block of rock by the roadside with beautifully sculptured on one face of it an image of Buddha 40 feet high. This Matreiya was probably carved by order of one of the local chiefs in the time of their independence (Plate 31).

At Moulbé there is also an inscription of King Lde's abolishing living sacrifices. This was not, however, obeyed, and the people continued to sacrifice goats before the pre-Buddhist altars, tearing the heart out of the living animal.

During the next two days, two lofty mountain passes had to be crossed, one of them 14,000 feet high. There was no snow here, but the height made us feel rather short of breath, especially when the wind was blowing. Descending from this, we soon came in sight of the great Buddhist monastery of Lámoyóro (Plate 33). This is a remarkable place. The high conglomerate cliffs are crowned by an immense number of buildings. Time fails to tell of all the wonders we saw—the steep stairs and ladders, the tunnel-like passages, giddy precipices, curious little cells and fierce Tibetan mastiffs, the rows of prayer cylinders, the painted stones, and strangest of all the large wall frescoes of hideous demons, and the interior of the temples. We went into two of these. The first was a room about 30 feet square and lofty, all the light coming from little windows round the top. On the floor were rows of flat legless benches for the Lámas (as the Buddhist priests are called in Ladákh). Round the walls were

31. COLOSSAL BUDDHA AT MOULBÉ.

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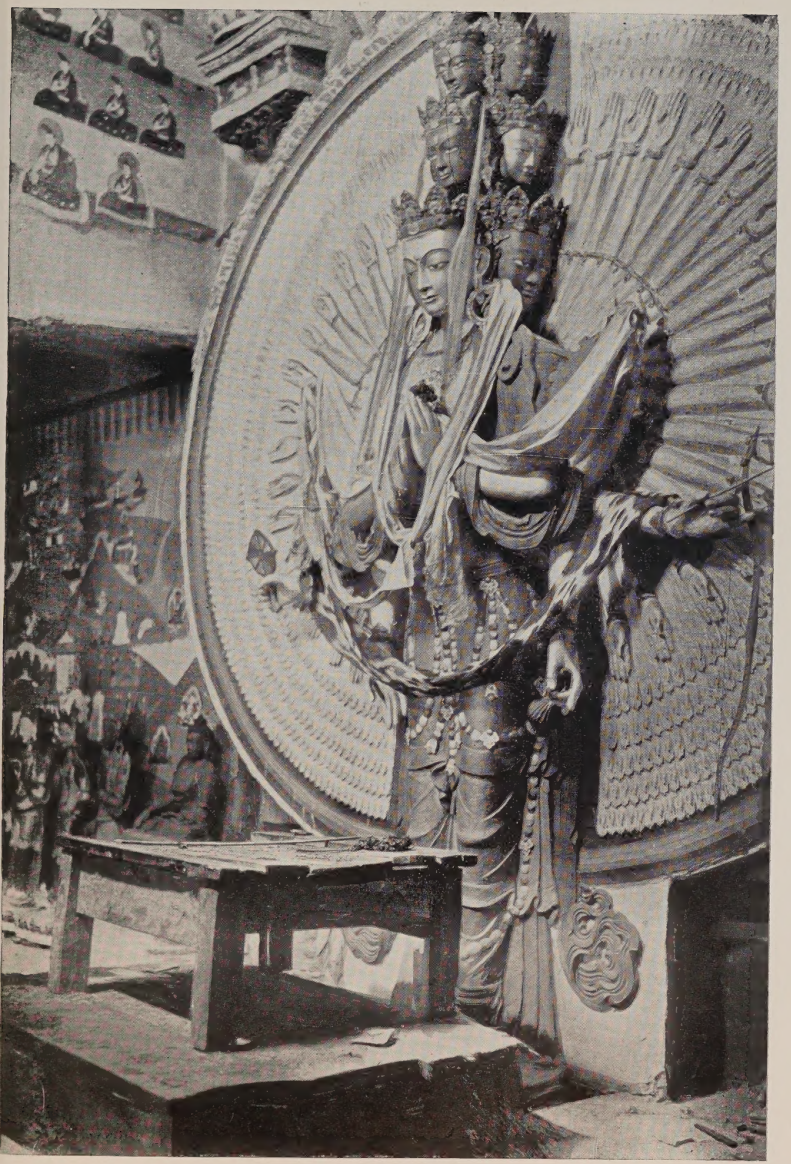
shelves and pigeon-holes full of books, manuscripts and vestments, and here also were massive copper and brass bowls, jugs, urns, basins, and the drums, cymbals, clarionets and shawms—these last 14 feet long—used by the monastery band. The walls and wooden pillars of the temple are hung with tapestry, ancient silk banners and pictures. Facing the door at the end of the room there is an altar or raised platform with rows of images of Buddhist saints. These vary in height from four inches to eight feet, and are of metal or gilded or painted clay (Plate 41). In this chamber the monks gather daily at stated times. Their ritual is interesting and impressive. Sitting in two lines facing each other, they softly chant their prayers to the rhythmical accompaniment of several drums, which are lightly tapped. At the end of a verse or paragraph a blast of trumpets, shawms and clarionets and a crash of cymbals and drums startles the visitor. The musical effect is quite unique. The sounds cease as suddenly as they began, and then one thin nasal-toned voice goes on softly chanting, to be joined shortly by the whole choir, accompanied by the drums as before (Plate 34). In some of their observances there are certain resemblances to Roman ritual. Often in reading or chanting, each monk will take different pages of the same book and read it simultaneously so as to finish the book at one sitting. Everything had a Chinese look. The banners and several of the images, with their almond-shaped eyes and gaudy colours, were identical with those which I have seen in China. So also were the rows of brass cups and little lamps and the large bowl of butter with an ever-burning wick. Most of the things in the temple had come from Lhassa, the home of Lámaism.

On special occasions the Lámas wear red cloth helmets and waistcoats of rich embroidery over their brick-red toga-like robes. In the second temple at Lámoyóro the walls are covered with frescoes illustrating Buddhist doctrine, the triumph of Buddha over his enemies and the tortures of the

Buddhist hell, and there is a large image of Chunrézig 10 feet high with numerous arms, and hands each containing an open eye.

The Dulai Láma professes to be an incarnation of Chunrézig or Avalokita. The meaning of the name is "He who looks down." This is a purely mythological creation and is met with in various forms in different parts of Tibet. The Lámoyóro image is of the colossal eleven-headed, thousand-handed form. In one of the hands is a bow and arrow for the defence of its votaries. The faces in front are supposed to wear an aspect of benevolence, while those on the left indicate anger at the sins of men. Waddell points out that the earliest images of Avalokita clearly show that the figure was modelled on the pattern of Brahma, the Hindu Creator, and that Brahma's insignia, the lotus, rosary, vase and book, may often be seen in the representations of Avalokita. Our illustration shows a rosary and vase, and in one of the right hands is a jewel (Plate 32).

In niches in the walls of the passages of the Lámoyóro monastery, and especially near the chief gateways, are the prayer cylinders, from one and a half to two feet high, each revolving on a pivot. These boxes either have a prayer painted on them outside or an opening into which a prayer sheet can be thrust. The monks as they pass set them in motion. A certain number are kept constantly revolving by water power or wind—a curiously mechanical and degraded idea of prayer. The sacred text, "Om máne padme hon," is also stamped on pieces of paper or white and yellow cotton cloth and hung up on poles. The Lámoyóro monastery is one of the most important in Ladákh and is said to have been originally a Bonpo Lámaserai. In olden times the religion of the Tibetans was the so-called Bon Chos. When Buddhism was introduced the original Tibetan religion underwent certain modifications. Monasteries were founded and the names of various spirits were tabulated. According to Francke, the main features of this religion were the follow-



32. IMAGE OF CHUNREZIG.
(Interior of temple at Lámoyóro.)

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ing: "The world consists of three great realms, the land of the gods, or heaven, which is of white colour; the land of men, or the earth, of red colour; and the land of the water spirits or lower world, of blue colour. There is a king reigning in heaven as well as in the under world, but the greatest power on the earth is the earth mother. There is a huge tree, the tree of the world, growing through all the three realms. It has its roots in the under world and its highest branches in heaven. The king of heaven is asked to send one of his sons as king to the earth, and around the story of the mission of the youngest son of the king of heaven to the earth, the national epic of Tibet in general, and Western Tibet in particular, has grown up."

In 900 A.D. the leader of the Bon Chos was Langdarma. He carried on a campaign against Buddhism, with bitter irony, compelling many of the monks to become hunters or even butchers and beheading those who would not submit. "But when Langdarma imagined that he had succeeded in annihilating Buddhism, the snake which he thought he had crushed bit him. A Buddhist hermit put on a robe, black on the outside and white inside, because only black clothing (the colour of the Bon Chos) was allowed to be worn in those days. But underneath his coat he kept a bow and arrow in readiness. He approached the king as if he were a suppliant, and threw himself down upon the floor. When Langdarma walked up to him, he suddenly rose and shot the king through the heart. Then in order not to be recognized by those who had seen him enter in black, he put on his dress with the white outside and escaped" (Francke).

Even to this day the Ladákhi ex-kings wear their hair in the same fashion as Langdarma did. A great grandson of Langdarma, whose name was Nyima Gon, conquered the whole of Western Tibet, although to begin with he had only 300 horsemen.

At the foot of the cliffs below the Lámoyóro Monastery is the village, a group of flat-topped houses made of sun-

dried bricks and nearly every one of which flies on the roof one or more prayer flags. Many of the people, too, carry prayer wheels, each consisting of a small copper cylinder 4 inches high, with a little weight and chain on one side by which it is kept constantly revolving on a wooden handle.

The approach to Lámoyóro, like that to all Lámaserais, is marked by stone walls paved with thousands of stones with the mystic formula carved on them. These walls, which are from ten to fifteen feet broad and about five feet in height, are sometimes two or three hundred yards long, and often at both ends there are chortens or rows of them.

Day after day our route lies along valleys through bare mountains, a mixture of rocky crag and sandy waste, broken only at intervals of six or eight miles by an occasional fan-shaped oasis, watered by some snow-fed stream, and assiduously cultivated by a scanty population.

A Ladákhi village is quite characteristic and very picturesque. After a long and hot march on a sandy path, with rocky cliffs towering above and a great river foaming below; after threading one's way through innumerable boulders with dark red polished surfaces and occasional carved inscriptions, all lying under a blazing sun, the atmosphere quivering with heat—the temperature in the sun perhaps 140° F.—we see in the distance a green patch of cultivation. As we approach we find terraced fields of barley and buckwheat supported by stone walls. Here and there are bushes of wild roses with profuse and brilliant red blossom. Little runlets of crystal water cross the path, and there are lines of poplars and willows with, nestling among them, flat-topped houses with bunches of prayer flags. By the side of the road are long lines of broad and solid wall, paved with smooth flat stones, each bearing the sacred text, "Om máne padme hon," "O God the jewel in the lotus. Amen." The Buddhist monuments (chortens) are a conspicuous feature of the

33. LÁMOYÓRO MONASTERY.

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landscape, being pure white or earth-coloured with patches of red paint. They are usually dome-shaped, resting on a solid square foundation and with a red-coloured spire. They vary in height from twenty to sixty feet. The people are clad in long coats of a grey woollen material, with broad girdles of blue or red and caps of various colours, red, blue, green, or even of black velvet with red lining. They have high cheek-bones and wear their hair in long queues which make their backs greasy and black. The women have head-dresses of red cloth, covering also the neck and back and closely studded with turquoises and brooches. On either side these are balanced by large ear-flaps of black lamb's-wool. The poorer women wear long and thick black coats and trousers. Those who are less poor have richly-coloured stuff or silk skirts. They also wear elaborate necklaces of silver and red coral, and a large white section of some marine shell, like a cuff, on each wrist. Over all, long cloaks of goatskin are worn. The monks, too, are always in evidence, with their shaven heads, receding foreheads, voluminous red robes and bare arms.

Perhaps on top of a neighbouring cliff is a monastery, a small replica of Lámoyóro, a picturesque group of white buildings with verandahs and rows of small windows, the whole surmounted by a parapet decorated with tufts of yaks' tails on poles. In such a monastery there are usually two temples. One of these contains numerous small images of incarnations and founders, and is provided with shelves for manuscripts, brass vessels and musical instruments used in worship. In the other temple there is usually a colossal image of Buddha or Chunrézig and the walls are covered with paintings representing victories of Buddha and the destruction of his enemies. Prayer cylinders abound and the monks religiously turn them as they pass. These monasteries are always interesting places to visit.

But neither in them nor in the villages and towns of Ladákh does one meet with the Buddhism of romance.

Along with much that is quaint and weird and fascinating from an artistic standpoint, there appears to be only too much that is gross, sensual and depraved. Ignorance and pride as usual go hand in hand. There is no "Light of Asia" here. It appears to be passing scarce even in Buddhist countries.

34. THE ORCHESTRA, LÁMOYÓRO.

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CHAPTER XIV

THE UPPER INDUS VALLEY

Khalatze Fort and Bridge—An Ancient Inscription—Ruined Castles — The Moravian Mission — Tsongkapa, the Reformer — Rirdzong Monastery—Potted Lámas—Alchi Monastery—Bazgoo—The Mongol War—Leh, a Town in the Desert—Dogra Conquest—Moravian Mission Work—Buddhist Chortens and Rock-Carving—The Hemis Demon Dance—Evangelization of Tibet.

LEAVING Lámoyóro we descend into a narrow valley, passing on the way some very remarkable lacustrine deposits on our right. These cover an area of several square miles and present very much the appearance of a large glacier, only, instead of ice or snow, there is a crevassed surface of hard and smooth clay. The height above sea-level is about 11,000 feet. Following a deep gorge, with precipitous sides, for about two hours, we emerge in the relatively broad Indus Valley, just below Khalatze, where there is an interesting old fort guarding a bridge across the river. Near this bridge there are many boulders of a deep red colour polished by the sun heat and drifting sand of ages. Some of these show traces of ancient carving. The ibex is a favourite figure. On one stone there is a more elaborate representation of a tiger chasing some smaller animal and an inscription in Indian Brahmi of the Maurya period. This stone was discovered by the Rev. A. H. Francke, a Moravian Missionary, who was working in Khalatze, and at his request I photographed it and a print was sent to Calcutta to Dr Vögel, by whom it was deciphered and found to indicate the fact that as long ago as 200-300 B.C. the Indus was crossed at this place (Plate 35). This is the most ancient stone inscription in Ladákh.

At Khalatze there is a ruined Dard castle, with in front of it a short inscription in Indian character. Some earlier inscriptions which have been found at Khalatze are thought by Mr Francke to belong to the times of the ancient Mons.

Western Tibet was colonized by Indians at a very early period, as is shown by the inscriptions in Brahmi characters dating as far back as 200 B.C. Tradition has it that at a great council held by King Asoka in the third century B.C., Buddhist missionaries were to be sent to Kashmir and even Yarkand. By the second century A.D. Buddhism was firmly established in Kashmir and had also probably penetrated Western Tibet. It is thought that the colonies of Mons, which are found in so many of the villages of Western Tibet, may be the descendants of those early Indian colonists.

The Dard dynasty seems to have ended about the end of the twelfth century. At that time the country was divided among many petty rulers who were continually at war. And especially at harvest-time perpetual raids and counter-raids were made. This accounts for the large number of ruined castles in which stores of grain were kept and to which on alarm the non-combatants fled, and if hard pressed the combatants also. And yet a through trade was carried on down the Indus Valley. Mr Francke recently explored and excavated the ruins of Balu Kar, an old customs-house on a precipitous knoll overlooking the river a short distance above Khalatze. There used to be a bridge at this point. The customs-house was fortified and its officer had the title Mdo gtsong gtso—Lord of the trade in the lower valley. Mr Francke found a number of ancient beads, and also some very old tea, but no coins.

Bragnag Castle, which crowns the rocky cliffs above Khalatze, was built by King Naglug about 1170 A.D. And a bridge over the Indus was constructed at the same time, evidently in opposition to that of Balu Kar, which is 3 miles further up the valley. The object was doubtless to

35. ROCK PICTURE AND INSCRIPTION AT KHALATZE.
(Date 200-300 B.C.)

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make a rival customs-post and secure a share of revenue from the trade which passed through.

In the Indus Valley traces of gold-diggers are abundant. All along the banks between Khalatze and Saspool there are signs of old diggings and in some places there are the ruins of buildings. Mr Francke found that in Khalatze there were old folk tales about gold-digging ants, reminding one of the stories of Herodotus.

The Moravian Church has a Mission Station here, and for some years Christian work has been steadily carried on among the villagers. Mr Francke's name is a household word in Khalatze, and since he left, the Rev. S. Ribbach, one of the most capable and devoted of the Moravian Missionaries, has been working the district. The moral influence of the Mission is most important, although so far very few Ladákhis have actually become Christians.

From Khalatze the route lies up the Indus Valley, which is here 9500 feet above sea-level. The road, except where it is driven down to the river by cliffs, crosses a series of arid plateaus intersected by deep ravines. One of the commonest plants in the scanty herbage of these desert uplands is the wild caper, with its white hellebore-like flower, solid green buds and fleshy leaves. Nine miles beyond Khalatze there is a very narrow gorge on the left. Four miles up this, quite off the beaten track, is the interesting monastery of Rirdzong, belonging to the reformed Tsongkapa or yellow sect. Tsongkapa was born in 1355. He was the great reformer of Lámaism, which he found very corrupt. He tried hard to persuade the Lámas to again wear the yellow robes of Buddhism and he also sought to improve their morals, which were then, as now, very bad. After encountering much opposition and carrying on a vigorous controversial campaign, his cause became increasingly successful in Central Tibet and large numbers of followers adopted the yellow cap of early Buddhism, the badge of his party, which he called Gelugpa—the sect of virtue.

In Ladákh he was less successful. At present there are two sects of Lámas, the red and the yellow. But both wear red robes, and the only difference in dress is in the caps and girdles, which in the case of the red sect are red, and in the other yellow. The robes of the early Buddhists were yellow. Even now some of the Lámas in Zanskár, between Kashmiri Tibet and Kishtiwár, are clothed entirely in yellow.

In Central Tibet the yellow sect is now much larger than the red. And Tsongkapa's name is almost as sacred as Buddha's. His image, with characteristic tall yellow mitre, is conspicuous in all the temples of the yellow sect. Tashi Lunpo at Shigatze, the home of the Tashi Láma, was founded by Tsongkapa's nephew in 1445, and contains a large pillared hall with a huge statue of the reformer, who is regarded as an incarnation of Amitabha, and is supposed to have been reincarnate in the present Tashi Láma.

Rirdzong Monastery is a very large building. It is unusually clean and well kept and much more modern than most, being hardly a century old. This monastery has a better moral reputation than most.

Retracing our steps to the mouth of the gorge, a march of 14 miles through a very desolate part of the Indus Valley, brings us to Saspool. This is a large village with about 3 square miles of cultivated land, irrigated by a large stream, in which there are numbers of small snow trout. A few hundred yards above the village are the ruins of an extensive monastery, which was probably destroyed in the Balti War of the latter half of the sixteenth century.

On the walls of numerous caves which remain there are still frescoes in a wonderful condition of preservation, and we found several clay medallions stamped with the image of Buddha. These are said to have been prepared from the ashes of cremated Lámas or Buddhist priests, and they are prepared by adding a little clay and stamping them with a large seal. A chance traveller once called them

36. ALCHI TEMPLE.

(With image of Buddha and wall frescoes, showing Lotsava, the founder.)

"potted Lámas," a suggestive, if somewhat irreverent, name.

Opposite Saspool, on the opposite side of the river, there is a village called Alchi, about 3 miles away, which contains the oldest monastery in Ladákh, one of the original Kashmiri Buddhist Lámaserais.

This monastery at Alchi is noteworthy because it is one of four which were built by Kashmiri monks, the most famous of whom was Lotsava Rinchen bzangpo, who is said to have lived in the year 954 A.D. In one of the rooms of the temple there, I was able to obtain a good photograph of an ancient wall painting, representing this monk (Plate 36). The characteristic feature of these ancient Kashmiri monasteries is the employment of richly carved wood. At Alchi, in front of the temple, there is a verandah with substantial wooden pillars surmounted by beautifully carved capitals on which there is a cornice similarly ornamented. Above this are smaller pillars and arches with trefoil design and images of Buddha and Buddhist saints. The doors, too, have very broad frames which are carved in Kashmir style. On the walls, both inside and out, there are numerous paintings. Mr Francke says that there are monasteries presenting similar characters at Kanika in Zangskar and Sumsa, Manggyu, Chigtan and Bazgoo.

From Saspool the road leaves the Indus and climbs up a steep ravine to a plateau. After about 5 miles there is a steep descent to the village of Bazgoo, which clings round the foot of a rocky ridge which is crowned by the ruins of an extensive fort which was erected by Dragspa, brother of King Lde the Reformer. Bazgoo was sacked by Zoráwar in 1836 in the second Dogra war. The rocks here are of a rich red colour, and the whole place is exceedingly picturesque. In the foreground are some immense chortens, with máni walls, said to have been erected by Stag tsang ras cheng, a very famous Láma, who lived about the end of the sixteenth century, and is believed to have introduced the custom of

building these walls into Ladákh. In the little valley there is a clear stream surrounded by fields of barley and groves of poplars and willows, and there is also an orchard of apple trees. Behind is the bold outline of a rocky ridge with the ruined castle and a Lámaserai. At the foot of the cliffs are a considerable number of flat-roofed houses with prayer flags fluttering in the breeze, and prayer wheels being turned by the stream. The mountains around are beautiful and are the home of ibex, wild sheep and snow leopards. On the plain just beyond Bazgoo, a great battle took place about the middle of the seventeenth century. The King of Western Tibet, who was at war with Chinese Tibet, asked help from the Moghuls, who were then reigning in Delhi and held Kashmir. Shah Jehan sent an army which crossed the Indus at Khalatze on two wooden bridges and advanced to Bazgoo. The Mongols had taken up their position on the Plain of Jargyal between Bazgoo and Nyemo. They were signally defeated and decamped, leaving the field of battle strewn with primitive weapons, armour and baggage.

In return for this aid the King of Ladákh had to promise to become a Mussulman, build a mosque at Leh and to give Kashmir the monopoly of the wool trade. Unfortunately as soon as the Moghuls had returned to Kashmir, the Mongols again descended and King Delegs had to buy *them* off next by agreeing to pay yearly tribute.

Leh, the capital of Ladákh, is situated 20 miles further up the Indus Valley. It is a town in the desert (Plate 38). The desert, however, is not a plain but a sloping valley surrounded by barren mountains, and with the green margin of cultivation stretching only just so far into the arid wastes around, as irrigation can be carried from the stream upon which the life of Leh depends. Twelve miles behind Leh, the valley is closed in by a snowy range, which is crossed by the Khardong Pass, 17,400 feet above sea-level and 6000 feet higher than Leh. This is the route to the Sháyok, Nubra valley and Yarkand. Below Leh, the valley

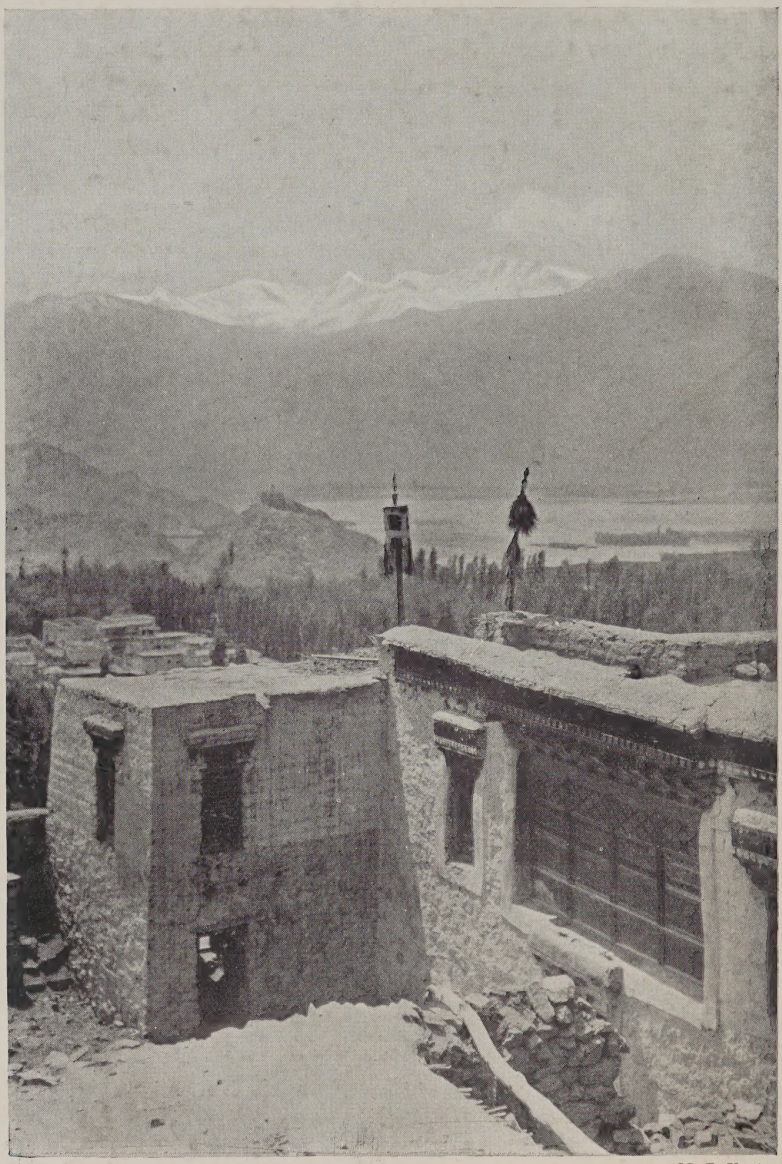

Photo by] [*R. E. Shorter.*

37. VIEW FROM THE PALACE, LEH.

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opens out into a fan-shaped expanse of desert extending down four and a half miles to the Indus River. Owing to the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere the distance looks much less. Close to the river there is an isolated rocky hill the upper part of which is terraced with the white buildings of the monastery of Spittag. This, which was built by King Lde under the influence of Tsongkapa, was the first of the reformed monasteries. Later on others of the same sect were founded by subsequent kings. One of these, Trigtse Monastery, 12 miles further up the Indus Valley, is placed in a very commanding situation on the top of a rocky peak (Plate 39).

The view from Leh across the Indus is magnificent (Plate 37). In the distance, but looking quite near, is a line of snows culminating in a peak over 20,000 feet in height. The prevailing colour of the numerous ridges below snow level is light red. In the early morning and at sunset the play of colours is sublime: the mountains glow with shades of orange and crimson, while their shadows are often a pure liquid violet. Spittag, with its picturesque monastery, the walls of which catch up the sunlight, the village nestling in verdure, and the broad stretch of desert in the foreground and middle distance flanked by rocky heights, combine to form a picture never to be forgotten. The atmosphere of the valley is remarkably clear and transparent, and the heat of the sun very great. There is generally a difference of more than 60° between the reading of the exposed sun thermometer *in vacuo*, and the air temperature in the shade, and this difference has occasionally exceeded 90°. Dr Cayley succeeded in making water boil by simply exposing it to the sun in a small bottle blackened on the outside, and shielded from the air by inserting it in a larger phial of transparent glass. Owing to the diminished pressure of the atmosphere at the elevation of Leh, this would, however, take place at 191° or 192°, or about 20° below the normal boiling-point at the sea-level. The average rainfall is only

three inches a year. Leh itself is a remarkable town, and is the meeting-place of Aryan and Mongol, the western centre of Lámaism and an important mart for Central Asian trade in wool, tea and Indian hemp. Here may be met traders from many remote districts, and the streets are full of picturesque figures. Leh is a town of flat-topped, terraced houses built of sun-dried bricks. There is one broad street with a line of poplars and quaint two-storied houses, in the shops of which all sorts of bright-coloured garments and other goods are exposed for sale. This street is also used for polo, and exciting games are played by enthusiastic Tibetans mounted on the small active country ponies. The main street is entered at the south end by a large gateway. At the other end is the steep slope of a rocky ridge with terraced houses and a very large chorten with a white dome and red spire. Crowning the whole and high above the town is the most conspicuous building of Leh—the palace. This is nine stories high. It is said to have taken three years to build, and was constructed by King Senggenamgal early in the seventeenth century (Plate 38).

On top of the hill behind the palace there is a red monastery containing a colossal image of Matreiya, 25 feet high, the head of which projects above the floor of the second story. This was erected by King Lde.

Leh was invaded by the Dogras under Zoráwar in 1835. The following winter the Ladákhis revolted and attempted to throw off the Dogra yoke. This led to another invasion by Zoráwar, and the King of Ladákh, whose name was Tsepal, was deposed and sent to live at Stog, a village on the other side of the Indus. Zoráwar built the present fort, and put in a garrison of 300 men. He then left the country after sacking the king's treasure house.

Once more in the winter of 1840-41 the Ladákhis rose in rebellion. This was quickly subdued by Zoráwar. In the following year, however, this redoubtable general lost his life in a campaign against Central Tibet. For the

38. LEH, A TOWN IN THE DESERT.

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Tibetans found a valuable ally in the intense cold. The armies met on a plateau 15,000 feet above sea-level not far from Gartok. The Dogras had already suffered severely from the snow. The fight lasted for three days. The Tibetans then made a charge and a horseman speared Zoráwar, who had already received a bullet wound in the right shoulder. Thus perished a gallant soldier, who had served his master, Goláb Singh, well, and made his name to be feared throughout the whole of Western Tibet.

Goláb Singh did not accept this reverse as final. A fresh and well-equipped army was sent up to Leh, and from there it marched to Drangtse, near the western end of the Pangong Lake, and after damming up the stream so as to flood the Tibetans out of their entrenchments the Dogras delivered their attack and completely routed the Tibetans, capturing their leader, whom they promptly executed. Having thus vindicated their authority, the Dogras then made peace, taking Ladákh as the spoils of war and once more finally allotting to the king the village of Stog and its petty revenue.

In Leh there is now a British political officer, who is on the staff of the Kashmir Residency. The administration is carried on by a Governor appointed by the Maharajah of Kashmir, who is grandson of Goláb Singh.

Since 1875 the Moravians have had a Mission Station here. They have had a succession of earnest and capable missionaries. The Rev. F. Redslob, the founder, was much liked by the people, and exerted a great influence for good. The Mission Hospital attracts large numbers of sick people, and is much appreciated. Typhus fever often breaks out in epidemic form in Leh and the villages around, and causes terrible mortality. Both Mr Redslob and Dr Marx, the Mission doctor, lost their lives from this disease in 1891; and in 1907 Dr Ernest Shawe, who had succeeded Dr Marx and had been attending large numbers of typhus patients, also

died of typhus. The whole history of the Moravian Mission in Ladákh is one of noble self-sacrifice and devotion, for the climate is most unsuited for the prolonged residence of Europeans owing to the extreme altitude. Nevertheless, the work has been steadily carried on by Mr Weber, then by Mr Ribbach, and at the present time by Messrs Peter, Schmidt and Reichel. There is now a small community of Tibetan Christians.

About a mile above Leh there is an immense chorten, the largest in Ladákh. This was erected by King Lde. Close to this the Moravian Missionaries, who were carrying on excavations, found a large grave with many ancient skeletons and painted clay-pots apparently dating from the time of the Dards. This chorten was perhaps built to antagonize the spirits of the old Dards, which were supposed to bring death and disaster.

A few miles beyond Leh, in the Indus Valley, is the large village of Sheh. Immediately outside Leh, on the road to Sheh, there is a very long mani wall nearly half a mile in length with high chortens at each end. This was constructed by King Deldan in the first half of the seventeenth century. A very large chorten at Sheh, five stories high, was also erected by the same king. On the rocks at Sheh, just where the path from Leh reaches the Indus, there is a remarkable image of Matreiya, about 30 feet high, which is thought to have been sculptured by order of King Nyima Gon about 975 A.D. There is also an inscription showing that at that time the Buddhist religion was fairly established in Western Tibet. It was not until the fourteenth century that Lhassa became the religious centre for Western Tibet also. From that time the Bon religion disappeared, but the Buddhism of Tibet became less Indian.

Buddhism was first introduced into Central Tibet about 400 A.D. Rather more than two centuries later, this religion began to spread rapidly owing largely to the influence of King Shrong Tsan Sgampo, who was a zealous proselyte.

39. A TYPICAL MONASTERY, TRIGTSE.
(With chortens to the left, and the village at the foot of the hill.)

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But for another two centuries there was an acute struggle between it and the Bon Chos.

The chief emigration of Buddhism from the Kashmir side is believed to have taken place between A.D. 600 and 1000, and to have been then due to a general decay of Buddhism in the valley of Kashmir which resulted in the impoverishment of the monks and impelled them to move eastward.

Rather an absurd episode occurred as I was entering Sheh. I was riding a local pony. These little beasts sometimes strongly object to umbrellas. And I was carrying one, as the sun was intensely hot. For some miles all went on well. But when nearing my destination, I turned round to see whether the baggage ponies were in sight. In doing so my umbrella must have moved forward a little. The pony at once bolted and charged straight into the coolie who was carrying my tiffin basket. And we all fell in a heap together. No one was hurt, but the injured expression on the coolie's face was most amusing.

The monastery of Hémis, which is situated about 20 miles further up the Indus Valley, is nearly 12,000 feet above the sea-level. It is especially famous on account of the great religious masquerade which is held there every summer. There are about 300 Lámas in the monastery, which is really quite a settlement. Hundreds of spectators are drawn from Leh and scattered villages far and near. Many of the women appear in richly-coloured silk dresses, and on the appointed days it is a strange sight to see the crowds of pilgrims making their way up the desolate and barren desert slopes to the scene of the dance.

The Láma Devil Dance at Hémis

The object of this dance is probably chiefly to illustrate the struggle of the demons for the soul of man, and the value of priestly intercession. It is performed in a large court-

yard surrounded on three sides by verandahs (Plate 40). On the fourth side a colossal banner, with a representation of the founder of the monastery, was hung. This is only exhibited once in twelve years. The following is an account of the day's dance at which I was present. It will be seen that it was somewhat monotonous, although quite unique, and remarkably interesting. Every available space, whether window, verandah or housetop, was crowded with Tibetan spectators. About 9 a.m., after a few preliminary growlings from the shawms (copper trumpets 15 feet in length), suddenly the band struck up—cymbals, shawms, clarionets and drums forming the orchestra. The players were red-robed monks with dragoon-shaped red cloth helmets, and they faced a broad flight of steps on the opposite side of the quadrangle. Down these steps two figures (acariyas) made their appearance, clothed in yellow-brocaded costumes with masks of cheerful aspect and red handkerchiefs over the back of their heads. In their hands each had a stick with a tuft of hair on the end. With these they kept the crowd in order, and also carried on by-play—behaving like circus clowns.

Next thirteen richly-dressed figures with black hats (rather like large stiff Tam o' Shanters) came dancing down the steps. On top of each hat there was an erection about 10 inches in height with a tiny model of a skull in the centre. Each dancer had a handkerchief tied over his mouth, a piece of skull in his hand, and a life-size picture of a skull suspended in front of his rich robes. These black-hatted devil dancers proceeded to hop round in a circle—revolving from right to left and left to right alternately on each leg to an accompaniment of quiet singing and measured beating of drums and subdued clash of cymbals by the band. Two Lámas now came forward and gave a little brush of twigs to each dancer, and then placed a small image on the ground and a pan of live charcoal. A Láma remained standing by this, holding a bunch of peacocks' feathers in his hand. The black-hatted ones now danced round slowly, waving coloured silk rags

Photo by] *[R. E. Shorter.*

40. THE LÁMA DEVIL DANCE AT HÉMIS.

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round their brushes. Quiet singing by the Lámas was continued. Then clarionets sounded from the top of the steps, and the dancers slowly went off in that direction.

After this there was a pause of five minutes, during which a steady, low, measured beating of drums and cymbals was carried on. Then the clarionets sounded out and sixteen figures trooped on, clothed in rich costumes of Chinese brocade—some blue, others red, green and yellow. They had flat brazen masks, tall caps, and each held in his left hand a small bell and brass sceptre (dorje), and in the right a tiny double drum (daru). The leader's drum was white, all the rest were green. The band sings, the dancers step to right and left, close in, form a smaller circle, rattle their drums and bells, and after measured chanting they caper round. Two trumpets are now blown on the steps and they run off two by two. More quiet singing is carried on by the band. It is now half-past ten. Then there is a pause, only broken by low drumming and occasional reinforcement by cymbals and clarionet. The abbot of the monastery now rings his bell, and while the band plays loudly he sprinkles his desk and seat with holy water. Another Láma sprinkles the ground in front of the shrine. Then all the musicians respectfully stand at attention as a procession of sixteen unmasked mitred Lámas enter. Each of these carries a little bell, a sceptre and a tiny double drum. And each has his mouth tied up with a handkerchief. They are attended by acolytes in yellow aprons. Following them come several figures with very large yellow, red, black and green masks and rich robes—the Founder of the Monastery with attendant spirits good and evil. Over the Founder a large umbrella-like canopy is carried. These sit in a row against the east side of the quadrangle. The Lámas sing and continuous drumming goes on.

Suddenly high piercing, weird whistling was heard and a troop of demons with flags on their heads trooped in, scampered round and ran off again. The Lámas continued

their singing. The two acariyas again began to carry on by-play. Then four young drummers, unmasked, with crown-like head-dresses, came in, and facing the Founder and his attendant spirits proceeded to make a curious humming noise while one beat his drum and the others pretended to do the same. This went on for a long time and then the drummers marched off. Next a blue-faced spirit began to dance, holding a sceptre in the right hand and a bell in the left. A benevolent white-faced spirit now came out and danced. Then the Founder, with a little drum in his right hand and a brass box in the left, and dressed in a white silk-flowered gown, did the same. After this a red-faced spirit danced, holding a little drum in the right and a large spoon in the left hand. Next an orange-faced demon, with a spear and flag and metal spoon in his hand, executed a dance. The band continued playing. Then a blue-haired devil dancer with yellow robes pranced about. Next a blue-faced tusked demon came out and danced. He was shortly joined by two equally hideous attendants who danced in step with him. Then a black-haired, black-faced figure took his turn and was joined by two equally horrible attendants. After this the sixteen mitred Lámas who had been sitting in the centre of the court paid their homage to the Founder and sang softly without accompaniment. The clarionets now sounded on the steps and the whole of the dancers and mitred Lámas marched off to the sound of drums, shawms, clarionets and cymbals. After a great noise from these, sudden silence supervened.

It was now about 12.30, and there was an interval of an hour, during which some Lámas and some also of the spectators prostrated themselves before the colossal picture of the Founder. Occasionally, too, the shawms were blown.

At 1.30 a black-faced demon entered with a representation of a skull, life-size, hanging in front of him, and holding a red-and-black flag in his right hand. Then a row of ten hideous demons, horned or black-hatted, with little skulls on the crown, came into the arena. These wore long capes of

many colours. One held a naked sword, a second the model of a human heart, another a sickle, a fourth a hammer. Others held spears, chains and models of human viscera. These were to represent the devils who struggle for the human soul. Two ape-like figures with gaping mouths now rushed on and joined in. The Lámas continued to chant and the drums to beat. Finally the demon figures went off, two by two, to the sound of shawms and cymbals. After a short burst of music, an offering in a brass vessel was made to the shrine by a Láma, who prostrated himself. A mat was now deposited in the courtyard with a tiger skin in the centre. A procession of the abbot and attendant Lámas approached this. The abbot, clothed in a yellow cloak, held a silver cup; one Láma by his side carried a ewer and another a plate. Standing on the mat, amidst soft singing and chanting, the abbot rings a little bell in his left hand and, his head being bare, thrice fills the cup from the ewer and pours the fluid out on to the ground. He then puts on his hat and places a banner on the floor. Then a weird and shrill whistling arises and four death's-head maskers, clothed in white, rush in and dance near the banner. One of these holds a small skull in his hand and a stick with a blue flag. A violet cloth containing a model of a human figure is now placed on the banner on the ground by a Láma. The death's-head maskers go round and round this their victim, make signs over it, and then run off two on each side. Drumming and beating of cymbals goes on, and then a yellow-faced and hideous demon enters, a second with a red face, a third green, and a fourth white. One has a sickle, another a chain, a third a rope. These dance round and round and go off to the sound of the clarionets. Drumming goes on. Then a procession of Lámas enters—two with censers, one with a ewer, two with clarionets, and a horrid red devil with white hair. The red devil has a sword which he waves as he approaches nearer and nearer. The Lámas move off, leaving him alone. But he is now joined by four more—three red-

faced and one black—with pictures of skulls hanging in front of their robes. These dance round the victim. The musicians of the band chant—the demons walk round in procession. Drums and cymbals beat. Then there is a pause and they begin again. A Láma now cuts up the image and gives a portion to each demon. Lámas chant again and the demons strike a listening attitude. Two clarionets sound on the steps and the demons troop off two by two. It is now 3.10 p.m.

After a pause of about ten minutes a red demon enters, followed by others, red, yellow, green and white, each with a death's-head on his breast and four of them crowned with skulls. These dance round and Lámas sing. They continue dancing, and finally a Láma distributes portions of the image to them and then carries off the mat, figure and banner.

A yellow demon with a white flag on his head beats a drum on the top of the steps. He is joined by figures dressed up as yellow tigers and with flags and small skulls on their heads and bells round their waists. These ran about wildly, went off and came on again. They then formed themselves into two rows of five each, facing each other. While one of them beat a drum the others pretended to do so—beating time with their drum sticks but not touching the drums. They advanced and retreated and crossed over from side to side. This went on monotonously for a long time. After about half an hour the whole ten struck their drums loudly and with a steady rhythm of one long and three short strokes for about twenty minutes. The Lámas chanted and suddenly the demons howled and ran round the arena. Trumpets were blown and then a silence supervened. It was now 4 p.m. and all was finished.

Tibet is one of the countries the door of which is still closed to evangelistic effort. It was hoped that the result of the recent expedition would have been to open it not only to trade but to Christianity. So far those hopes have not

been fulfilled, and the British Government is very averse to any travellers entering the country.

It is greatly to be regretted that in spite of the expenditure of life and treasure, Chinese Tibet is more closed than it was before the war. This is characteristic of the unfortunate methods of British policy. The recent invasion of Tibet by China will seriously alter the political equilibrium of Central Asia and cannot fail to affect India. It seems probable that what has been refused by Britain may be granted by China, and that in future the best route to Chinese Tibet and Lhassa will be through China, and that missionary effort may be directed from that side with greater hopes of success than in time past.

Meanwhile there is plenty of work to be done in Western Tibet and on the borders. And there are points of contact, and influence is being brought to bear upon the people. For many years the Moravians have been carrying on a quiet work among Tibetan-speaking people to the south and west. And there are several centres with small Tibetan Christian congregations. Not long ago a Láma, touched by the kindness shown to him by the missionaries when he was ill, and impressed by a study of the Gospels which had been given to him, became a Christian. He has, I hear, exercised great influence on his former disciples in Western Tibet, and it is possible that several may ere long join the Christian congregation.

Mr Francke, who formerly worked in Khalatze in the upper Indus Valley, brought out a monthly newspaper in Tibetan. The circulation was small so far as the number of copies issued was concerned; but each copy was handed on from one to another, and the monasteries furnished not a few regular readers.

On the east side on the Chinese border a quiet work is going on at Ta-Chien-lu and other places. A most interesting book, *With the Tibetans in Tent and Temple*, by Dr Susie Rijnhart, gives a graphic description of work in Tankar

and Kumbum monastery, and a record of an heroic but disastrous attempt to penetrate to Lhassa, the great centre of the Láma system, in which she lost both husband and child, the former being murdered by robbers. Although the journey was rash, we cannot but admire the zeal and self-sacrifice of these pioneers. Who can say that such lives were really lost in vain? Tibet will become open to the Christian Faith in the course of time. At present, opposition emanates mainly from the Láma priests. The monasteries are great land-holders; and so the weight of wealth, the influence of priestcraft, and the traditions of a religion which has existed many centuries, combine to form a citadel which will require very much more extensive effort than is now being put forth, before it shows signs of capitulation.

The Kashmir Mission of the C.M.S. occupies one of the outposts of the Church of England on the Indian Frontier. Further east are the Moravian Stations. This is the fighting line of Christianity and it is a very thin one. The battle is prolonged. There can be no doubt as to the result if the Church is only true to its trust. The results of Mission work are indeed according to our faith, not only as individuals, but also as a Church. The lack of men and means, of which we hear so much, are symptoms of want of faith, and yet how much there is to be done. India is still feebly occupied by the Church, and Central Asia is practically untouched. Where are the men?

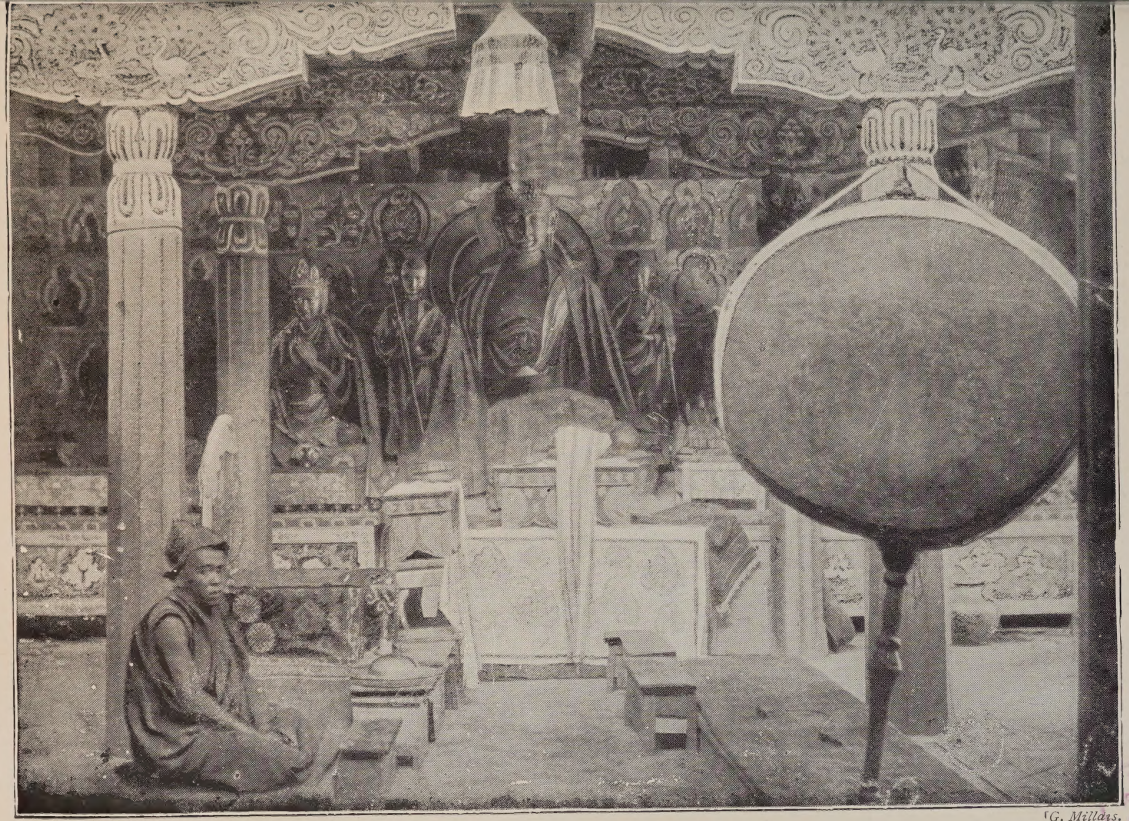

Photo by *G. Millais.*

41. INTERIOR OF CHAPEL IN BUDDHIST MONASTERY.

To face p. 202.

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CHAPTER XV

SKARDO AND THE MUSTAGH RANGE

The Indus Valley—Skardo Plain—War with Ladákh—Invasion by Zoráwar—Barbarous Punishment—An Outpost of Christianity—Shigar Valley—Younghusband's Passage of the Mustagh—The Nushik Pass—The Duc d'Abruzzi's Record Climb.

Below Khalatze the Indus Valley becomes narrower and more desolate. It may almost be compared to an immense stone quarry, so desolate is it. Often for several miles at a time not a tree will be seen nor a scrap of verdure. The track is a mere bridle path. It leads sometimes through deep white sand, the glare from which is almost as great as from fresh snow. At other times it winds in and out among boulders and blocks of stone varying in size from mere pebbles to immense masses, thousands of cubic feet in size. These rocks are mostly of a rich brown madder colour and with a highly polished surface, the result apparently of the chemical action of the river water and subsequent exposure to sun. In the afternoon there is a periodic high wind down the valley, the cool air of the table-lands beyond Leh flowing down into the Indus Valley, which by midday is usually very hot. The action of fine particles of sand agitated by this wind may have contributed to produce the varnish-like glaze which the boulders present. For some hundreds of feet above the stream the rocks are rounded and water-worn; but those low down are of the richest colour. A scratch with a sharp instrument at once shows that this is only a veneer, all except the surface being light grey or buff. Such stones make a very effective ground for inscriptions.

This the Buddhist inhabitants have discovered, and so ever and anon we pass rocks decorated with rude figures or letters—a rough drawing of an ibex, the outline of a Buddhist monument (chorten), or the sacred sentence, "Om máne padme hon." Inscriptions which are known to be more than two thousand years old still look very pale, which shows that the deep red-brown colour of the stones must have taken a very long time to be produced (Plate 35).

The scale of mountain scenery is enormous. On either side the barren but rich-coloured cliffs and peaks tower up to heights of five thousand to eight thousand feet, while the level of the valley is itself from eight thousand to ten thousand feet above the sea-level. In many places the width is hardly more than a bow-shot! The river, grey in colour, is laden with silt, which gives the surface, in the quieter pools, the appearance of watered silk. For the most part the current is rapid. In some places the river is a foaming torrent. In others there are stretches of smoother water, but with eddies and swirls which bear witness to its recent struggles.

During the daytime the sun beats down into the Indus Valley with pitiless vigour. The heat is intense and the light dazzling—both being accentuated by refraction. My friend Geoffroy Millais and I shall not soon forget a twenty-five-mile march we made in this valley furnace!

Occasionally, however, an oasis is found, a little village consisting of a few lines of poplar trees, some small green patches of cultivation, and flat-roofed houses which are grouped around a stream of pure water. This comes down from the mountains, and enables the inhabitants, with the aid of irrigation, to raise scanty crops of barley or buckwheat.

Below its junction with the Shayok River the breadth of the Indus is considerable. About a mile above Skardo there is a ferry. The current here is very rapid. The boat is a capacious old tub, roughly held together by iron clamps. In this our tents, medicines and other baggage are shipped.

Photo by] [*G. W. Tyndale-Biscoe.*

42. SKARDO. ANCIENT FORT AND BALTIS.
(Playing polo.)

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Such boats are few and far between, and the crossing has often to be effected on a raft of inflated sheepskins (*see* Frontispiece). Behind the cliffs across the river on the left lies the valley of Shigar. The Indus emerges from a deep gorge to the right. The valley itself is occupied by the river and the rounded boulders which form its bed. All else is a desert of fine white sand-drift.

Close by, the Shayok and Shigar rivers join the Indus. Owing to its breadth the Shayok appears larger than the Indus. It has been calculated that the two together discharge more than 250,000 gallons per second.

The valley of Skardo is situated to the west of the point at which the rivers meet. The outstanding feature of Skardo is a high rocky ridge, crowned by the ruins of a castle (Plate 42). Round the base of this, on the east side, the broad and rapid Indus sweeps with a great curve. The town itself consists really of scattered groups of houses with groves of apricots, and a Dogra fort, a simple square enclosure with high walls, on a rocky eminence, and with circular towers at the four corners.

The plain of Skardo is about 5 miles broad and 20 miles long. The traveller is struck by the clearness and dryness of the atmosphere and the intensity of the sunlight. All around are steep mountain walls backed up by snow peaks. Although these mountains have little colour of their own, they are wonderfully beautiful, with a peculiar glow imparted to them by the sun. Even in the daytime there is a suggestion of pink in their colour and the shadows are mauve or pure cobalt. But when the evening begins, the slopes and precipices gradually become redder and redder. Their outlines stand out with remarkable clearness against a cloudless sky, and deep violet shadows occupy every rift and gorge. At the west end of the valley the mountains again close in on the Indus, which, reinforced by the Shayok, is now a mighty river descending in foaming rapids intensified by the rocky cliffs between which it is pent.

Owing to the remoteness and inaccessibility of their country the Baltis have enjoyed a wonderful immunity from war.

In the eighth century, when Kashmir had been subdued by China and compelled to pay annual tribute, the people of Baltistan offered serious resistance. Several expeditions were made against them. Some of these were organized by the Kashmir rulers, ostensibly on behalf of China, but in reality often they were raids with the sole object of plunder. The terms Great and Little Poliu, employed in the Chinese annals, would appear to correspond to the Great and Little Tibet of modern geography. Little Poliu was the Chinese name for Baltistan. Francke[1] considers it probable that in the tenth century Baltistan was subdued by King Nyima Gon.

In those days the Baltis were Buddhists, as is proved by numerous rock inscriptions. One of the greatest epochs of Baltistan was the introduction of Mohammedanism. According to Cunningham, this occurred about the beginning of the fifteenth century, and was part of the great wave of Mussulman propaganda which had swept through Kashmir, under the auspices of Sikander the Iconoclast.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century the Ladákhis endeavoured to reconquer Baltistan, which had completely thrown off its allegiance. Ali Mir, the chief of Khapallu, commanded the Balti forces and succeeded in luring on the Ladákhis, until snow fell and blocked the passes, when the Ladákhi army had to surrender. The Baltis then took the offensive and invaded Ladákh, showing their Mohammedan religious zeal by specially singling out monasteries for destruction, and by burning Buddhist religious books.

After this, with the probable exception of constant raids and counter raids, on a small scale, Baltistan enjoyed peace until the Dogra conquest of 1841. Zoráwar, who had been

[1] *A History of Western Tibet.*

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[1] *A History of Western Tibet.*

carrying on military operations in Ladákh during the preceding years, now turned his attention to Baltistan.

The operations in Baltistan were not, however, so simple as they had been in Ladákh. The Baltis broke down all the bridges and the Dogras found themselves on the right bank of the Indus in difficult ground and short of food. A detachment of 5000 men, under Mir Nidhan Singh, which was sent to find a road, fell into an ambush and was cut up, only 400 escaping. The winter set in very cold and Zoráwar was in the utmost peril. The river was too swift for ice to form. What saved him was the construction of a bridge by a novel method. This was shown to him by the Dards, who thrust beams out into the stream till they were encrusted with ice. From these, others in turn were pushed out, until a bridge partly of ice and partly of wood was formed. On this the Dogras crossed and surprised the Baltis, inflicting heavy loss upon them. The castle of Skardo fell almost at once.

The present Dogra fort was then constructed. Zoráwar had been so troubled by repeated revolts in Ladákh, necessitating fresh expeditions, that he determined to give the Baltis a severe lesson. Having captured two Ladákhi Mussulmans named Rahim Khan and Hussein, who had both aided and abetted the Ladákhis in their last rebellion, all the population of Skardo, the vanquished army, and the Dogra troops were assembled in a large field in Skardo to witness the punishment of these offenders.

Here they found two tents. One of these was Zoráwar's and the other had been pitched for King Tsepal, the Ladákhi chief, who had been forced by Zoráwar to take part in this campaign, to keep him from intriguing behind his back.

Francke gives the following account of what happened. "Then Rahim Khan was escorted into the middle of the assembly and placed bound between the two tents. There he was told to eat a quantity of hemp because he was assured it would save him much pain." A quantity of butter was

boiled. " Then the executioner appeared and cut off Rahim Khan's right hand, his tongue, his nose and his ears, all the time making ample use of the hot butter; and having finished, he threw his victim in the middle of the crowd. After Rahim Khan, Hussein was treated in a similar way, but he was deprived only of his hand and tongue. He remained alive, whilst Rahim Khan died after two days." [1]

This cruel and barbarous treatment was more successful than it deserved to be, and henceforth peace reigned in Baltistan. The castle of Skardo was sacked, the treasure transferred to Leh, and Ahmed Shah, the Chief of Skardo, was carried off into captivity.

Shigar, which lies up a side valley, is a comparatively fertile district. Here there are walnut trees, vines and orchards of apricots.

This has been for some years the most advanced outpost of the Christian Church in this region. And till recently there was a station of the Scandinavian Alliance Mission here. The Gospel of St Matthew has been translated into the Balti dialect by Mr Gustafson and a small school and dispensary started. So far the work has been up-hill. While I was in Shigar the average daily number of patients who came to me was 150. Mr Gustafson acted as interpreter. I was much impressed by his earnestness and single-heartedness in continuing to work in this lonely and isolated district with few evident signs of encouragement.

Above Shigar the valley is most beautiful. The villages are fertile and embowered in walnut groves and apple and pear orchards. There is ample irrigation. The terraced fields yield rich crops of hay, buckwheat, beans and turnips. In the autumn the rose-bushes are covered with red berries. Wild flowers are abundant. Long-tailed black-and-white magpies are common and the hoopoo is much in evidence.

A short distance above the junction of the two chief tributaries of the Shigar River, the Bralda and Basha, there

[1] *A History of Western Tibet.*

are some white marble rocks and hot springs. This is a great resort for sick people, and in the spring a fair is held here. The temperature of the water in the tank is 108° F. The picturesque Mohammedan shrine, with its numerous flags, thrives on the offerings of the pilgrims.

The valley of the Shigar River leads up to the great mountain wall which is known as the Karakoram or Mustagh range, and which divides Chinese Turkestan from Kashmir Territory. Along the crest of this mighty chain of mountains are some of the highest mountains in the world, Haramosh, Gwasherbrum, Masherbrum and Mount Godwin Austen (K2). At the foot of the range, at the head of the Shigar valley, and extending eastwards, is the magnificent Baltoro glacier, towering above which there are four peaks over 26,000 feet high. This was the glacier which was thoroughly examined by Sir William Conway in 1892, when he did his great climb on to the Golden Throne and Pioneer Peak, the summit of which is 23,000 feet high. This is also the district near which the Bullock Workmans did their well-known climb, and through which an Anglo-Austrian-Swiss party passed a few years ago.

At the head of some of the valleys there used to be passes over the range. But for many years the glaciers have tended to advance, and, owing chiefly to snow and ice difficulties, the routes have become impracticable.

In 1887 the Mustagh Pass was crossed by Younghusband, who had traversed the great Gobi Desert from Pekin, and who, after reaching Yarkand, decided to make his way from there direct to Baltistan. He was fortunate enough to secure the services of an excellent Balti named Wali, whose home was Askole at the head of the Shigar valley. Leaving Yarkand, a few days brought them to the outlying spurs of a range north of the Mustagh which is called the Kuen-lun. Crossing this at a height of about 16,000 feet, the small party found themselves in a wild and pathless region, in which at night it was unsafe to pitch tents and it was necessary to

sleep out in the open to escape observation and the possibility of night attacks by the Kanjuti robbers who infest these regions. Following down the Yarkand River and then striking up a tributary they soon reached an altitude of 15,000 feet. It was already autumn and the cold was intense. In front was an absolute battlement of rocky peaks. But a valley opened to the left. After a succession of rises, each looking as if it might be the last, the "other side" came into view. In the words of Sir Francis Younghusband: "Before me rose tier after tier of stately mountains among the highest in the world—peaks of untainted snow, whose summits reached to heights of 25,000, 26,000, and in one supreme case 28,000 feet above sea-level. There was this wonderful array of mountain majesty set out before me across a deep rock-bound valley, and away in the distance, filling up the head of this, could be seen a vast glacier, the outpourings of the mountain masses which gave it birth."

Descending a precipice to the valley of the Oprang River and following it up, next day, at the end of their march, they found themselves quite close to K2, its cone-shaped peak (28,250 feet) appearing to be rising to an absolutely appalling height perhaps not 12 miles away. Here they camped at the edge of an immense glacier. K2 is the second highest peak in the world. Most of the high peaks of this great range are built up of granite and other crystalline rocks. And they are believed to have been forced up and elevated, passing through the layers of the earth which originally rested upon them. It is possible that even now, in spite of superficial denudation, their height may be increasing.

Next day the passage of the Mustagh Pass was commenced. "On ascending towards the Mustagh Pass my real difficulties began. Since my guides had crossed, an immense glacier had advanced, completely blocking up the valley with ice and immense boulders. For three days I dragged my ponies up this. Twice I gave it up, and ordered the ponies to go round by Ladákh, while I went on with a few men, and twice

I resumed the struggle, till I got them on to the smooth snow in the higher part of the mountain. It was terribly hard work. From daybreak till after dark I was on my legs, first exploring ahead, then returning and bringing on the party; and at the great elevation we were at, one gets very much exhausted. At night I lay on the ground in the open, warmly wrapped up in a sheepskin bag.

" On the third day of the ascent proper, I sent two men on ahead to report on the pass. They returned at night to say that the pass which used to be practicable for ponies was now quite impassable owing to ice having collected, and that the only thing now was to go by the other pass (there are two separate passes, the real Mustagh Pass and the one 10 miles to the west of it, which had once been practicable for ponies), and bring back a number of men from the upper valleys of the Skardo district to make a road for the ponies.

" The ascent was easy enough, leading over smooth snow, but we went very slowly on account of the difficulty of breathing. On reaching the summit we looked about for a way down, but there was nothing but a sheer precipice, and blocks of ice broken and tumbled about in such a way as to be quite impracticable.

" I freely confess that I myself could never have attempted the descent, and that I—an Englishman—was afraid to go first. Luckily my guides were better plucked than myself, and untying a rope round the leading man's waist, the rest of us hung on while he hewed steps across the ice slope which led down to the precipice.

" Step by step we advanced across it, all the time facing the precipice, and knowing that if we slipped (and the ice was very slippery) we should roll down the icy slope and over the precipice into eternity. Half-way across, my Ladákhi servant, whom Colonel Bell had sent back to me as a man thoroughly acquainted with Himalayan travel, turned back saying he was trembling all over and could not

face the precipice. It rather upset me seeing a hill-born man so affected; but I pretended not to care a bit, and laughed it off, *pour encourager les autres*, as the thing had to be done.

" After a time, and a very nasty time it was, we reached terra firma in the shape of a large projecting ledge of rock, and from there began the descent of the precipice. The icy slope was a perfect joke to this. We let ourselves down very gradually from any little ledge or projecting piece of rock. On getting half-way down, I heard my Ladákhi servant appealing to me from above. He had mustered up courage to cross the icy slope, and had descended the precipice for a few steps, and was now squatting on a rock salaaming profusely to me with both hands, and saying he dare not move another step, and that he would go back and take my ponies round by Ladákh. So I sent him back.

" For six hours we descended the precipice, partly rock and partly icy slope, and when I reached the bottom and looked back, it seemed impossible that any man could have come down such a place.

" For several hours after we trudged on in the moonlight over the snow, with crevasses every fifty yards or so. Often we fell in, but had no accident; and at last, late at night, we reached a dry spot, and I spread out my rugs behind a rock, while one of my men made a small fire of some dry grass and a couple of alpenstocks broken up, to cook tea by. After eating some biscuits with the tea, I rolled myself up in my sheepskin and slept as soundly as ever I did." [1]

On the third day from here the party reached Askole, and from there, following down the valley of the Bralda River, they at last emerged in the open Shigar valley.

At this point the Bralda is joined by the Basha, the two combining to form the Shigar River. At the head of the Basha valley there used to be a pass over to Hunza and Nagar. For many years this has been closed owing to

[1] Younghusband, *The Heart of a Continent.*

glacier obstacles. It was, however, in 1892 crossed by Roudebush, a member of Conway's party, and has also been climbed by the Bullock Workmans. In 1895 Dr Arthur Neve made an interesting expedition up this valley. This is a sportsman's paradise, for in all directions there is evidence of abundance of large game, ibex, red bear and leopards. The ibex may sometimes be seen quite near. Of flowers, in the autumn, white aconite is one of the most abundant. At the head of the valley is the desolate village of Arondo, under the shadow of a great glacier. The village consists of a continuous stone terrace with apertures for ventilation and egress on the roof where there are a series of wattle-huts. An avalanche might bury the village and yet every one escape uninjured.

From Arondo the route to the Nushik Pass lies up the Kiroo ravine and glacier.

The summit of the pass was reached on the fourth day from Arondo. At first there are a few birch trees on the slopes, which are clothed with forget-me-nots, gentians and geraniums with their bright crimson leaves. The route then passes over glacier and moraine and crosses some formidable crevasses. The final climb is up a snow slope due north. The view from the top was very impressive. Far down below, on the other side, was the great Hispar glacier, stretching up the valley to the east and joining the Nushik glacier on the other side of the valley. It was at this point that Conway placed his Haigatum camp. On the opposite side of the valley, and stretching away to the west beyond Hunza and Nagar, was a magnificent line of snow peaks some of them over 25,000 feet.

The top of Nushik Pass was a line of massive snow cornice. Below this there was a steep ice slope and then a rock precipice. The route between the ice-fall and the precipice is a very steep snow slope, only passable before the snow bridges over the bergschrund have been melted by the summer heat. In September the difficulties were great.

Dr Arthur Neve made a tunnel through the snow cornice. This took two hours. The party then commenced the descent of the dangerous ice slope cutting steps. One of their number slips, but is fortunately saved by the rope. Naturally there was the utmost difficulty in getting the coolies to move at all. Much time was spent in trying to find a way through the crevasses. The most formidable obstacle was a bergschrund 30 feet wide in places and from thirty to sixty feet deep. Evening was drawing near and some of the coolies had abandoned their loads, so very reluctantly the order to retreat was given, and the night was spent under the shadow of a big rock at a height of 17,200 feet.

In 1909 the Baltoro glacier was the base of the camp from which the Duke of the Abruzzi made his attack on K2. He had a large and unusually well equipped party with eight Italian guides and porters from Courmayeur. A second camp was placed as high as possible below the southern wall of K2. From this point a systematic examination was conducted, both on the east and west sides of the mountain, to ascertain if there was any point at which an ascent could be made. But the mountain presents an unbroken series of precipices overhanging glaciers. Two attempts were made. In the first, up the east-south-east ridge, an altitude of 16,000 feet was reached. Apart from the impossibility of carrying even the lightest camp equipment, this route had to be abandoned owing to its great danger. The Duke then tried the west side, and with considerable difficulty reached a fairly high col on the watershed. Having decided that K2 was impracticable, he now surveyed the upper basin of the Godwin Austen glacier, and climbing on to the south-eastern ridge of the Staircase Peak, he was able to examine the north side of K2 and see something of the district to the east.

About 20 miles to the south of K2 the beautiful snowy dome of Bride Peak rises to a height of over 25,000 feet.

Although the best season for climbing was already past, and owing to monsoon disturbances, there were frequent heavy falls of snow, and the peaks were enveloped in clouds, the Duke moved his camp to the lower part of the large glacier which rests on the east side of the Bride Peak and joins the south-east branch of the Upper Baltoro ice-field. From this base a small camp was pushed up with great difficulty over the séracs to the Choglisa saddle.

From this point an icy arête leads in a south-easterly direction to the summit. The Duke remained for three weeks in camp above 21,000 feet; but owing to the weather he was only able to make two attempts to climb the peak. On the second of these, on 18th July 1909, with two guides, he succeeded in reaching a height of 24,583 feet. Much of the ascent was difficult and dangerous, and very fatiguing, owing to hours of climbing in soft snow. After waiting for three hours for the clouds to rise, all hope of reaching the top had to be abandoned. In this ascent, however, the Duke of the Abruzzi reached the highest altitude hitherto attained by any climber.

CHAPTER XVI

BALTISTAN

The Shayok Valley—Khapallu—The People of Baltistan—Medical Mission Work—The Saltóro Valley—Crossing the Pass—The Siachen Glacier—Deosai Plateau—Nanga Parbat.

IMMEDIATELY behind Shigar, on the east side, there is a valley which, at the point where it joins the Shigar valley, contracts to a narrow gate-like entrance with rocky ridges on either side. This is a short cut to the Shayok valley. The path passes up over grass slopes, with here and there groups of pencil cedars. The summit of the pass, which is known as the Thalle-Lá, is 16,000 feet. The scenery here also is on an immense scale. Opposite Khapallu we had to cross the river, which is half a mile wide, on a raft constructed of inflated sheepskins, twenty or thirty in number. Resting on these is a light framework of poles. The trip across was quite exciting—the waves lapping over the edges at times. The crew most cleverly take advantage of the various different currents set up by shoals and islands (Plate 43).

On landing, we found ourselves in a highly cultivated district above the river. Terrace after terrace reaches from the water's edge up the fan-shaped slopes to a height of 1500 feet. Khapallu is one great grove of apricot trees. The fruit is dried and exported in large quantities. A certain amount of wheat is grown, but not more than enough for the population. This is a typical Balti village.

The people of Baltistan are quite different from those of both Kashmir and Ladákh. Many of them are evidently of Aryan extraction. The Dard element is commoner than in Ladákh.

There are two distinct types. One, the better class,

Photo by] *[G. W. Tyndale-Biscoe*

43. NAVIGATION IN BALTISTAN.

To face p. 216.

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includes the rajahs, their families and relations, and is decidedly handsome. Their features are Grecian, with straight noses and oval faces, usually pale, but sometimes with a little colour, the eyebrows straight or slightly arched. Many have the hair above the forehead shaved off. All of them wear the rest of their hair, which is straight and rather coarse, in long locks. The upper classes dress in white, and both men and boys are fond of decorating themselves with bright flowers, which they place in their caps or their hair. The effect is pleasing.

The ordinary peasants are more of the Mongol type. They are spare, usually short in stature, with sallow faces and long hair, which is, however, not done up in a queue but hangs in a straight fringe all round, or as curling locks on either side of the head. They are pleasant-mannered, gentle and patient. And they are very strong and can carry loads of sixty or more pounds for great distances. Many of them are enterprising and, emigrating to the Punjab, they earn a living and make their "little pile" by doing navvy work. Some of them make the pilgrimage to Mecca. When buried, their faces are turned towards Mecca.

We spent some days in Khapallu. I was fortunate in having the kind help of Mr Gustafson as interpreter. Every day great crowds of sick people came to us. In this remote district, inhabited entirely by Mohammedans, almost all of them illiterate and ignorant of their own religion, we had one of those many opportunities which are especially afforded by Medical Mission work, of setting forth to the people Christ as the Saviour of the World, and in His name carrying on among them the work of healing. Let us take a typical day. By 10.30 a.m. about 200 people had gathered. I gave a short address on "The Resurrection"—Gustafson translated and followed on. After this about 150 patients were seen, and several eye operations performed. In the afternoon another large crowd had gathered. There were some signs of opposition; a rumour had been circulated to the

effect that our teaching was evil. This had to be answered. Then Gustafson sang a hymn in the Balti dialect and spoke at length and earnestly to the large congregation which had assembled. After this another hundred patients were seen, and so the day passed.

Down in the valley immediately above Khapallu the Shayok River passes through a rocky gorge. On the other side is the entrance of the Hushe Saltóro valley. The villagers say that in olden days there used to be a pass at the head of this valley leading over to Chinese Turkestan, and that it became blocked by changes in the glaciers. At the top of the valley is the great Bilaphond glacier, which lies about 30 miles south-east of the Boltóro glacier. From K2 the Mustagh range takes a south-easterly course. Up to this point most of the glaciers are more or less at right angles to it and run from north-east to south-west. The topography of these regions has by no means been fully worked out, and there are many districts which are still *terra incognita*. In the summer of 1909, Dr Arthur Neve, Dr Longstaff and Lt. Slingsby made an expedition up the Saltóro valley and succeeded in crossing the pass.

Dr Arthur Neve describes the journey in the following passages:[1]—

"The scenery of the Saltóro valley shows upon the grandest scale the typical conditions of Baltistan. The river-bed is wide and sandy, shut in by cliffs, and at the opening of each side ravine there is a fan-shaped talus, richly cultivated and terraced, well irrigated and bearing crops of wheat or barley almost hidden by dense masses of apricot trees, with here and there walnuts or poplars. The huts are of stone, clustered thickly on any stony knoll or old moraine. The mosque is usually the only conspicuous building, and it has some carving upon all its pillars and arches, and a pyramidal roof crowned by a spire of the Kashmir

[1] *Times of India*, 8th Sept. 1909.

effect that our teaching was evil. This had to be an
Then Gustafson sang a hymn in the Balti dialect and
at length and earnestly to the large congregation wh
assembled. After this another hundred patients we
and so the day passed.

Down in the valley immediately above Khapa
Shayok River passes through a rocky gorge. On the ot
is the entrance of the Hushe Saltóro valley. The villa
that in olden days there used to be a pass at the head
valley leading over to Chinese Turkestan, and that it
blocked by changes in the glaciers. At the top of th
is the great Bilaphond glacier, which lies about 30 mile
east of the Boltóro glacier. From K2 the Mustagh
takes a south-easterly course. Up to this point mos
glaciers are more or less at right angles to it and r
north-east to south-west. The topography of these
has by no means been fully worked out, and there a
districts which are still *terra incognita*. In the sum
1909, Dr Arthur Neve, Dr Longstaff and Lt. Slingsb
an expedition up the Saltóro valley and succeeded in
the pass.

Dr Arthur Neve describes the journey in the f
passages:[1]—

"The scenery of the Saltóro valley shows u
grandest scale the typical conditions of Baltistá
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ing, and it has some carving upon all its pillars and
and a pyramidal roof crowned by a spire of the

[1] *Times of India*, 8th Sept. 1909.

style. The people seem to gather round the mosque for social purposes, and sit in the wide verandahs to gossip. Some of the huts have a light upper story of lath and plaster which they use in summer. Sheer above the village rise gigantic walls of granite to peaks 21,000 feet high. They are the steepest, smoothest precipice faces I have ever seen, and are quite inaccessible from the valley, and the sugar-loaf granite spires look as if no living creature but an eagle could hope to surmount them."

At Gouma, a village in the Upper Saltóro, the party laid in their final supplies, including a small flock of goats to supply the camp with milk. Pushing up the valley they entered the Bilaphond Nalla, " a narrow rock gorge between enormous granite walls. Looking up it, one sees the lower parts of several lateral glaciers. The local people report that these have advanced of recent years, which we found to be the case, for not only boulders but great masses of ice are falling down the slope and overwhelming the old undergrowth of rose bushes and pencil cedar. In such advancing glaciers there is no terminal moraine, for the ice advances over the débris it has deposited the previous year and buries it. One sees, too, how the ice of the snout is in horizontal layers of which the upper ones are sometimes pushed forwards and overhang. Soon the great main glacier came in sight, and we established a base camp in a lovely grassy glade among willows and rose bushes with some big rocks, and a cave in which our porters could find ample accommodation. Our Baltis knew the place well, as it is a favourite grazing ground. They say the glacier has advanced about a quarter of a mile during the last twenty years or so, and in proof they show a patch of grass and a cave once used by them, the path to which has been cut off by the advancing ice.

Ascending sometimes steeply over moraine débris, at other times threading their way through crevasses, the

expedition at last reached a somewhat flat-topped spur overlooking the séracs, and here they camped at a height of 17,000 feet.

"At the foot of the spur we discovered some ancient stone shelters. Our porters had no knowledge of their existence, and the moraine on which they were built is almost overwhelmed by the ice. The huts are roofless, and at the best can only have been about 4 feet high. But they indicate that the pass was known and used in ancient days. Perhaps in the days of Tartar invasions, the ice may have been much less, and the Baltistan chiefs may have built this as a frontier outpost."

The final ascent of 1500 feet was due north, up easy snow slopes. The party then reached a snow plateau of great extent sloping up on either side to lofty peaks of the Mustagh range. Fifteen miles further to the north stretched a lofty dazzling snowy range, evidently the Aghils.

"Once more roping, we started rapidly across the plateau, gradually descending, but it was nearly midday, and for hours the hot sun had been softening the crust, and soon we were plunging deep into the soft snow. Fortunately the crevasses were few and narrow, for we could neither see nor jump them. Longstaff was leading and probing for the cracks. Every now and then one of the porters would sink suddenly up to his armpits. We tried crawling on knees and elbows to make a better track for the porters. Slingsby was on the fourth rope bringing up at the rear. For two hours we struggled along, and great credit should be given to the laden porters, who neither grumbled nor despaired. They suggested to pitch tents and stay till the night frost made the path solid, but we were now nearing the side, and the ice was nearer the surface. At one place the crust of snow for 50 yards all round the party on the first rope subsided suddenly with a loud report. It was a relief to get on firm ice once more even though badly crevassed. Our leader lost his ice-axe down a crevasse and was slightly

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hurt in recovering it. So we stopped at the first level bit of moraine, arranging a little platform of stone on the ice. About midnight I heard the two orderlies moving about, the loud cracking sounds of the ice under their tent made them afraid, and they spent the night in the open in spite of the cold, which froze all our boots and wet garments solid. Next morning we made an early start, before the sun was up, and pushed straight down the snowfield to the very large glacier in front. I have seen the Hispar glacier and the Chogo Longma, but none that gave such an impression of size as this one."

About 25 miles to the north-west was the great peak of Gwasherbrum. Several peaks in the Aghil range appeared to be not less than 24,000 feet. And about 15 miles to the west there was a most beautiful Matterhorn-like peak.

Next day the party were compelled to retreat and recross the pass as supplies were running short. And as bad weather came on and heavy snow fell they congratulated themselves upon being on the right side of the pass. Dr Longstaff subsequently crossed a pass from the Saltóro into the Upper Shayok valley, and following up the Nubra stream, he made the interesting discovery that the large glacier to the north of the Saltóro Pass is continuous with, and part of, the Siachen glacier of the Upper Nubra valley.

The usual route from Baltistan to Kashmir is by way of Dras and the Zoji Pass. The road joins that from Ladákh near Kargyl at Channegund. A more direct route, however, is that across the Deosai plateau. This is an uninhabited table-land, 13,000 feet above sea-level. For nine months in the year it is under deep snow. During the early summer when this is melting it is absolutely impassable.

From Skardo we march down the Indus valley in a westerly direction, leaving, however, the river far away to the right. About 4 miles below Skardo a narrow gorge joins the valley on the left. This leads up steeply, sometimes

between great precipices, at others over grassy slopes dotted with pencil cedars, and finally up steep patches of snow to the top of the Burji Pass, 15,900 feet high. The view from here looking northward is one of the most magnificent in the whole of the Himalayas. Facing us is the dazzling snow line of the Mustagh range, with its gigantic peaks and domes looking more impressive than ever when thus seen from a height, and with an intervening valley. From the Burji we descend abruptly for 500 feet, and following down a valley at first over shale and then along grass-covered slopes dotted with the orange-coloured mountain poppy, we emerge on the great upland plain. The Deosai is characterized by great extremes of temperature. Even in the summer, at night, the temperature may drop some degrees below freezing-point. And yet in the daytime the heat may be considerable. There are numerous rushing streams, some of which are difficult to ford. Mosquitoes are extraordinarily abundant and voracious during the daytime. No firewood can be obtained on the plateau, which is covered with coarse grass among which are many alpine flowers. Colonies of marmots occupy burrows on the sides of the hills which enclose the plateau, and red bear are quite common.

For three days we make our way along grassy valleys and among rolling hills with green slopes which gradually lose themselves in the level expanse of the prairie. Winding dark blue lines, here and there, in the sunshine throwing bright glittering high lights of moving water, mark the distribution of the streams which are fed by the encircling snow-clad ranges.

On the fourth day we cross one of these ranges. Two mountain lakes at the foot of snowy ridges on the left, a gradual climb to the summit of the Sari Sungar Pass, an open grassy valley to be crossed, another low pass lower than the last and then a sharp descent of 1500 feet, and we find ourselves at the foot of the Burzil Pass on the road to Gilgit. We are now on a well-beaten track. Up this road and over

between great precipices, at others over grassy slopes with pencil cedars, and finally up steep patches of snow top of the Burji Pass, 15,900 feet high. The view fro looking northward is one of the most magnificent whole of the Himalayas. Facing us is the dazzling line of the Mustagh range, with its gigantic peaks and looking more impressive than ever when thus seen height, and with an intervening valley. From the B descend abruptly for 500 feet, and following down a at first over shale and then along grass-covered slopes with the orange-coloured mountain poppy, we emerge great upland plain. The Deosai is characterized by gr tremes of temperature. Even in the summer, at night, th perature may drop some degrees below freezing-point. yet in the daytime the heat may be considerable. Th numerous rushing streams, some of which are diffi ford. Mosquitoes are extraordinarily abundant and cious during the daytime. No firewood can be obtai the plateau, which is covered with coarse grass among are many alpine flowers. Colonies of marmots burrows on the sides of the hills which enclose the pl and red bear are quite common.

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the Burzil Pass above us, 13,500 feet high, the reliefs to Gilgit have to march. This was the route taken by Colonel Durand's expedition, when, in 1891-92, in a brilliant little campaign well described in *Where Three Empires Meet,* Hunza and Nagar, districts in revolt beyond Gilgit, were successfully subdued.

Six miles down the valley from the Burzil Pass on the Srinagar side we reach a grassy valley. At this point we come into telegraphic communication with India. It is a lonely isolated spot for the telegraph clerks. I met here with a curious illustration of the morbid fancies engendered by solitary life. One of the clerks had constructed a wooden coffin to be ready in case of need. In course of time he was transferred, but the coffin remained and for some years it lay in a shed adjoining the telegraph office as a grim "memento mori." Further down the valley the scenery becomes very beautiful. Eight miles below Minnimarg there is a path to the right going over to Astor on the Gilgit road by way of the Kamri Pass, from the top of which there is a most magnificent view of Nanga Parbat, 26,629 feet high. The outstanding feature of Nanga Parbat is that being somewhat isolated and projecting at a right angle to the main range, it looks its full height, and is perhaps the most imposing mountain in the world. It rises 10,000 feet above all the mountains in the immediate neighbourhood, and from one point in the Indus Valley near Gilgit a sheer height of 22,000 feet can be seen at a distance of about 30 miles. It was on this mountain that the intrepid Mummery lost his life. He and two Gurkha guides were attempting the passage of one of the outlying ridges. They failed to reach the other side. Heavy snow fell. A search expedition could find no trace of them. It seems probable that they may have perished in an avalanche.

Gurais is a beautiful valley, with flowery meadows, about 15 miles below the Kamri Pass. It is surrounded by steep slopes rising to a height of 14,000 feet. In some

places these are bare and precipitous, in others they are clad with firs and pines. This is a favourite resort of Europeans. Nearly every summer there are a few European camps here. Owing to the way in which the valley is enclosed it is not quite so bracing as might be expected from its height, which is nearly 8000 feet. We are now comparatively near to the valley of Kashmir. Passing down a wooded gorge for a few miles we cross the Rajdiangan Pass, 11,800 feet high. The view from the top is very grand. Lying at our feet is the great Wular Lake, with behind it the long white line of the Pir Panjal range. Turning to the left we look right on to the snow-fields of Mount Haramouk, which is quite near. A thousand feet below us is the top of the Tragbal ridge, a flowery alp, surrounded by spruces and pines.

From the summit of the pass there is a very fine view of Nanga Parbat, if it is not, as is often the case, obscured by clouds.

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CHAPTER XVII

NEIGHBOURHOOD OF SRINAGAR

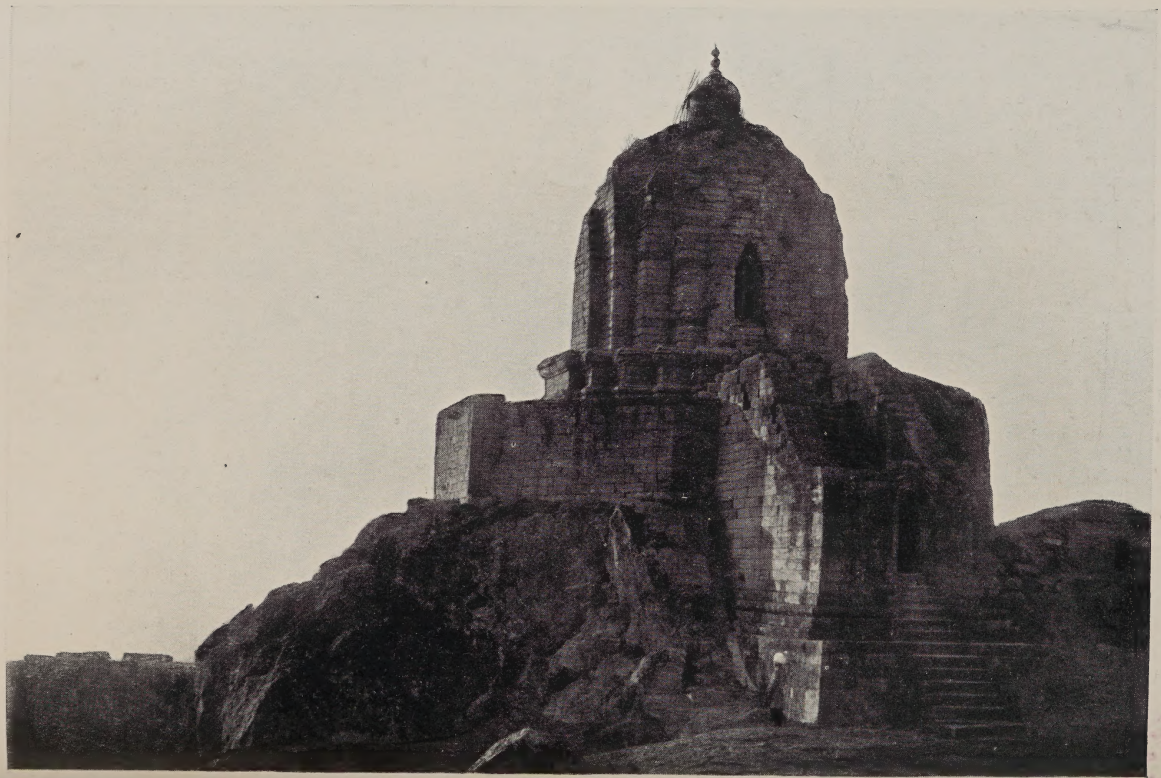
The Takht-i-Suleiman—Hari Parbat Fort—Shankarachara Temple—A Magnificent View—Pandretthan Temple—Perimahal Monastery—Mahadeo Peak—Moghul Gardens—Hazrat Bal—Juma Mosque—British Residents.

NEAR the centre of the valley of Kashmir, but on the north-eastern side, there are two outstanding hills. One of these, the Takht-i-Suleiman (called by the Hindus Shankarachara), is of pyramidal shape, with long ridges running respectively west, north-west and east. The last joins it to the Zabrwan range. These ridges converge to form, 1000 feet above the valley level, a rocky point which is crowned by an ancient temple. The other hill, 2 miles to the west, although much lower, is almost equally conspicuous, because it is completely isolated from the main range and stands up out of low-lying and marshy ground. Round the top are the lofty battlements of a fort constructed by the Pathán, Atta Mohammed Khan, in the eighteenth century. The whole hill is known as the Hari Parbat. Its lower slopes are covered with almond trees. And high up on the south side are the picturesque galleries and spires of the famous Hazrat Makhdum Sahib shrine. Round the foot of the hill—a girdle of 3 miles—is the lofty old bastioned wall, which was constructed by the first of the Moghuls who selected this as the site of his city Nagar. This wall is pierced by fine old gateways with double saracenic arches flanked by towers. The south gate bears an inscription, recording that the fort was constructed by the Emperor Akbar. Over the fine gateway which pierces the southern wall is an inscription

in Persian, the translation of which is: "The fort of Nagar Nagar was built by order of the just king, Akhbar Shah, the chief king of all the kings of the world, high is his honour. (God is the greatest.) No king in the world has been like him and there will not be another. He sent one crore and ten lakhs of rupees from his treasury. Two hundred preceptors of India were his servants. The building of the fort of Nagar Nagar is made by the command of God, and by the orders of His Highness Akhbar Shah, the shade of God. It was completed by the labour of Kwaja Hasan, the contemptible servant of the servants of Akhbar Shah, in the forty-fourth year of his reign and the year 1006 after the Prophet Mohammed." These two hills, the Takht-i-Suleiman and Hari Parbat, can be seen from a great distance, and they mark the position of the city of Srinagar, which lies between them on both sides of the Jhelum, but rather to the south.

The ascent of the Takht is the best introduction to the city. This is a climb of 1000 feet. For a considerable part of the way there are still steps formed by slabs of stone, the remains of an old staircase, which may have been constructed by Jaloka, the son of Asoka, two centuries before the Christian era, and probably then led up to a Buddhist temple on the summit.

The present Hindu temple is a most interesting building. It is believed to have been erected by Raja Gopaditya, who reigned from A.D. 253 to 328, and to be the oldest of the Kashmir temples. It is beautifully constructed on an octagonal plinth 30 feet high of perfectly-dressed and fitting blocks of grey limestone superimposed without mortar. Up the east side passes a broad flight of stairs, each step of which is formed by a single massive block. The staircase is spanned below by a solid wall which is carried up on either side of the steps to the top of the plinth. At the centre there is a small pointed archway, covered by a cruciform coping-stone which is prolonged down to also form the



44. SHANKARACHÁRA TEMPLE.

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key of the arch. The top of the plinth is encircled by a most ornamental parapet 4 feet high, consisting of thirteen arches to each side of the octagon, with intervening pillars carrying a solid triangular stone coping. From the centre of the plinth, on a richly-corniced raised platform nearly 6 feet high, rises the temple to a height of 20 feet. It is square, with on each face two projecting gables, the smaller enclosed by the greater, but projecting a foot and a quarter beyond it. These gables are triangular and without the trefoil arch which is to be seen in temples of later date. The entrance to the temple is on the east side. The interior is circular; and raised on a quadrangular stone platform is a magnificent cone of polished black and red serpentine forming a linga or phallic emblem. The temple was originally surmounted by a four-sided pyramidal roof of stone blocks. It must have been a most impressive building, rising to a height of 70 feet from the summit of the mountain. The roof has gone and is replaced by a dome of comparatively modern masonry, perhaps added by the tolerant Sultan Zain-ul-ab-ul-Din in the fifteenth century. With this exception, the temple is in a wonderful state of preservation, although much worn by weather. This is the more remarkable that neither in the lofty plinth nor parapets was any mortar used. The stone contains many interesting fossils, including small ammonites and other marine shells. The temple was dedicated to Jyeshteswara, a form of the god Siva (Plate 44).

Two hundred feet below, running right round the whole hill, is an ancient path used in olden days by pilgrims in their ceremonial processions round the sacred edifice on the summit. This has fallen into disuse. But worship is still carried on in the temple. And weekly, pious Hindus may be seen laboriously climbing the rocky path, which zigzags up the western slopes. On festivals it is a gay scene. Hundreds of brightly-dressed men and women stream up the long western ridge. For probably more than twenty

centuries this has been going on, only interrupted in times of savage Mohammedan persecution.

One of the prettiest rocks in Kashmir is found in great abundance on the Takht-i-Suleiman. And it has received the name Suleimanite. It consists of a dark compact trap with daisy-like crystals of quartz or felspar. Amygdaloid trap, too, is extremely common, with its circular and oval almond-shaped white crystals, studded in a matrix of dark-green or red trap.

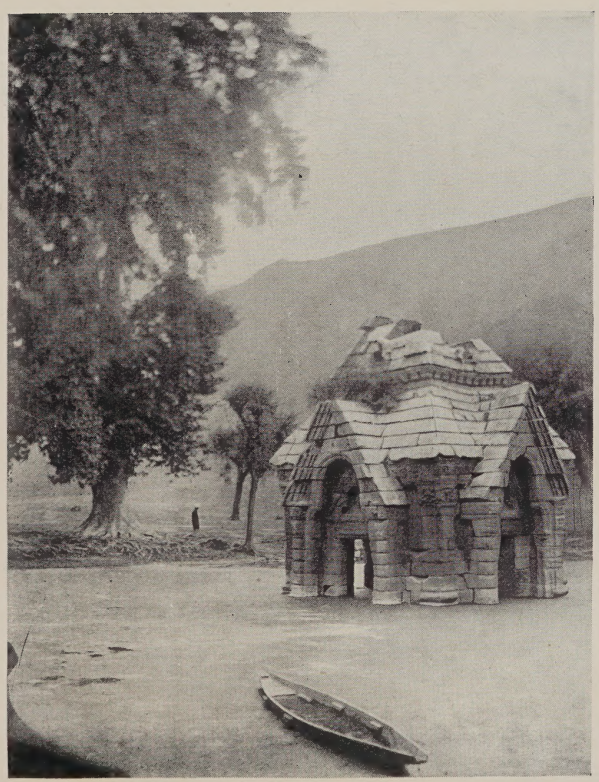
The old name of the Takht was Sandhimana Parvata. The Ladákhis say that this hill is still regarded as sacred by Buddhists. They call it Pas-Pahar.

From the temple on top there is a most magnificent prospect. Up and down the valley the winding course of the river can be traced, till it is lost in distant haze. The whole of Srinagar and its suburbs lie at our feet. The palace, the glittering pinnacles of many temples, mosques with their spires and a huddle of grass-covered roofs, show through the light blue haze of mist and smoke which hovers over the city. And all around are orchards and gardens, extending up to the marshy shores of the Dal Lake. The very large area of swampy and submerged ground around Srinagar is always notable. Stretching away towards Baramula in the west is the long aisle of poplars which marks the course of the Jhelum valley road, the route to India.

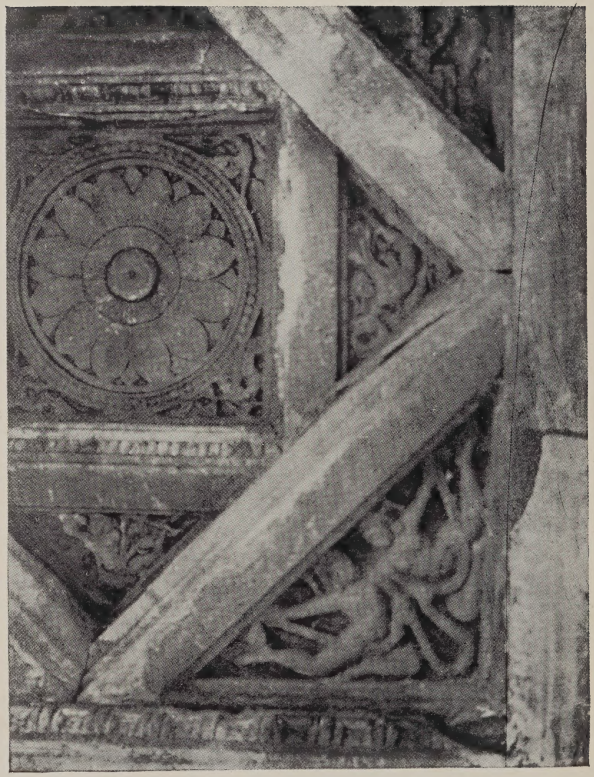
Beyond the Hari Parbat is the shallow Anchar Lake, three and a half miles long and two miles broad.

Opposite to us, looking nearer than its actual distance, is the extended line of Pir Panjal snows, sometimes clear and white against a blue sky, but more often partly hidden by piled-up masses or columns of cumulus, or in the spring and summer by dark masses of storm-driven cloud which circle round the valley to the sound of the distant roar of thunder.

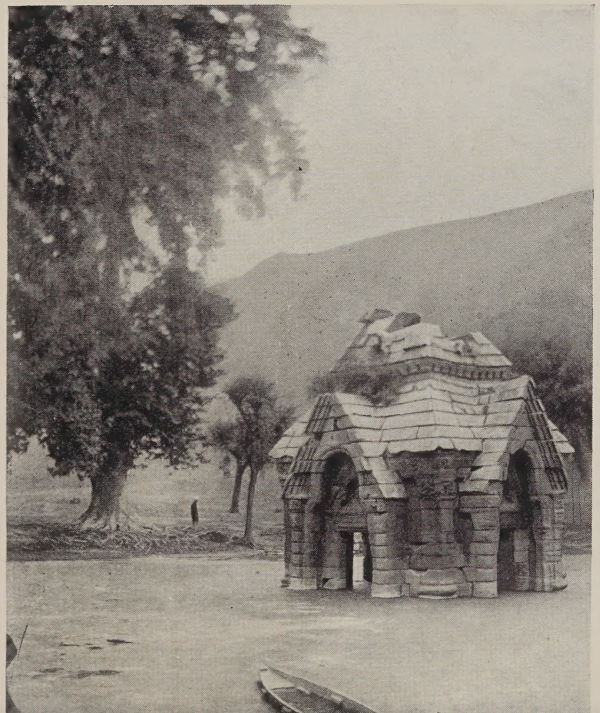
Far away to the east we see the pointed hill around which Islamabad is clustered. The broad pyramidal mountain

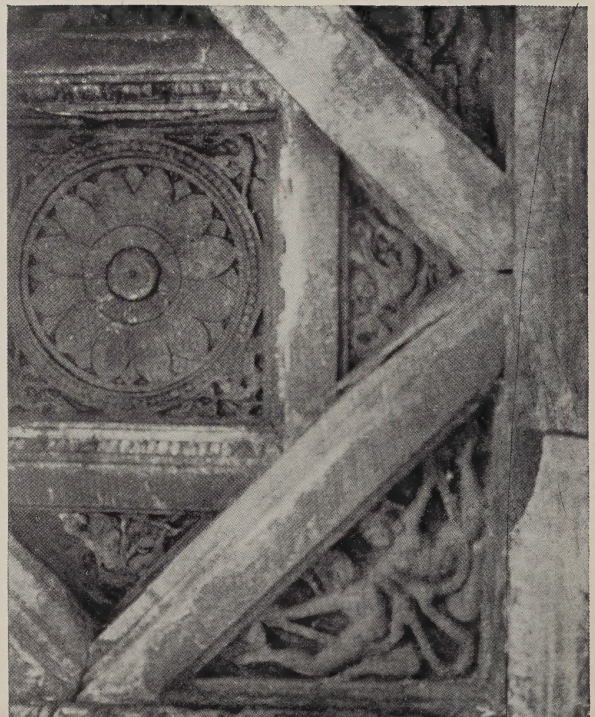


45. PANDRETTHAN TEMPLE.



46. SCULPTURED CEILING, PANDRETTHAN TEMPLE.





Westarwan, not unlike Schiehallion in form, is a prominent land-mark in the ranges to our left, but is hidden by a spur. Along the slopes of Zabrwan, all those irregularities mark the position of mounds and old walls, the only remains of the ancient city of Asoka.

Among the mass of chenar trees beyond, is the beautiful little temple of Pandretthan (Plate 45), with its pyramidal roof still standing, the interior of which contains an exquisitely sculptured ceiling of classical design (Plate 46). This temple, which in other respects is similar in style to that on the Takht and those of Payech and Boomzoo, stands in the middle of a tank about 40 yards square and with water to a depth of 2 feet. The title of the temple is Meru Vardhama Swami. Its builder was Meru, Prime Minister to King Partha, who reigned A.D. 921-931, and it was dedicated to Mahadeva.

A little further round the hill to the east of Pandretthan is an eminence upon which is what looks like an upright grey rock. This is an ancient sculpture of four figures back to back. It is worn and disintegrated by the weather, but the elbows can still be plainly seen. Apparently they formed the capital of a sixteen-sided pillar, which was probably twenty or thirty feet high.

Between this hill and the site of the old city there are other interesting remains—a mass of rock, with feet and legs as high as the knees of a colossal figure, probably a Buddhist image, and two large lingas, one of which must have been about 16 feet high.

The rocky ridge which joins the Takht to Zabrwan Mountain and over which the road passes 900 feet below us, is called the Gap. On either side you can see, on the slopes of the hill, the remains of a level platform with a central mound on which perhaps, in olden days, stood the colossal stone Hindu lingas, one of which now lies prostrate in the almond gardens below. Turning to the north, below us stretches the great expanse of the Dal Lake, with its reedy

shores and countless bays and gulfs, its strips of green field intersected by canals and its lines of floating gardens. On one of the spurs of the mountain range, which towers up to the east of the lake, is a picturesque pile of ruins—the Perimahal Monastery, the walls of which contain lines of arched recesses opening on to terraced grassy platforms, from which there is a commanding view over the lake and across the valley. The monastery was built by the Emperor Jehangir for his sons' tutor, Mullah Shah. A little further on, the hillside is terraced with vineyards above which is the pretty little Chashma Shahi garden, with a spring, the water of which is held in very high repute in Srinagar.

Four miles away, on the slope above the eastern shore of the lake, we see the gleam of a white house amid a mass of chenar trees. That is the famous Nishat Bagh, a terraced garden with lilac bushes and fountains, lines of cypresses and groves of fruit trees. Three miles beyond, at the corner of the lake, is the narrow but beautiful Shalimar Bagh, the pavilion at the upper end of which has polished black marble pillars and is surrounded by fountains. Behind the Shalimar is the Dachgám valley, a sanctuary for large game. Across the mouth is a mighty dam, constructed by Mr M. Nethersole, and behind it is the reservoir from which Srinagar derives its water supply. The stream which feeds this has been stocked with English and Norwegian trout, some of which, under Mr Frank Mitchell's fostering care, have already attained great size. Further up, the valley is full of game and is a preserve especially set apart for viceroys. If not disturbed by the noise of pitching a viceregal camp in their immediate neighbourhood, a large bag may sometimes be obtained, especially of stag and bear.

Over this valley towers the great peak of Mahadeo, rising 8000 feet above the lake, its upper slopes clothed with pink rhododendrons and its peak and shoulders mantled with snow. To the north of the lake is the bold summit of Kotwál (14,000 feet), appropriately named "The Guard" (Plate 51),

with a face of sheer precipices on the west and a dainty little snowy peak at the end of its southern arête. Further to the north-west, beyond and to the right of the dark entrance to the Sind valley, we see the eastern and middle peaks of Mount Haramouk.

On the west side of the Dal Lake is the charming Nassim Bágh. This, which was laid out by the Emperor Akbar, is like a beautiful English park, but with avenues of chenar trees instead of elms or beeches. In the soft green velvety turf, in the early summer, there are large clumps of white irises. The view of the lake from this garden is exquisite. The changing colours are those of the opal. Gentle breezes playing on different parts of the lake and constantly changing reflections of the eastern mountain range, above which soars Mount Mahadeo, give life and variety to the scene. Quite near is the pretty little Island of Chenars, and the old shrine of Hazrat Bal, one of the repositories of a sacred hair of "the Prophet." At certain seasons in the year a great fair is held here attended by thousands of worshippers. When, while exhibiting the holy relic, the priest who holds it steps forth, at the psychological moment, the people pack together and the bearer of the precious burden actually walks on their heads, while tears and sobs arise as the whole congregation is thrilled and shaken with intense emotion.

This hair was brought to Kashmir by Saiyad Abdullah in A.D. 1111, and he sold it to a merchant for one lakh of rupees. When it was first exhibited the crowd was so great that many people were crushed to death.

Again looking over the city from Takht, we see to the left of the Hari Parbat hill a group of spires rising from a building originally erected by King Zain-ul-ab-ul-Din, but thrice destroyed by fire. This is the great Jama Masjid. It holds thousands of worshippers. The cloisters, a hundred yards long, are supported by lofty pillars of cedar and enclose a pleasant square of green turf shaded by trees. To the south of the Takht, and almost at our feet, is the Euro-

pean settlement, the Church of All Saints, with its high-pitched roof and graceful steeple, the club, tennis-courts, beautiful green polo-ground and golf links, Mr Nedou's commodious hotel, and dotted along the roads the houses of official and non-official Europeans. Conspicuous among these is the Residency with its charming garden. During the past twenty-five years this house has been occupied by a succession of British Residents, among the better known of whom are Colonel Parry Nisbet, Sir David Barr, Sir Adelbert Talbot—whose period of office was marked by striking industrial developments—Sir Louis Dane, subsequently Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and Sir Francis Younghusband of Tibetan fame. The conditions under which they have worked have been very varied. Some, like Colonel Parry Nisbet, have had control at periods of rapid development and expansion, and even territorial additions, and have initiated far-reaching reforms. Others, under orders from the Administration of India, reflecting the policy of the Home Government, have marked time while the Kashmir State has been invested with fuller powers. Some have been more sympathetic, or shown more administrative ability or diplomatic skill. But all have occupied a post of responsibility and difficulty with credit to themselves and advantage to the State, and have maintained the high reputation for integrity, which is the rule in official circles in India and upon which to so large an extent the prestige of the ruling race rests. The British Resident is representative of His Majesty the King Emperor and is the chief adviser of H.H. the Maharajah. All the British officers employed in the Kashmir State are responsible to him. And he has a special staff of three Assistant Residents who have judicial powers, and one of whom resides during the summer at Leh, as British Joint-Commissioner.

Photo by] [*R. E. Shorter.*

47. THE MAR CANAL.

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CHAPTER XVIII

SRINAGAR

Population—Bridges—Palace—H.H. the Maharajah—Administration—Merchants—Silk Factory—On the River—Shah-i-Hamadán Mosque—Sikhs—Hindus—Street Life.

SRINAGAR was built about 960 A.D. Its population now is approximately 126,344. So crowded are the houses, however, that the total area of the city does not exceed six square miles, and within this space there are at least 20,000 houses, occupied by, on an average, six people each. It is not therefore surprising that the conditions of life should be extremely insanitary.

The city can be best seen by first passing down its great central highway, the river, and then traversing some of the chief streets and passing the Mar Canal. The latter is picturesque, with its overhanging buildings and rich tones of brown or light red in the woodwork, its quaint old bridges and irregular ghats (Plate 47).

The river as it passes through is about 200 feet wide. The current keeps the water comparatively fresh and clean. In its course through the city the Jhelum is spanned by seven bridges. The first of these, the Amira Kadal, or "bridge for the nobility," is just above the palace. The last bridge is the "bridge of departure," the Safr Kadal. The older of these bridges are extremely picturesque. They are entirely of wood. Immense beams, the trunks of unusually lofty cedars, are placed across the top of the piers. The latter are built of massive square trestles of deodar logs arranged in a square with the ends overlapping. The base of the pier rests on foundations of stone and piles driven in around.

The original method of placing the stones was to fill old boats with them, and to sink them at the required spot. The upper end of the pier is cantilevered in such a way as to diminish the span and the ends of the bridge are fixed down by alternate courses of stone and wood.

At one time two of the bridges had rows of shops on them, as some of those over the Mar Nalla still have (Plate 49). In some places, especially the Mar Canal, there is quite a reminiscence of Venice (Plate 47).

The palace of H.H. the Maharajah, known as the Sher Garhi, is an extensive building of a somewhat mixed style of architecture, but with an imposing façade rising from the water's edge and a pretty temple with a gilded roof. The gold and white, the coloured balconies and painted mouldings blend at a distance to form with the pale blue river and the light grey of distant mountains, a harmony of colour such as those which Turner loved to represent. In the palace there are some handsome darbar halls with painted ceilings. On the opposite side of the river is a broad flight of stone steps leading from the Basant Bagh to the river. From here in olden days a rope used to stretch to the palace, to which petitions were attached and hauled up by the palace officials for presentation to the Maharajah. The present Maharajah, Major-General Sir Pratab Singh, G.C.S.I., has reigned since 1885. Kashmir has been fortunate in having in him a ruler in sympathy with the needs of his subjects. While naturally conservative of the traditions and customs of orthodox Hinduism, he has pushed forward the cause of education, and has openly advocated its extension to females. On many occasions he has shown himself in favour of an enlightened and progressive policy (Plate 48). Deepest sympathy has been felt with His Highness in the great bereavements which he has sustained: the loss of his infant son, the heir to the throne, in 1905, and of his only surviving brother, who died in 1909. The late Rajah Sir Amar Singh was commander-in-chief and for some

Photo by] [*Clifton & Co.*

48. H.H. MAJOR-GENERAL SIR PRATÁB SINGH, G.C.S.I.,
MAHARAJAH OF JAMMU AND KASHMIR.

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years Vice-President of the State Council. His position was not an easy one. But he occupied it with conspicuous ability, and his early death was a very serious loss to the Kashmir State. His son, Prince Hari Singh, known as the Mian Sahib, is now the heir-apparent, and it is greatly hoped that he will carry on the best traditions of his distinguished family. The Government of Kashmir is comparatively simple. His Highness the Maharajah has a State Council consisting of Ministers for the chief departments—Revenue, Public Works, Home Affairs, Justice, etc. These ministers, able and distinguished men, have in turn as advisers, with executive powers, highly trained British officers lent by the Government of India. Thus there is a Settlement Commissioner, an ideal officer, Mr W. S. Talbot, who spends much of his time in the villages, personally supervising the work of the settlement; a Chief Engineer, Superintending Surgeon, Accountant-General, Conservator of Forests, and so on. The Governor of Kashmir is representative of H.H. the Maharajah and has full powers, with control over all matters relating to the collection of revenue, and he has authority over all the Tehsildars, the executive heads of the different Tehsils or districts.

There are few important public buildings in Kashmir. Above the first bridge, on the left bank, is the State Hospital, which was erected and ably organized by Dr A. Mitra, now Public Works Minister on the State Council. This hospital is excellently equipped and kept in beautiful order, and it is becoming increasingly useful. The Medical Department owes much to the administrative and professional capacity of successive Residency Surgeons, who have acted as Superintending Surgeons to the State Hospital, and among whom Colonel W. R. Edwards, C.M.G., should be specially mentioned. The present Indian Chief Medical Officer is Dr Mohun Lal. The Court of Justice opposite to the State Hospital is not an imposing building, and is hardly worthy of the able Chief Judge who presides there.

Further down on either side are the houses of the bankers, shawl merchants, silversmiths, embroiderers, and other merchants. Here may be seen beautiful specimens of Kashmir art — silver worked in delicate patterns of tracery, richly-carved walnut wood, *papier mâché* and embroidered goods of all kinds. The shawl trade, for which Kashmir used to be specially famous, has, however, to a large extent passed away. The industry received its death blow in the Franco-German War in 1870-71, after which the great demand in France ceased, and it has never really revived.

Its place has to some extent been taken by carpets, and in this branch, European firms, such as Messrs C. M. Hadow and W. Mitchell, compete successfully with local manufacturers, and put goods of excellent quality on the market.

One of the most successful of recent industrial enterprises in Kashmir is the revival of sericulture. It had been tried for many years and had failed from various causes, chief among which was the prevalence of diseased eggs. The industry was reorganized by the late Mr C. B. Walton, and his skill and experience changed the whole aspect of affairs and made it a brilliant success. Mr H. D. Douglas is now the capable director of the State silk factory, the largest in the world, with Mr M. MacNamara as second in command and an excellent staff of young Englishmen with more than 3300 employés. Last year over 260,000 lbs. of silk were produced. This is sold as yarn in Europe at an average of 16s. per lb. Some silk-weaving has been also done in the factory, but so far on a very small scale.

Up and down the river, boats are constantly plying. Many of these are small and, paddled by a crew of four smart men, they dash along with their one or two passengers. Occasionally we may see some notable person in a long boat with a central platform and red canopy and a numerous and brightly-attired crew, all paddling in good time—a pretty sight and in keeping with the surroundings. Presently an omnibus-boat passes us laden

Photo by] [*G. W. Millais.*

49. BRIDGE OVER THE MAR NALLA.

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with passengers and deep in the water. Or a large house-boat, of European pattern, with windows and upper-deck, comes steadily down-stream, carefully steered by men with large paddles and long punting poles.

The banks in many places are lined with great barge-like boats laden with stones, earth, hay, rice and many other cargoes. Where there is space on the sandy shore, lines of logs are moored and sawyers are busily at work with their double hand-saw, one standing on the beam, which is tilted up at an angle, and the other beneath.

Many of the houses which line the banks are built on stone foundations, among which are numerous carved fragments from demolished temples. In places, these walls are pierced by doorways leading to the water's edge. Above are balconies built out and resting on timber pillars or brackets. Some have windows of lattice work, beautifully pieced together. Here and there between the houses are alleys or lanes which open on to the river. And at such places there are often broad flights of rough stone steps. Here the scene is one of animation. At one corner a woman is seated washing clothes. The article is placed on a smooth stone and beaten with a short truncheon. The professional washermen swing the clothes against a stone. But owing to the splashing of dirty water, this is only permitted at certain appointed places. Another method is to tread the clothes in a line of basins hollowed out of a wooden log, the washermen holding meanwhile on to a railing.

Other women may be seen scouring their brass cooking-pots or filling large red globular earthen water-pots, and carrying them off on their heads. Here, too, there is colour, as the Hindu women often wear bright red, orange, violet and green pherans.

All around is the din of voices, for Kashmiris cannot work without making noise. Some, too, are quarrelling. The boatwomen, if roused, are most quarrelsome and vindictive. They will hurl abuse and vituperation at each other until

they are absolutely hoarse with screaming. Not unfrequently a quarrel is then deliberately adjourned till the next day. Sometimes one of them ostentatiously inverts a rice basket. The next day, when it is turned up, the quarrel is recommenced and soon works up to the utmost pitch of intensity, only dying out as both sides become voiceless.

Close by, a gang of coolies is unshipping a cargo to the accompaniment of an antiphonal chant. Now, on our left, we see, standing well back from the water's edge, and approached by a broad impressive flight of steps, the simple form of a stately Hindu temple, with its lofty conical roof covered with silvery plates of shining metal and prolonged into a graceful, gilded pinnacle (Plate 50).

Further on we pass, on the right bank of the river, one of the most striking objects in the city, the Shah-i-Hamadán Mosque, which ranks after Hazrat Bal as the most sacred Mohammedan building in Kashmir. It is a massive square building, chiefly of timber, with carved eaves and balconies, tiers of grass and flower covered roof, and a very graceful central steeple, open below, and with four gables to it, and the spire carrying on its point a glittering crescent and golden ball (Plate 51).

Of the mosques, the Shah-i-Hamadán is the most important. It is the memorial of Mir Sayid Ali of Hamadán, who, in the days of the Kashmir Sultans, toward the end of the fourteenth century, exerted powerful influence in Kashmir. Indeed the forcible conversion of Kashmir to Mohammedanism is ascribed to his efforts, and those of his follower and successor, Mohammed Khan Hamadáni, who was associated with Sikander the Iconoclast in the great persecution which almost stamped out the Hindus. And further down on the right bank is a fine old grey stone mosque with a domed roof. This was built by the great Queen, Nur Mahal. It is now partly ruined and wholly picturesque. For many years it has been used as a granary; for the Mohammedans, despising the sex of the foundress, refuse to worship in it.

Photo by] [*R. E. Shorter.*

50. ON THE RIVER, SRINAGAR.

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The chief streets in Srinagar run parallel with the river on both sides. In the daytime they are crowded with a dense throng of pedestrians. We notice the number of Hindus with their foreheads and ears painted with red and yellow caste marks.

Here and there one or two Sikhs may be seen. The existence of the Sikh religion in Kashmir dates back at least to the time of the Moghuls. And both in the time of the Pathán rulers, and also when Ranjit Singh's force invaded Kashmir, it is said that the number of Sikhs was augmented. But the community is still quite small. Pursuing our way in the bazaar we notice many groups of school children carrying black wooden boards instead of slates. Most of them are Hindus.

When the Mussulman propaganda was being ruthlessly enforced, all the lower castes embraced Islam. So that the Hindus of Kashmir are almost all Brahmans, and they are usually called Pandits. Their intellectual superiority over the rest of the population must be admitted. They are quick of apprehension and have good memories. One of their besetting faults is conceit. But some of them are very superior, trustworthy, honest, clear-headed and industrious. A large number are officials in State employ. And many rise to positions of authority and responsibility. Most of the clerks in Government offices are Pandits. Others are merchants and shopkeepers. But they are not allowed to take up handicrafts such as carpentry, masonry, shoemaking and pottery. Neither are they allowed to become boatmen or porters.

In many respects they are the opposite of the Mohammedans. As a class, for instance, they are eager for education. The Mohammedans are grossly illiterate. And although there is a general similarity in dress, there are marked differences. The Hindu, unlike the Mussulman, wears a small turban of narrow cloth with the tuck on the right. He has narrow sleeves and tight trousers, and fastens

his gown to the left. The Panditani (Hindu woman) affects garments of bright colours, red and orange being favourites, but her cap and head-dress are white, and she wears sandals and not leather shoes. Hindu women often have refined faces and gentle manners, and they are fairer than the Mohammedans.

The Hindu women are in the minority in proportion to the men, the ratio being eight to ten. This may be partly due to the mortality from smallpox being greater among female children, who are nursed less carefully. Children are married at an early age. Many girls become widows before they are ten years old and they are not allowed to re-marry. Young Hindu widows are exposed to special dangers to character and often lead unhappy lives. On the other hand, widowers may re-marry and often do so. Polygamy, although permitted, is rare—perhaps owing to the relatively small number of women.

The Hindu's whole life, from the hour of his birth till the day when he dies and his son sets light to his funeral pyre, is regulated by an elaborate code of religious rites, ceremonies and customs. These involve daily worship with ablutions and offerings to idols of flowers and food, frequent fastings, and the observance of a very large number of holy days.

As we continue to traverse the crowded streets, a line of laden ponies is driven with shouts and objurgations through the throng, or a solitary rider with many cries of "hosh hosh" makes his way along. But there is hardly any wheeled traffic.

Of the city population more than a half are provision sellers or artificers. This includes some 25,000 engaged in the wool industry. The most important trades are—grain dealers, vegetable and fruit sellers, dairymen, butchers, workers in metal and shoemakers. On either side of the road there is a deep gutter. Five feet above this are the open shop windows with stalls and shelves, one above another, laden with articles of commerce—piles of cotton

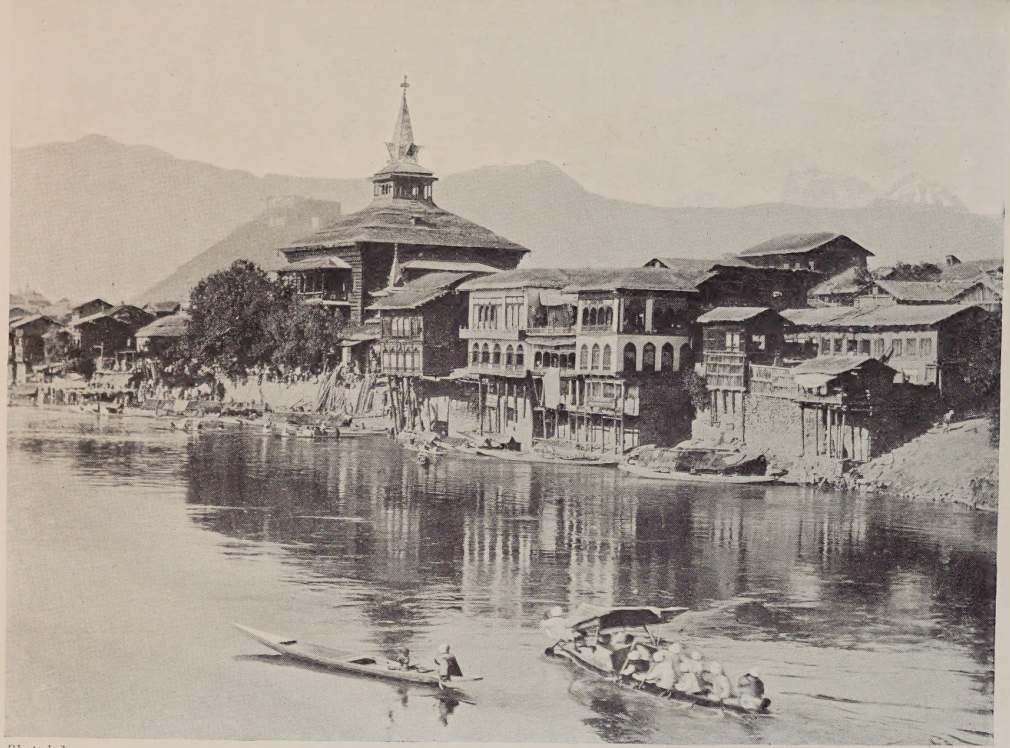

Photo by] [*R. E. Shorter.*

51. SRINAGAR CITY. SHAH-I-HAMADÁN MOSQUE.
(Behind is the Hari Parbat hill and fort. The snowy peak is Kótwál.)

To face p. 240.

cloth, bottles of ghee, blocks of rock-salt, baskets of grain, maize, rice, lentils, flour, walnuts and sacks of turmeric. Here is a row of stalls with brass pots and pans and cooking-vessels; a little further on the deafening clang assails the ear of a copper-worker's shop, where large saucepans and boilers of all sorts are being hammered into shape. In other shops there are heaps of red earthenware pottery, rows of native shoes, saddlery, embroidery, large iron pans full of boiling syrup and piles of round slabs of sugar. Then we pass a line of bakers' shops with rows of wheaten and maize cakes and large flat chapattis like the unleavened bread of the Jews, and it is wonderful how like in appearance to Jews many of the people are. There is a curious legend, invented by the founder of the heretical Mohammedan Quadiani sect, to the effect that an ancient grave in Kashmir, of a saint named Yuz-ásaf, who died in the fifteenth century, is really the grave of Christ, who did not die on the cross, but escaped from the Holy Land to Kashmir. This legend is not, however, accepted by the Kashmiri Mussulmans.

As we walk through the city we pass several shrines of this kind with a surrounding enclosure and latticed windows. Right and left open filthy lanes and alleys, leading to courtyards and dark little staircases. Most of the houses are two-storied, but some are higher. The upper stories have latticed windows. In the winter paper is pasted over. There are comparatively few glass windows.

The population of a large and insanitary city like this, with the houses huddled together, suffers greatly from disease and poverty. The clan and family system, in some respects so admirable in the East, to a considerable extent obviates actual want except in times of great scarcity. But disease is rampant. The local hakíms, although some of them skilled in the empirical use of certain drugs and simples handed down by tradition, have no knowledge of anatomy or physiology. And in their use of drastic purgatives, venesection and absolute starvation, their practice approximates

to that of the worst period of the Middle Ages in Europe. Those who succumb most readily are the young and the aged. I have frequently been called in to see patients quite healthy a few days before, but attacked by some comparatively simple ailment, who, by the reckless treatment of native practitioners, have been rapidly brought to death's door, and in many cases have actually died.

Of native surgery there is little in Kashmir. The barbers are fortunately not enterprising. When they do interfere, the chief effect is usually to produce unskilled wounds and inoculate them with the germs of putrefaction or even disease. The worst phase of both the medical and surgical indigenous practice is the fatal delay imposed, by which so many cases of curable disease drift into hopeless stages before they resort to better trained practitioners. Hardly a week passes without cases of this kind being brought to us.

The veil over the moral condition of such a city as Srinagar cannot be lifted. Suffice it to say that in many respects it is like that of Rome in its worst periods.

Among this mass of evil, misery and disease, quiet steady efforts have been put forth for some years by all too small a number of workers connected with the Church Missionary and Church of England Zenana Missionary Societies. The Rev. J. Hinton Knowles devoted the best years of his life to unremitting efforts on behalf of the Kashmir people. Miss Butler, a lady doctor, Miss Irene Petrie and Miss Robinson, a trained nurse, laid down their lives in Kashmir for the same cause. The late Revs. J. S. Doxey and C. E. Barton also rendered valuable service. For many years Miss E. G. Hull worked among the women, until, to our great regret and with serious loss to Kashmir, she was compelled by failing health to retire in 1909. Schools for girls have been carried on by Miss Churchill Taylor, Miss Stubbs and Miss Goodall. And for many years much nursing and medical relief have been given by Miss Newman. Since 1905 Miss Kate Knowles, M.B., London, has been ably carrying on and successfully

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developing medical work on behalf of the women of the city. Two other agencies, which for many years have been engaged in grappling with the moral and physical evils of Kashmir, are the Medical Mission and the Schools of the Church Missionary Society. The work of these may, however, be more fully considered in detail.

CHAPTER XIX

THE KASHMIR MISSION SCHOOL

In All Things be Men—An Original Method of Marking—Practical Philanthropy—The Goddess Káli and the Hooligans—A Crocodile Scare—Head of the River—An Unwilling Passenger—Visitation of Cholera—Knight-Errants—Education in India, its Needs and Defects.

> Make knowledge circle with the winds,
> But let her herald, reverence, fly
> Before her to whatever sky
> Bear seed of men and growth of minds !
>
> TENNYSON.

MANY of the chief objects of interest in Srinagar are suggestive of a certain greatness, glory and activity in the remote past. It is interesting to turn from these to a centre which is full of life at the present time and of hope for the future. More than fifty years ago, under circumstances of some difficulty, educational work was started by the late Dr Elmslie, the first medical missonary in Kashmir. But it was not until the time of the Rev. J. Hinton Knowles in 1884 that distinct progress was evident. The work thus fairly started was taken up by the Rev. C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe, who was joined in 1905 by an Oxford Honours man, the Rev. F. E. Lucey. The Mission School with its numerous branches is now a remarkable source of well-directed energy.

The central school is in a large house abutting on the river immediately above the third bridge. There is a fairly spacious playground attached, but the building is inadequate for the large number of scholars who attend. The work is carried on in an absolutely original manner. In the Srinagar Mission School there are altogether about 1500 scholars. The character of the Kashmiri boy is not good. He is often studious, but is usually untruthful, conceited, superstitious,

cowardly, selfish and extremely dirty. The motto of this school is—"In all things be men." "The crest is a pair of paddles crossed. The paddles represent hard work or strength, the blade of the paddles being in the shape of a heart reminds them of kindness (the true man is a combination of strength and kindness). The crossed paddles represent self-sacrifice, reminding them from Whom we get the greatest example and from Whom we learn to be true men."

All over the city, boys may be met who wear this badge and they may be appealed to by any one in difficulty, distress or danger, as they have been taught to be ready to render service at all times to those who are in need.

The object of the principal of the school, the Rev. Cecil Tyndale-Biscoe, is to train *all* his boys and not only those who are clever or strong. In a little book entitled *Training in Kashmir*, he explains his methods. "We give fewer marks to mind than body because Kashmiri boys prefer their books to their bodily exercise. Marks in sports are not given necessarily to the best cricketer or swimmer but to the boy who tries most. If we always reward the strong, as is the custom of the world, we discourage the weak and often they give up trying. The energy of the staff is not concentrated on turning out a great cricket eleven, or great anything, for all those boys who are good at any particular sport are naturally keen and do not need spurring on; where the stress comes, is in the case of the weak, feeble, timid boys; it is they who require attention; it is they who specially need physical training and careful watching. Of course this system does not make a brave show, for the strength is given to the bulk and not to make brilliancy more brilliant. We are working for the future, the race of life, and must therefore fit all the boys for it, not a few special ones in order to make a show. Then again sports are not entered into for sport's sake, but for the results. Boys should have strong bodies so that they may help others who have weak ones. Again boys are not rewarded by prizes for sports, as we feel that true sport in the West is being

killed by 'pot-hunting.' We pit one school against another, giving marks to the school and not to the boys, and the school that wins the greatest number of marks in regattas and sports wins the challenge cup. In this way we hope to take the selfishness out of games and create a true desire for honour for the school and community, as opposed to the individual."

The method of marking adopted in this school gives an idea of the thoroughness of the education, and will show the immense value of such an institution, both from a moral and political standpoint. One-third of the possible marks is allotted for moral proficiency, one-third for physical, and the remaining third for scholarship. The advantages of this are not only that every boy has a chance, but above all that the boys are trained to regard conduct and good citizenship as at least as important as book learning, and that sound bodies are as necessary as sound minds. With regard to conduct, it is not passive good behaviour that gains marks, but actual deeds of kindness. The activities of the Mission School are very varied. A large fire breaks out in the city and spreads with the utmost rapidity among the wooden houses, 3000 of which are burnt. The school work is stopped for the day and the principal and boys take along their fire-engine and fight the flames, sometimes at risk to their own lives, saving those of women and children in danger. The protection of women from insult, kindness to old people and invalids, the rescue of those in peril of drowning, and prevention of cruelty to animals, are some of the works of ministry, which the boys are encouraged to undertake. Although Brahmans may not touch a donkey, they may drive it or lead it with a rope. And one winter hospitality was shown by the Mission School to over a hundred starving donkeys, some of which would certainly have otherwise perished in the streets, where they are sent by their owners to pick up food as best they can.

Physical training includes gymnastics, drill, boating,

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Physical training includes gymnastics, drill, b

swimming, football and cricket, and the aim is to make the boys healthy and strong, promote *esprit de corps*, discipline, reverence for authority and a due sense of obedience and subordination. In scholarship there is an ordinary curriculum, including daily Bible lessons. Many of the boys are very young and their instruction elementary. Of the seniors not a few have successfully passed the matriculation examination of the Punjab University. In connection with the school there is a sanitary corps, which, armed with pick and shovel, will often give an object lesson to the people of Srinagar by visiting some specially dirty court or lane and showing the inhabitants what is required to keep it clean. Sometimes, too, at the hospital a group of Mission School boys arrives to take out convalescents for an airing on the lake, where they provide tea at their own expense and bring them safely back in the evening.

A site for a dispensary is granted by H.H. the Maharajah to Miss Newman, who is doing such good work among the women of Kashmir. The site is on top of a hill, and quarter of a mile away down below, a great heap of stones is dumped by the side of the lake. The principal proposes that the schoolboys should make these stones walk up-hill. So one evening nearly four hundred of the boys, with many masters, line out from the lake to the hill-top and hand on the stones just like, at city fires, they have often passed on buckets. That Brahman teachers and boys should do hard work of this kind provoked much opposition. Some jeered, others indulged in chaff, and a few cursed the willing labourers and said they were bringing dishonour on their caste. But the idea took root; old boys of the school came and joined in, and on the second day there were other recruits, and the opposition died away.

In Eastern cities there are often bands of hooligans who terrorize the people, insult women and molest small boys. The police are often for various reasons unable or unwilling to deal with these pestilent gangs. With the help of the

school organization, some of these rascals have been from time to time brought to justice. The following is a characteristic incident. "Some Punjabis, probably soldiers, had come to a fair for no good intention, and soon were at their game, molesting some Hindu women, who had come to worship; but no one in the crowd came forward to protect these women. Fortunately, however, some Mission School boys arrived on the scene, and they at once fell upon these hooligans and smote them hip and thigh. And when the crowd perceived which way the battle was going, it joined very wisely the winning side. As this little affair happened at the shrine of the goddess of murder, I asked the staff and boys which side the goddess took in the fight? This question was rather a poser, for some said that the goddess was on the side of those who attacked the women, and others maintained that she sided with the schoolboys. Opinions were divided on this important subject until a Solomon solved the difficulty by explaining that as Káli was the goddess of murder and blood, she would naturally side with the party which shed the most blood, and that honour certainly fell to the Mission School boys. This decision pleased and comforted us all."

In the summer every boy has to bathe daily with his class. Those who cannot swim are placed under the care of swimmers until they themselves learn. Sometimes there are as many as 300 boys in the water at once. At the end of the term there is usually a long swim. About seventy boys take part in this. They are accompanied by a fleet of boats, in case there should be need of rescuing. The ordinary long-distance swim is three or four miles across the Dal Lake. Some of the boys become such strong swimmers that they can do eight or nine miles. One of the practical results of this swimming is the saving of life. In one year alone eight lives were saved, and in two cases at great risk to the rescuer. A medal is awarded in the school for especially meritorious cases of this kind (Plate 52).

52. SCHOOL SPORTS. A SPLASH DASH!

To face p. 248.

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The following account, taken from a local paper, gives an illustration of the way in which the school influence is brought to bear on superstition:—

"Any one who visits the city of Srinagar in Kashmir in the summer-time and travels down the river between 6 and 8 a.m. will see hundreds of the Hindu inhabitants disporting themselves in the river, the older ones standing or squatting in shallow water at the ghats, combining their washing and devotions, and the younger ones enjoying short swims. But one day in July this pleasant state of things ended, for it was reported that a crocodile had visited Srinagar and had taken a fancy for bathers; so from that day till the end of August swimming and the like was stopped. Every one said they knew of people having been bitten, and many had seen the monster, which, of course, grew more terrible as time went on.

"When the Mission School boys reassembled after the summer vacation they took the matter in hand. A hundred of them started to swim the whole length of the city from the first to the seventh bridge, a distance of 3 miles, and defy the monster. Their daring was watched by thousands of inhabitants from the banks, bridges and houses, making a brave show. Thirty-three swimmers reached the last bridge and others found the water too cold and left the water at the school half-way. The result of the swim has been that the inhabitants have come to the conclusion that the crocodile has left Srinagar, and they are now enjoying their morning bathe once more."

The principal of the school, who was "Cox" to a winning Cambridge boating crew in 1885, has kept up his aquatic interests, and every year the crew of the branch and central Mission Schools have a keen competition for "head of the river."

All this work has not been achieved without an up-hill struggle. At one time the State authorities tried to put a stop to it. But the greatest of all difficulties was the influ-

ence of caste and the temperament of the Kashmiri. To play with cricket or footballs, which are covered with leather, and to paddle or row a boat were considered absolutely against caste principles. To go out after dark was considered risky because evil spirits are supposed to patrol the streets at that time. The boys were naturally studious but disinclined for athletics, and they were much given to tale-telling. The prime object of education was supposed to be to fit them to earn money for themselves and their families; for early marriage is the custom of the East, and many boys are already married. The great task to which Mr Tyndale-Biscoe addressed himself, was to teach the boys manliness, loyalty, charity, manners, cleanliness, truth and Christian doctrine. Speaking of those early days the principal of the school says: " I knew it would be a long fight but had no idea it would be such a hard one. Now it was not until the sixth year of our commencing backbone and knuckle work that the first Kashmiri boat propelled by Kashmiri paddles in the hands of fifteen Brahmans splashed down the Jhelum, not in a secluded quiet spot in the lake, but right down the city of Srinagar itself, under bridges crowded with jeering townsmen; however, in order that they might not altogether and entirely dishonour their own families, each boy covered his head with a blanket, with the exception of the steersman, so that their individual identity might not be known.

" This crew came not from the High School. The honour of being the first school to brave public opinion fell to the Renawári Branch School, under the plucky leadership of Amar Chand Brahman, who has since those days shown much pluck and grit; but perhaps this first effort to break away from the shackles of idiotic custom, cost him most of all. Now that the ball had been set rolling, or rather that the first crew had been set paddling, it was not long before other school Kashmiri boats called ' shikáras ' were launched, until a fleet gradually came into existence, which now numbers ten boats, holding roughly 120 boys. The Rena-

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53. FLEET PADDLING PAST THE HIGH SCHOOL.

To face p. 251.

wári School crew in the yearly race for headship of the river held the position for six years in succession."

In 1891, when Lord Lansdowne, who was then Viceroy of India, was in Kashmir, he witnessed one of these exciting contests, and expressed a hope that the State and Mission Schools would ere long be competing in friendly contest for the headship of the Jhelum, as Oxford and Cambridge Universities strive yearly for the headship of the Thames. Eighteen years passed, and at last the Viceroy's hope was fulfilled. On 20th September 1909, a race took place between the Mission, State, Hindoo and Islamic schools over a two-mile course. The Mission School crew won by thirty lengths. It is hoped that this will prove the first of a long series of annual races, in which case it must be regarded as an historic and interesting sign of the development of physical culture in Kashmir (Plate 53).

These aquatic sports are not without their amusing incidents. " It was the summer of a great cholera epidemic, and the citizens were by no means in a jovial frame of mind; in fact their minds dwelt chiefly on the three stages of cholera and burning ghats. We thought a change of ideas might be good for them, so we brought our fleet from the lake to the city, and had boat races in the afternoons, over which we made a good deal of noise, so that both boys and onlookers forgot about corpses and pyres, and enjoyed an hour or so of fun and laughter instead. These races incidentally proved that we did not take a gloomy view of things in general or of cholera in particular. Now, as several were racing down-stream abreast, in their excitement the boys had not noticed an omnibus or passenger boat coming up-stream, and before they were aware of this danger, one of the boats was steered straight into the omnibus, picked off an old woman who was sitting in the boat and carried her off down-stream, like a figure-head, at the end of the prow. Our hearts were in our mouths in a moment and a dead silence followed, for all feared that the old lady had become a

fixture to the prow of the boat, as the Kashmir boats have a very sharp nose tipped with iron. In a few moments, however, the racing boat was stopped with the aid of fifteen paddles hard astern, and the old lady was once more deposited in her former boat in a moister condition than when she left it; and almost before we had time to ask questions, the dear dishevelled, dripping old lady clenched her fist and gave tongue at the boys in her Kashmiri best, which would have put even Billingsgate hawkers to shame. Our pent-up feelings simply went flop. We all to a man rose to our feet and gave the loud-lunged lady three ringing cheers, and the louder we cheered the more she cursed, until distance prevented our hearing the remainder of her vocabulary. We have never carried off a damsel from a passing boat since that day, as our coxens have learnt that when they wish to have ladies aboard, it is wiser to ' easy ' first, then hand them in without unseemly haste."

Some years ago a fleet of four boats started down the river to the Wular Lake. They had very dirty weather from start to finish. Crossing the lake, a mast was smashed and the mainsail blown away. Later on the breeze worked up into a gale. It was necessary to cross 7 miles of lake to reach their camp. The boatmen on the shore implored them not to go, saying that it was impossible to cross in such weather. After a very rough time, in which the boys showed much pluck, they reached their camp in the dark. Next morning one of their broken oars was washed ashore at Bandipoora, and a clerk telegraphed up to the city that all the crew must have perished. This caused quite a sensation in Srinagar. When, some days later, the fleet returned, the bridges and banks were crowded with spectators, who cheered the boys as they rowed past.

Srinagar is liable to constantly recurring floods. These usually occur in the summer, if there is continuous rain, when the snow is still abundant on the mountains around. When the river is very high, if an embankment should burst

or be topped, a district which was dry in the morning may a few hours later be a lake, with the houses, which are built of sun-dried bricks, falling down in all directions. On one occasion over 2000 houses fell in or around the city. On these occasions the Mission School boats are able to do yeoman service, rescuing families which are stranded on the roofs of rickety houses or small patches of dry ground.

That a Mark Tapley-like spirit is inculcated in the Mission School would appear from the following incident.

" There is fortunately a bright side to everything in this life, even if it is the darkest of clouds; and cholera is no exception to the rule. We cheer ourselves and the boys with the thought that there will be many opportunities for playing the man, and what more inspiring incentive can one have than this?

" On one occasion some time ago, when we had a very severe epidemic of cholera, we put this side of the picture so forcibly before the boys, that the whole school stood up and gave three hearty cheers for the cholera. I am afraid that a certain number of those who cheered were never given another opportunity of cheering a second visitation, for the school gave its quota to that fell disease, though the staff tried hard to save their boys, adding nursing to their other duties. One of the masters was attacked, and when, late one evening, on his rounds, Mr Tyndale-Biscoe visited him, he found some of the other masters, with their coats off, doing their best by massage to relieve the terrible pain of cramp from which he was suffering, and they had arranged to take turns, two hours at a time, in watching him all night. Mr Tyndale-Biscoe says: " I had just given him a teaspoonful of brandy, when the man who was holding his head said to me in a whisper, ' Please, Sahib, leave the room.' Thinking that it was on account of Hindu women present, I did so. Early next morning the man came to tell me that the teacher was dead. I asked the time of his death; he answered: ' Directly you put the brandy in his mouth, but

I did not tell any one of the relations for fear that they would say that you had killed him; also on account of the women, for women bear bad news better in the morning than at night, and we massaged his limbs so that those in the room might not know that he was dead till the sun arose.'

"There were these teachers massaging a cholera corpse all night, and they knew well the risk they ran of infection, but they stuck to it in order to save me and lessen the shock for the women relations."

Various societies are worked by the masters and boys. For the former, there is a Provident Fund to which all have to pay five per cent. of their salaries and the object of which is to make provision for old age and sickness and provide for their widows should they die. Another useful organization is the "waif and stray" society, to which all masters and boys subscribe and thereby pay for the schooling of fifty poor boys, and feed and clothe those who need it. At a recent meeting in connection with this society the case was reported of a master who had recently died of consumption, leaving his family very badly off. The principal asked those present what they proposed doing. The secretary stood up and said: "We must support this family ourselves. I myself will be responsible for so much, and I am sure all you present" (looking round upon his brother masters) "will do the same." The motion was carried *nem. con.*

The Knight-Errant Society has as its object the raising of the status of women in Kashmir. Many of the young Hindus are now really anxious to abolish evil customs. The Knights pledge themselves to do all in their power to prevent girls being married under the age of fourteen.

It is often extremely difficult to ascertain the truth in the case of criminal charges and counter-charges which are so common in the East. To assist in such matters, a court-martial has been constituted in the Mission School, which

not only deals with cases of this kind brought by or against masters and boys, but it also takes cognizance of offences committed by former scholars who have misbehaved in the public offices or the city.

Throughout the whole of the remarkable organization of this unique school, the guiding principle is to *lead the way*, to show the masters and boys that the great aim of Christianity and the great call of the Christian Church is to Service. Scripture teaching is given day by day in the classes, but this is only the beginning of the education. The next and by far the more important part is to *put the teaching into practice.*

Mr Tyndale-Biscoe is no doubt fortunate in the scope which he has in Kashmir for carrying out education on such original lines. And the praiseworthy tolerance of the Kashmir State authorities is a remarkable sign of enlightenment. The Maharajah of Kashmir has subscribed to the schools and often spoken words of cheer to the boys, and recently His Highness granted an excellent site for a Hostel. Although there must be much in the school methods which must be trying and even irritating to old-fashioned and orthodox Hindus, still the influence for good has been so obvious that it has been accepted with gratitude by the Hindu authorities of the Kashmir State and recognized to be of the utmost value to the moral evolution of Kashmir.

Mr Tyndale-Biscoe's school is of course unique, and his methods most original; but it is cheering to remember that hundreds of mission schools and colleges throughout India are carrying on work in the same spirit of practical Christianity, and training boys and young men to be good and loyal citizens and mindful of the needs of others. It is amazing to find what a very large number of Indian gentlemen, occupying positions of authority and influence, received their education in mission schools.

As the boys pass out of the schools and occupy various posts of importance, it is easy to see that this work has a

very wide reach. Only those who have studied the subject realize the extent to which, throughout India, mission schools have trained those who are now wielding power both in Native States like Kashmir and in the British Provinces. Unfortunately Mohammedans have been less influenced by education than the Hindus. The Islamic brotherhood is very conservative in matters of education, and in Kashmir it forms more than ninety per cent. of the population.

Of the awakening of India there are now many signs. Especially during the last quarter of a century have the solvent influences of the West been obviously permeating the whole fabric of Indian society; and now in India we have a changed outlook and a unique condition of affairs. Various nations, whose chief bonds of union are religious, and whose own systems are extremely rigid and intensely conservative and unprogressive, and who, in the Native States, are accustomed to a rule far more despotic than that of the British Government, are now beginning to show signs of fermentation. The new wine of the West has been poured into old bottles, and the bottles are in danger of bursting. New political ideas have infiltrated the educated classes, and visions of Home Rule to be obtained by political agitation, in which boycott and bombs are also to be weapons, are leading to what may be a great upheaval.

The greatest factor in bringing about this portentous change has been education. Throughout the length and breadth of the land, schools and colleges have been at work. The Government of India has had magnificent opportunities for educating the people of India. The seed which it has sown has produced the harvest which is now ripening—a mixed harvest of good and bad. Most excellent work has been done. Schools and colleges and institutions for technical training have been multiplied throughout the land. In the universities a high standard has been aimed at, and in some of the faculties the examinations are said to be actually more difficult than those in the corresponding sub-

jects in British Universities. And yet the education has admittedly been a failure in one direction, and that the most important of all. It has been purely secular and far too Western. Indian students have been set to study Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer and Huxley. But

> "Knowledge is a barren tree and bare,
> Bereft of God."

A structure of modern political economy and science has been reared upon a foundation which is unsound and cannot bear the strain. Moral instruction has, until quite recently, been absolutely ignored. In accordance with its principles of religious neutrality, the Indian Government has been unable to give any religious training in Government schools; and so the greatest motive for upright conduct, the belief in a living and righteous God, has been withheld, and from our Government schools and colleges have come, in their tens of thousands, boys and young men, clever and well-educated on the intellectual side, but with the moral side undeveloped—young men, Western to a considerable extent in intellectual attainment and political aim, and Eastern in moral character and home life. But are not the Eastern people very religious? Yes, but the word religious has a different significance in the East and West. In the East a man may be regarded as most religious and holy whose life is untrue and unclean. Indeed such a man may even be the revered religious teacher of thousands, who in no way regard his impure life as any barrier to sanctity.

The extent to which missionary enterprise has stepped in to save the situation is not realized in the United Kingdom. But still, compared with the immense population, far too little has been done, and Government schools are in the great majority. At first the Missionary Societies looked askance at the development of educational work, which they regarded as secular and unproductive of converts. Gradually a change has occurred, and we now find most of them actively engaged in this work. Their efforts, too, have been appreciated even by orthodox Hindus, who openly say

that they prefer Mission Schools because of the moral training given. Most of the large towns of India have important Mission Schools or Colleges, as, for instance, the educational work of the Church Missionary Society in Bombay, Calcutta, Agra, Allahabad and Peshawar, and the splendid work of the Cambridge Mission at Delhi, of the S.P.G. at Cawnpore, of the Oxford Mission at Calcutta and of American Missionary Societies in Lahore and Bombay. The Scottish Presbyterian Missions have also done yeoman service in education in India, and the names of Dr Duff and Dr Miller are well known.

Dr Duff predicted nearly three-quarters of a century ago, with remarkable accuracy, the present state of affairs. He said:

"If in that land you do give the people knowledge without religion, rest assured that it is the greatest blunder, politically speaking, that ever was committed. Having free unrestricted access to the whole range of our English-speaking literature and science, they will despise and reject their own absurd system of learning. Once driven out of their own systems, they will inevitably become infidels in religion. And shaken out of the mechanical round of their own religious observances, without moral principles to balance their thoughts or guide their movements, they will as certainly become discontented, restless agitators, ambitious of power and official distinction and possessed of the most disloyal sentiments towards that Government which, in their eye, has usurped all the authority that rightly belonged to themselves. This is not theory, it is fact."

A scheme has been recently put forward, which, if it could be put into general practice, would do much to remove the reproach at present resting upon the Government of India. The ideal scheme for giving religious and moral training without compromising the neutrality of Government is that residential colleges should be established. The boys are to live in hostels, each of which will be a private

institution and have its own religious instruction. Some of the hostels will be Christian, some Mohammedan, and some Hindu. The college itself will be a Government Institution and in it religion will not be taught. Whether this or some similar scheme is introduced, there is a widespread feeling, that so far education in India has been conspicuously defective on the moral side. This was emphasized in the answers returned by several Indian Ruling Chiefs to a communication addressed to them by the Viceroy on the subject of the prevailing unrest in India. The Maharajah of Kashmir expressed a strong opinion as to the importance of proper education not only for boys but for girls too.

In this work, both in the Plains of India and in Kashmir, Mission Schools have been pioneers.

CHAPTER XX

THE KASHMIR MEDICAL MISSION

Early Days—Robert Clark—A Threatening Mob—The First Convert—Dr Elmslie—Opposition—Development and Progress—Famine Relief—The Great Earthquake—Fighting Cholera, Smallpox and Plague.

> There lies no desert in the land of life ;
> For e'en that tract that barrenest doth seem,
> Laboured of thee in faith and hope shall teem
> With heavenly harvests and rich gatherings rife.
>
> FRANCES KEMBLE.

THE founder of the Kashmir Mission was the Rev. Robert Clark. In 1854 Colonel Martin, an officer who had just retired from his command at Peshawar, proposed to Mr Clark a missionary tour in Kashmir, Ladákh and Skardo. They were accompanied by three Indian Christians. Gulab Singh, the Maharajah of Kashmir, accorded them a friendly reception. But he was rather cynical. "My subjects in Kashmir," he said, "are very bad. I am sure that no one can do them any harm. I am rather curious to see whether the padri sahibs can do them any good."

On his return from this tour Mr Clark powerfully represented the needs of Kashmir. He received much support from a group of leading civilians and military men, including Sir Robert Montgomery, then Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. "A requisition, influentially supported, was immediately sent to the Church Missionary Society, urging it to promote a Mission in the mountain kingdom, and the Lieutenant-Governor was the first to sign the invitation. His donation of a thousand rupees, in aid of the proposed Mission, was the nucleus of a fund that the generous libe-

rality of friends rapidly augmented to over fourteen thousand rupees."[1] This invitation was accepted by the C.M.S., and Mr Smith of Benares was appointed and joined Mr Clark in Kashmir in 1863; but it was not until the following year that the work was fairly started.

The first attempt to carry on systematic Medical Mission work in Kashmir met with much opposition. Some of the officials, especially the governor and the head of the police, were most antagonistic, and permitted, if they did not actually organize, mob violence. The Rev. R. Clark made the following entry in his diary written in 1864: "The house was literally besieged with men and noisy boys. They stood by hundreds on the bridge, and lined the river on both sides, shouting, and one man striking a gong, to collect the people. Not a chuprasse, or police officer, or soldier, or official of any kind appeared. The tumult quickly increased, and no efforts were made to stop it. The people began to throw stones and some of them broke down the wall of the compound and stables. Our servants became greatly alarmed, for they threatened to burn the house down. The number present was between one thousand and one thousand five hundred. When I went to the Wazir to ask for protection, it was said that he was asleep. He kept me waiting for two hours and then did not even give me a chair. He promised to send a guard and never did so. The police also announced that if any one rented a house to the missionaries, all the skin would be taken off their backs."

On 20th April Mr Clark writes in his journal: "Men are again stationed on the bridge, as they were for weeks together last year, to prevent any one from coming to us. Our servants cannot buy the mere necessaries of life and we have to send strangers to the other end of the city to purchase flour."

The house which Mr and Mrs Clark occupied was near the sixth bridge. Mrs Clark started a dispensary for women

[1] Martyn Clark, *Robert Clark of the Punjab.*

almost in the exact place where the Diamond Jubilee Hospital, so ably conducted by Miss Lauder, is now situated. Sometimes in one day as many as one hundred women came to Mrs Clark for medical treatment.

Official antagonism, however, continued. The names of those who visited Mr Clark were reported. A Punjabi officer in the State artillery was told that unless he removed his two boys from instruction by Mr Clark he would be cashiered "and made to beg his bread from door to door."

Of Husn Shah, the first Kashmiri convert to be baptized, Mr Clark writes: "He has been with us now nearly a year, has been imprisoned continually, and had logs of wood tied to his feet; has been beaten, threatened and promised all sorts of things by the Wazir himself, if he would leave us. Never has he been left in peace. Day after day has he been tried and tempted by mother and friends, and coaxed and punished by those in authority, but apparently in vain; for he has hitherto resisted or endured all." A trumped-up charge of debt was brought against him. First twenty-five rupees was claimed, then fifty. When security was offered for this amount the claim was suddenly raised to seven hundred rupees.

Opposition continued till the end of the season, when Mr Clark left Srinagar for the Punjab on 2nd November. Almost the last thing he witnessed as he was dropping down the river in a house-boat, was the arrest of a young man, who had been under Christian instruction. "He was carried away," Mr Clark writes, "before my very face to answer before the Wazir, and to suffer imprisonment, for wishing to be a Christian and visiting the missionary. No other crime was ever spoken of."

Dr Elmslie, who was the first Medical Missionary appointed by the C.M.S., arrived in Kashmir the following year, 1865. At that time no European was allowed to remain in the valley for the winter. During the summer, about 2000 patients came to Dr Elmslie. But his experi-

ences were similar to those of Mr Clark. And when he left Kashmir at the close of the season, the Governor of Kashmir told the owner of the house which Dr Elmslie had occupied, that he was on no account to let it again to the doctor the following year.

In 1866, unable to obtain adequate accommodation, Dr Elmslie pitched the outer covering of a large tent for the use of his out-patients, and the inner part of the same tent was all the accommodation for in-patients which he could provide. During that season he had, however, 3365 patients.

For three years Dr Elmslie revisited the valley of Kashmir each summer, and by his kindness and skill continued to gain the confidence of the people, in spite of the opposition of the local authorities, and the fact that the avenues leading to his house were closely watched by sepoys, who intimidated the sick people and exacted money from them.

A widespread cholera epidemic in 1867, while diminishing the number of ordinary patients, gave the Medical Mission the opportunity of helping the cholera-stricken.

When Dr Elmslie laid down his work in 1869, he had achieved much. The opposition of the State authorities had been, to a considerable extent, overcome; the confidence of the Kashmiris had been won, and an immense amount of relief had been afforded to sufferers. Four Kashmiris had become Christians. One of these for many years continued to render faithful service in Kashmir as a Christian teacher. As an indirect result of the work of the Medical Mission, the first Kashmir State Dispensary had been started. And this was the forerunner of the present extensive State Medical Service.

In 1870 the Rev. W. T. Storrs, a qualified medical man, carried on the work during Dr Elmslie's absence on furlough. In 1872 Dr Elmslie returned and worked with untiring assiduity at Srinagar, where cholera was again raging. His

death took place in the autumn of that year at Gujrat, on his way from Kashmir to the Punjab.

Dr Theodore Maxwell, who was Elmslie's successor, was fortunate in meeting with a very friendly reception from the Maharajah Ranbir Singh, who, hearing that Maxwell was a nephew of General John Nicholson of Delhi fame, promised to grant good house accommodation.

The work was reopened in 1874 under favourable conditions. Official opposition was withdrawn. The State medical officer was friendly. The Maharajah granted a site for a hospital, and at State expense a small building was erected on the north side of the Rustum Gaddi Hill.

After two years of most successful work, Dr Maxwell's health broke down, and he was compelled to leave India.

A well-known Indian Christian doctor, John Williams, for many years most honourably associated with the little frontier town of Tank, came to the rescue, and with the help of the Rev. T. R. Wade, whose valued services to the Kashmir Medical Mission can hardly be over-estimated, he carried on the work so vigorously that there was no falling off in the number of patients.

In 1877 Dr Edmund Downes, who had resigned a commission in the Royal Artillery in order to engage in Medical Mission work, arrived in Kashmir. For six years he carried on the work steadily and bravely in spite of ill-health and inadequate assistance. Owing to his skill and surgical enterprise, the reputation of the hospital continued to rise and the number of patients consequently to increase. From 1877-1879 Kashmir was visited by an appalling famine. In some parts of the valley, including Srinagar, it is said that the population was reduced by more than a half. Heavy rain fell in the autumn, before the crops were gathered in. The rice and maize which are the staple foods rotted. During the winter, rain continued. The cattle died from want of food. The spring harvest failed owing to bad weather. The authorities made a fatal mistake and ordered a house-to-

house search for seed-grain, which the cultivators had stored for spring use. Believing, probably with good reason, that this grain would be confiscated by tyrannous and absolutely unprincipled officials, the people consumed the seed-grain themselves, or by hiding it in damp places they so damaged it that it was no longer available for sowing. As a result, the famine continued until October 1879. Oil-cake, rice, chaff, the bark of the elm and yew, and even grasses and roots were eagerly devoured by the starving people, who became absolutely demoralized and like ravenous beasts, each struggling for his own life. The corpses of those who had perished were left lying or hastily dragged to the nearest well or hole, until these became choked with dead bodies. Dogs wandered about in troops preying upon the unburied carcases. Pestilence dogged the steps of want and cholera broke out. Everything combined to intensify the disaster. Many officials in high places proved apathetic, or worse still, for selfish purposes, aided and abetted in keeping up prices, and even intercepting the grain which was being sent in over rough mountain tracks for the relief of the dying.

Speaking of 1878, Mr Wade says: "To-day I have ridden through a great part of the city, and I saw a large number of persons, especially children and women, whom death certainly has marked for his own very shortly. A half-dozen times I tried to buy and distribute some kulchas—small cakes made of the flour of Indian corn, rice or wheat—and was as often mobbed. Poor children crept from underneath the verandah boards of closed shops, and others from holes and corners that pariah dogs generally occupy, and surrounded my pony. Parda women, and apparently most respectable men, stopped and begged and struggled for a piece of bread. I found it impossible to keep the people from thronging me, or to maintain anything like order. Directly I obtained any kulchas, the hungry pressed upon me, the stronger pushing aside the weaker, and all reaching forth their hands, and begging or screaming, they laid hold of my coat. They took

bread out of my pockets. Two men with baskets of bread, from whom I attempted to purchase some, were besieged and their bread speedily seized and eaten. After having paid for the bread, I made my escape by riding as fast as I could away from the hungry crowd."

Mr Wade did splendid work in this famine. He employed a very large number of coolies on famine relief works, and made and repaired roads, dug and cleaned canals, filled up foul holes, levelled uneven ground and planted trees. Many of the most familiar land-marks, such as the lines of poplar trees, roads and canals in and around the Munshi Bagh, the European quarter of Srinagar, date back to this time. With foresight and faith in the future of the Medical Mission, Mr Wade had a great terrace cut across the north side of the Rustum Gaddi Hill, stretching eastwards from the clump of buildings already planted there by Dr Maxwell. This subsequently formed a magnificent site for the extension of the rapidly-growing and developing Mission Hospital (Plate 54).

Gratuitous relief was given regularly at the hospital. Sometimes as many as 2000 applicants assembled at one time. An orphanage was started with the help of Mrs Downes, and at one time there were as many as 400 inmates. When the famine had subsided, however, all the orphans were claimed by their friends.

Meanwhile the medical and surgical work of the Mission were steadily increasing. Dr Downes' reputation was attracting large numbers; and in 1878 as many as 1000 in-patients were treated in the hospital. Dr Downes also initiated district work, and made tours in the valley during which he saw over a thousand patients.

Thus Elmslie planted the Medical Mission, Maxwell found it a permanent home, and Downes consolidated and extended it, and especially built up a great surgical reputation. With the kind aid of the Kashmir State he enlarged the hospital, until there was accommodation for a hundred patients.

During three of the most disastrous years ever experi-

Photo by] [*G. W. Tyndale Biscoe.*

54. THE KASHMIR MISSION HOSPITAL.

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enced by Kashmir, when famine and disease were stalking like spectres through the land, Dr Downes and Mr Wade were thus unceasingly engaged, the one in combating disease, the other in fighting famine.

When in 1882 Dr Downes was compelled by ill-health to retire, a public farewell meeting was held. It was presided over by the British political officer on special duty, and addresses and testimonials were presented to him by patients and friends of various ranks, creeds and nationalities, testifying to the high esteem in which he was held by all who had come into contact with him.

Dr Arthur Neve arrived in Kashmir in March 1882. He enjoyed the great advantage of working with Dr Downes till the autumn, when he took over charge. Nineteen years later the Kaisar-i-Hind gold medal was conferred on him for Public Service. One of the greatest drawbacks to the satisfactory development of the Mission Hospital has always been the want of Indian Christian helpers. A hospital worked entirely with the aid of Hindu and Mohammedan subordinates is liable to the introduction of bribery and corruption, and not only do the patients suffer from neglect but even graver scandals may arise. Dr A. Neve brought with him from the Punjab two Indian Christians to fill the posts respectively of house-surgeon and chief dispenser. This marked a distinct advance. Both did excellent work. The house-surgeon, Hospital Assistant K. B. Thomas, after many years of faithful service, laid down his life in the terrible cholera epidemic of 1892, in which he had rendered most valuable aid.

Kashmir is a land of catastrophes, and in 1885 the great earthquake occurred. This is vividly described in a letter written by the Rev. Rowland Bateman at the time. "We went to a village 16 miles from Srinagar, itinerating, on 29th May. Before going to bed we heard a booming sound less unlike the report of distant ordnance than anything else, only it was evidently not distant at all. Being

tired, we idly wondered what it was and forgot it. About three o'clock next morning there was a terrible shaking. Our village beds, at all time lively from other causes, began to dance about the room with us on them. The hut we were in was made of wood, and did not fall as the plaster did, so we were only smothered in dust. A large silk factory next door fell with a terrible crash. A piteous wail arose from all the inhabitants. Next morning we were in doubt which way to go, not knowing whether a similar shock had been felt in Srinagar. We decided to return. Not far from our door we saw the sole survivor of a family digging graves for his wife and child, his sister and her child. There were none wounded. Those who did not escape were dead. We trudged back through mud and rain to the city. The convulsion had been less and less severe in every village we reached, but just as we entered Srinagar we saw in one place twenty-one fires consuming the bodies of as many soldiers who were being summoned to parade as we passed the day before. The Mission Hospital was almost uninjured, though there was a sad loss in glass and drugs. We rested, I am sorry to say, on Sunday instead of going out as we should have done had we known that the district which we had been going to had suffered much more than the capital.

"On Monday Mr Knowles and I went out to collect the wounded in boats and bring them to the hospital which Dr Neve established on the river bank at Baramula. This work lasted for a fortnight. It was soon apparent that we had to count the dead by thousands. There can hardly have been less than three thousand deaths in the district we traversed in that time. The proportion of wounded to dead was everywhere surprisingly small, but there was plenty to do. And every day the cases became worse from neglect and delay. Bones began to reunite all crooked, dislocations to get hopelessly stiff, wounds to gangrene and mortify, and systems grew less able to bear the operations which earlier might have been unnecessary.

"The Kashmiris have a habit of taking little pitchers of live embers (kangris) with them to bed. These, of course, were broken, and the horrors of fire were added to those of mutilation. In some cases, where the houses were thatched, the roofs caught fire, and many were thus burned to death. Some classes of the people live under huge flat roofs covered with as much as 2 feet of earth. In these are collected all the live stock. One such I saw; it was about 60 feet by 25 feet. It had fallen so flat that you would not have recognized it as the site of a house at all. Under it were sleeping about one hundred head of cattle and sheep, and seventeen human beings. When I got there, three men, the sole survivors, were digging through the roof for fourteen corpses. They had pulled out a pony alive, but it died before it could get off the roof. Close by was a house where the diggers were rewarded by a child with half his scalp torn off, a boy with both feet shattered, and a man hopelessly crushed by a beam. Again, close by, was a woman with an infant at her breast and her arm badly broken. Her husband had escaped, but the sensitive fellow had fled from the horrors that surrounded him. I tried to persuade her to come with me, but she could not walk. All the beds had been smashed, so there was nothing to carry her upon. All the horses had been killed, so she could not ride; and at last when I proposed to see her safe to the hospital on a cow that was standing near, she said, 'Alas, sir, that cow has a broken leg.' We were put to strange shifts sometimes for ambulance. In some villages they could not get out the dead, in others there was not strength to bury them. Everywhere the stench was intolerable.

"I used to try and estimate the casualties by counting the new graves and fresh ash-heaps. But this expedient failed me in one hamlet at least, where out of forty-seven inhabitants only seven had escaped at all. Four of these were wounded and only two able-bodied men. How could they bury their dead? Nature provided an answer; and all

along in the fresh clefts in the earth her victims were reverently laid. The convulsion that had destroyed them provided them with decent burial, and far below the level of the soil, green sods were laid on the deep graves of that awful graveyard.

"The people, though called Mohammedan, are much more like Hindus in their faith. Instead of devils or local gods they pray to 'pirs' or saints. In a village where a very celebrated tomb stands, the house, being wooden, had escaped. The people told me that the pir had saved them. We asked why the pir of a neighbouring village had not saved the people who lived round his tomb, and told them that we had seen the tomb itself upset, and the trees which overshadowed it torn 20 yards from one another. 'Oh,' they said, 'save them! Why should he? They had heaped too much earth upon him, the fools, and it was his turning in his grave to shake it off that caused their destruction.'

"It is something to have turned the thoughts of many of these people to the living God. The friendliness and sympathy we have shown them will make the missionary welcome when he returns to expound the way of God more perfectly. Some of those who owe their limbs or their lives to Christian medical effort will surely learn to love Him whose steps we were trying to follow, and so their calamity will be changed into a blessing.

"The destruction wrought by the earthquake has been fearful. Its exact extent may never be accurately known. But it is estimated that over 3000 persons have perished, that 10,000 houses have been wrecked, and 40,000 more cattle and sheep been destroyed. Many villages have been obliterated, and the towns of Sopur and Baramula exist, but as heaps of ruins."

In the early autumn the Maharajah Ranbir Singh died. Although at first opposed to the work of the Medical Mission, he had become distinctly friendly and helpful, and had not only granted a site but erected hospital buildings

at State expense. He was a kingly man and a capable ruler.

Two decades had elapsed since Elmslie laid the foundation of the Medical Mission work. It is interesting to note the degree of progress. A large hospital, roughly constructed but capable of holding a hundred patients, was now the centre of a definite missionary organization, which had borne fruit in a small community of native Christians, and the New Testament had been translated by the Rev. T. R. Wade into Kashmiri.

In the winter of 1886 the hospital staff was augmented by the arrival of the writer. This doubling of the staff marked a notable advance, increasing as it did our capacity for work and our reach. For it now became possible to visit systematically outlying portions of Kashmir. Indeed in 1887 more patients were seen in the villages than at the central hospital.

Srinagar has been designated the City of the Sun. It might with equal propriety be called the City of Appalling Odours. The long streets by which it is traversed have been metalled and drained and made presentable, but countless lanes and alleys intersect the whole town. The population is extraordinarily dense. The people know nothing of sanitation and are primitive in their habits. Large areas of courtyard and lane are never penetrated by the rays of the sun. In wet weather the boots of the pedestrians sink deeply into evil-smelling black slime, which is being added to daily. In the summer, when the shade temperature is often over 90° F., it is dreadful to contemplate the variety of germs of disease and pestilence which may be multiplying in those foul recesses, as they seethe with the malodorous emanations from accumulated filth. The drainage runs into stagnant canals in which the people bathe and wash their clothes, and from which the women fill their water-pots with water for drinking and household use. In 1888 there was no supply of pure drinking-water laid on in the city. Srinagar,

from a sanitary standpoint, was like a powder magazine waiting for a spark. This was applied in the spring.

On 5th April we were walking along the banks of the river Jhelum on our way to meet H.H. the Maharajah of Kashmir, when we met four men carrying a sick person on a string bedstead. We stopped them, to see what was wrong, and saw an emaciated corpse-like form, a man in the collapse stage of cholera.

At that time we had a full hospital with over a hundred in-patients. During the week preceding the outbreak, great crowds of people had flocked in to a Mohammedan fair and hundreds had thronged our waiting-room. On one day alone we had admitted thirty in-patients and performed fifty-three surgical operations. Two patients in the hospital were stricken with cholera and died in a few hours. The others were panic-stricken and in a few hours the hospital was almost empty.

By arrangement with the Superintending Surgeon of the State, who was most helpful, one of us took charge of a large district including the eastern suburbs of the city and outlying villages. And Dr Arthur Neve visited nearly every part of the valley where there was any mortality. On an average there were a hundred deaths a day in the city. In two months the total mortality considerably exceeded ten thousand. Scattered villages, with a good water supply, escaped to a large extent. As usual the cholera marched along the main routes, and every infected water supply became a focus of disease and death.

Of recent years the completion of the Jhelum Valley Road and the greatly increased traffic to and from India have unfortunately made outbreaks of cholera more frequent. In twenty years there have been five serious epidemics with at least forty thousand deaths. The fatal years were 1888, 1892, 1900, 1907 and 1910. Before the year 1900, however, a supply of pure water had been laid on to most parts of the city, and thousands of lives were saved

thereby. In 1888 and 1892 Srinagar was a "City of Dreadful Death." "We are looking from the bows of our mat-roofed boat for the first sight of Srinagar, the so-called Venice of the East. The turbid and lazy stream sweeps against the prow, masses of dirty foam, floating straw, dead bodies of dogs, and all the other garbage of a great city. How can one admire the great sweep of snow mountains, the deep azure of the sky, and broad rippling sheet of cloud and sky-reflecting water, when every sense is assailed by things that disgust. Upon one bank stands a neat row of wooden huts. This is a cholera hospital. Upon the other bank the blue smoke curling up from a blazing pile gives atmosphere and distance to the rugged mountains. It is a funeral pyre. And as our boat passes into the city, now and again we meet other boats, each with their burden of death. All traffic seems to be suspended. Shops are closed. Now and again, from some neighbouring barge, we hear the wail of mourners, the shrieks of women as in a torture den, echoed away among the houses on the bank." [1]

Early in the spring of 1907 there was a sharp epidemic of cholera at the west end of the valley. In some of the villages the mortality was appalling. When I arrived in the Lolab in the first week of May, things were quite at their worst. In some houses, one by one all had been attacked, and the last survivor was left with no one to attend and give food and water. The village official who reported the cases had just died. The head-man of the village refused to move out of his house, and panic was universal. Both the State doctors who were working in the district were old Mission Hospital assistants, and they were doing their work well. Having frequently done medical work in the Lolab before, I found that the people were friendly and willing to be treated.

Many of the village springs became veritable death tanks. And sometimes the disease was disseminated as the direct result of superstitious observances. On one occasion, for

[1] Dr A. Neve, *Mission Hospital Reports.*

instance, the Mohammedan priests of a famous shrine made a proclamation that to avert the pestilence, the tank in the courtyard of the sacred edifice should be at once filled with water brought by the worshippers. The people came in their hundreds, each bearing a water-pot which was duly emptied into the tank, some of the water of which was then drunk as a preservative from cholera. Unfortunately the water was infected, and the disastrous outburst of cholera which followed was acknowledged even by the Mohammedans to be obviously due to the work of the previous day.

Both cholera and smallpox are a source of grave danger to Europeans residing in Kashmir. Several have died of cholera.

Until the introduction of general vaccination, practically the whole population of Kashmir contracted smallpox in childhood. The mortality was appalling. From this and other causes fifty per cent. of the children of Kashmir are said to die in infancy. I often wish the opponents of vaccination could be present in our consulting room to see the melancholy procession, day by day, of those who have lost their sight from smallpox. For this disease is the most frequent cause of total incurable blindness.

Those who are vaccinated, especially if recently so, live with safety and impunity even in the midst of infection. Doctors and nurses enjoy the same immunity as they do in smallpox hospitals at home.

On the other hand, on more than one occasion in our small British community, children, whose vaccination has been omitted, have been singled out by the disease, in one case with fatal result. In contrast to this there has been no case of smallpox, within my memory, in the children of native Christians—a small group, properly vaccinated, under the supervision of the Medical Mission. From time to time European adults, who have neglected re-vaccination, are attacked.

Public vaccination has of recent years been carried on

with a certain measure of efficiency, and with the utmost benefit to the infant population. As might be anticipated, young adults are now, however, occasionally attacked by smallpox. This is, of course, owing to the fact that no adequate provision has been made for their re-vaccination.

Enteric fever is also common in Srinagar. Kashmiri children usually contract it at an early age. Its prevalence constitutes a real danger to European visitors to Kashmir.

Like many other towns with large rivers, Srinagar, in a marvellous way, escaped having plague in a severe form. There was, however, a sharp epidemic in 1903. A man died immediately after his arrival in the mail-cart from India. His body was buried in quicklime. His friends secretly exhumed the corpse in order to re-inter it near a sacred shrine. They were attacked and the disease spread rapidly. I assumed the pneumonic form. And curiously enough there was no associated rat mortality. The authorities took vigorous measures, at first burning down all plague-infected houses. They were, however, compelled to abandon this, owing to popular opposition. The disease gradually died out, after lingering with singular persistence in some isolated villages near the Wular Lake. The mortality, all through was terrible—over 95 per cent. Kashmiris, who were under European influence, were willing to submit to prophylactic inoculation. No European was attacked by plague.

Modern civilization brings in its train many physical evils. Not the least of these is the multiplication of diseases. The abandonment of open-air life is followed by an enormous increase in the amount of tuberculosis, with its innumerable manifestations. As different trades and occupations are introduced, so the variety of disorders of the skin, the eye, the nervous and other systems becomes multiplied, until now in Europe the number of diseases is almost infinite. In the East we have fewer diseases, but the number of people affected is relatively and actually greater. Infection from want of sanitary precautions plays a great part. Contagion

is responsible for many of the local diseases which are rampant—such as ophthalmia, scaldhead and the itch. A peculiar form of malignant disease, called "Kangri burn cancer," is due to the universal use of portable braziers.

In other respects the diseases of Kashmir are very much the same as those met with in Europe.

55. CENTRAL TOWER, MISSION HOSPITAL.

CHAPTER XXI

THE MISSION HOSPITAL

New Buildings—A Beautiful Prospect—A Crowd of Sick People—Reclaimed—Items of Expenditure—A Provident System—A Walk round the Wards—Mohammedans and Hindus—Types of Patients—A Little Sufferer—St Luke's Chapel—The Relief of Lepers.

> Many are the pains of life ; I need not stay
> To count them ; there is no one but hath felt
> Some of them—though unequally they fall—
> But of all good gifts, ever hath been health
> Counted the first, and the loss of it to be
> The hardest thing to bear. . . .
>
> H. E. HAMILTON KING.

THE long western ridge of the Takht-i-Suleiman is prolonged into a picturesque grassy spur which used to be crowned by an old fort and is known as the Rustum Gaddi. On the south side of this are the high reddish-yellow cliffs of a stone quarry. On the north side, a hundred feet above the level of the valley, in a commanding position, is the Mission Hospital. This has been entirely rebuilt since 1888. In those days it was all lath and plaster with mud walls and mud floors. At the present time, the new buildings are most picturesque, with their towers, broad verandahs, red roofs and gables extending for nearly a quarter of a mile along the hillside, embowered in the spring in almond blossom, or in the summer showing pretty glimpses of form and colour between the masses of varied foliage (Plate 55).

"From the upper verandahs, the prospect is indeed beautiful. Sparkling a hundred feet below is the clear flowing water of the network of canals joining the lake, the city and the European quarters. Away over the tops of the tall poplars we catch a glimpse of the airy pinnacles of the

city mosques; beyond these the hazy blue outlines of rolling hills, over which, on the south and west, are the noble serrated ridges of the Pir Panjal melting away in the distance till they blend with the sky.

"To the north, but a few miles away, rise masses of rocky mountains, enclosing in their grand sweep the Dal Lake and a maze of gardens, orchards and willow-hidden waterways, dominated by the bare red slopes and fortified crest of the isolated fort hill.

"Within the circle of that snow range dwell half a million souls, for whom the red cross flag, waving from the hospital hill, has a message of 'peace and goodwill among men.' And if that message has yet to be intelligibly delivered in its fulness to hundreds of thousands of these, yet to how many has the goodwill been practically manifested?" How many thousands were relieved in the dark and terrible years of famine, earthquake and cholera! Year by year, too, thousands of sick people, with many varied ailments, throng to the hospital for relief. Since Dr Elmslie first founded the work in 1865, far more people have applied to the Medical Mission for relief than there are now inhabitants in the valley. During the last ten years alone, over four hundred thousand visits have been paid, and 14,500 in-patients have been treated in the hospital wards.

At the east end of the hospital, high up on the hillside, is a large building with a central tower. This is the out-patient department, with a commodious waiting-room, consulting-rooms, dispensary, bacteriological laboratory and operation-rooms fitted with all the appliances necessary for the efficient carrying on of an extensive medical and surgical work. On a busy day in the summer, before midday, little groups of people may be seen gradually collecting, sitting in the shade of the trees, waiting for the doors to open. An old blind man will be brought up on a rough mountain pony. Four men may be seen staggering up the hill carrying on a bedstead a man with a broken leg. This little pro-

56. TYPES OF PATIENTS.
(Hindu, Sikh, Punjábi, and Mahammedan.)

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cession with a sedan-chair, with the red curtains flapping in the breeze, is accompanying a "parda" woman of the better classes. The old man with hardly any clothes on, and his body smeared with white ashes, is a Hindu Sadhu from India. Look at the elaborate caste marks on his face! The little group of men with sturdy ponies and long coats, like wadded dressing-gowns, are from Yarkand in Central Asia. See how fair they are, and their cheeks are quite red. They are making the pilgrimage to Mecca. The sprightly little man behind is a Goorkha soldier. His home is Nepal. He is probably "orderly" to some officer. How many creeds and nations are represented here (Plate 56). Kashmiri Mohammedans, men and women, in their dirty gowns, predominate; but here also may be seen herdsmen from the hills, tall, pale and melancholy-looking, and usually clothed in dark blue. Kashmiri Hindus and their families may be seen side by side with Buddhists from Ladákh. From many remote districts around, patients come—sometimes journeying for days and weeks across passes. "Many are the pains of life." Here we see some people disfigured by large goitres, others crippled with chronic rheumatism, and some with their faces so marred by disease as to impel them to keep them hidden from sight. The blind, with cataract or ophthalmia, the halt and maimed, paralysed or sufferers from diseases of bones or joints, the cancer-stricken, those afflicted with dropsy, lepers, and crowds with every variety of surgical ailment, toil up the steps to the waiting-room as the midday gun is fired. The room is soon packed, the patients sitting on the floor, and the door is closed. The babel of voices subsides as the doctor comes in and reads some appropriate passage from the New Testament, which he then explains in simple language, and endeavours to apply directly to the need of those before him. This is listened to attentively. Here and there one audibly assents. There is no feeling of antagonism. Many are doubtless languid or indifferent. But most feel that the combination of spiritual with physical ministration

is fitting, and is it not what they have been accustomed to in their own religion? At the close of the address a short prayer is offered. It is by no means unfrequent for many of those present to associate themselves in this by saying Amen, like our good Wesleyan friends, at the close of each petition.

One by one the patients, summoned by the ringing of a small bell, pass into the next room, where they are examined and prescribed for by the surgeon on duty.

One day I was seated in the consulting-room, engaged in seeing the out-patients, when in marched a funny little object. It was a little six-year-old girl, with unkempt hair, one ragged and scant garment, and a sharp, intelligent face. There was no one with her, and the most careful inquiry failed to elicit any information about her home or parents. When asked, "Where do you come from?" she pointed west. Interrogated further, she stated that she had slept at the roadside the previous night. About her origin we could, however, ascertain nothing. Like Topsy, she appeared to have growed.

That the Mission Hospital was the best place to which she could have come was quite certain, for she was suffering from a terrible deformity, which quite marred her beauty. Her head was bound down to the left side by an enormous scar, resulting from a previous burn, so that the cheek was almost in contact with the tip of the shoulder, to which it was firmly attached.

How this forlorn little maiden happened to stray into our consulting-room, whether it was her own idea, or whether she had been directed to us, we have never found out.

We admitted her, and in the course of a day or two an extensive surgical operation was performed. As the result of this, her condition was much improved, and after careful attention, in the course of two or three months, it was evident that although her head was curiously tilted to one side, the original deformity was largely removed. And what was to be done now? Were we to turn out the poor little vessel to

take its chance amongst all the brazen and the iron and the earthenware pots which are floating down the current of life? If so, what about the shallows and the rapids and the falls. No; we felt that she was sent to us to be cared for, and so with the aid of kind friends, we sent her to a Christian boarding school, with the hope that under good influences she might grow up to be a Christian, not only in name but in word and deed.

For some hours the work of prescribing for the patients goes on. Many have wounds which require dressing. Splints have to be applied and medicines distributed. The surgical work is often very heavy. Twelve major and forty minor operations may be performed in a single day. Sometimes as many as 400 patients are seen in one day.

It is often a little difficult to grasp the significance of figures. Four hundred patients, if they stood in single file, would reach a quarter of a mile. The total number of patients who attend in one year, if they stood two and two, rather close together, would extend to a distance of 16 miles. About 25 miles of bandage are used annually and 18,000 lbs. weight of medicine. The amount of rice supplied annually gratis to patients is fourteen tons, and of milk about twenty-five tons.

It would be quite impossible to carry on this extensive work without the large amount of assistance and support which we receive from a great number of friends. First among these must be mentioned our colleague, Dr Harold Rawlence, who has absolutely identified himself with the work of the Mission Hospital. I have already referred to the most important and valued work done by Miss Neve as Superintendent of Nursing. To this we owe much of the efficiency of the hospital. There is also a large band of assistants, some of them, like Dr Wilson, our house-surgeon, Indian Christians, and others Hindus, who have, however, been trained in the Mission School. These form a staff of willing helpers. We could not do the work without them. If many

hands do not make light work, they at least make it easier.

Owing, too, to the generosity of many friends, both in India and at home, most of the beds are endowed, and sufficient funds are received to enable us, with the aid of fees received from medical practice, to meet all the hospital expenses, without any grant from the Church Missionary Society or from the Kashmir State.

The annual cost of each bed in the hospital is about £10. In the London hospitals it averages £90 per bed. The chief saving in Kashmir is effected on salaries, cost of labour and of provisions. But economy in surgical dressings and apparatus is an important factor. For instance, instead of medicated cotton-wool at a rupee per pound, we substitute to a large extent muslin bags full of sawdust and disinfected in a high pressure steam sterilizer before use. The sawdust costs about one anna for 10 lbs.

India owes a great debt of gratitude to the Government for its splendid system of civil hospitals. But hitherto, adequate provision has not been made to obviate the free supply of medical advice and medicines to large numbers of those who could quite well afford and ought to pay for them.

The vast majority of our hospital patients are poor, and they receive attendance and medicines absolutely free and without reference to religion. One claim is sufficient, that they are ill and need relief. So also in the wards of the hospital, patients are treated, clothed and nursed gratuitously.

To meet, however, the needs of the increasing class of those who are well-to-do and seek medical aid, we have erected a block of pay-wards, for admission to which a suitable charge is made. Also in the out-patient department, those who are willing to pay for advice and medicine are admitted by a separate door, on the payment of a fee, which is fixed on a sliding scale, according to the income of the applicant. For this a receipt is given, which is used as a ticket entitling the possessor to private entrance to the consulting-room.

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57. UPPER VERANDAH. DOWNES' WARD.

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Leaving the out-patient department, we descend a long flight of steps. The westering sun is shining brightly and lighting up the wards with its warm orange glow. The air is fragrant with the perfume of countless roses which may be seen along the borders of the red paths. Beyond lies the trimly-kept garden with its gay flower-beds, well-clipped evergreen shrubs, and soft green velvety turf. We walk through the wards. The patients seem to live in the open air. In the broad verandahs there are lines and lines of polished black iron bedsteads, occupied by patients, most of whom, too, are evidently convalescing if we may judge by their cheerful aspect and bright manners. Their white clothes and happy faces, the scarlet blankets and neat grey boards with the name at the head of each bed in red letters, the pale green walls and mirror-like floors all combine to make a pretty picture which is enhanced by the feeling of underlying utility (Plate 57).

Altogether there is accommodation for 150 patients. Sometimes we have more, and beds have to be made up on the floor. It is very interesting to go round the hospital and see the large number of inmates. More than a hundred different towns and villages may be represented. Many of the patients have visitors or relatives sitting by them, and these are allowed to come at all times, so that there may sometimes be more than two hundred people in the hospital. Most of these are Mohammedans, but there are a good many Hindus, and a sprinkling of other nationalities, Punjabis, Sikhs, Tibetans and Gujars from the mountains. As a rule we are fortunate in being able to make ourselves understood to the great majority, for most know either Kashmiri or a little Urdu.

There are always a good many children in the hospital. At first they are often absolutely terrified, but they soon get to know us and become cheerful and even gay. Toys given by English children in Srinagar, or sent out from England, are greatly appreciated.

One little fellow in the " Plymouth " bed is only three years old. He was brought in with a very large tumour of the leg. During the operation it was found that the only chance for him was to amputate at the knee. Usually such a decision causes a terrible hubbub amongst the friends, and often permission is refused. But in this case the relations, although naturally greatly distressed, made no difficulties. We found that they had been in before with another patient, who had recovered from a very serious illness. The boy is now convalescent. He is hugging a large tambourine with a cat's head painted on it, and also a tin trumpet, and is happy all day. When I go into the ward he smiles all over his face, and salutes by putting his hand to his forehead.

In the " Croydon Lay Workers' Union " bed there is now a fat little boy of five, whose foot and leg were terribly burnt some weeks ago. He has had several skin grafts applied and is slowly healing. Another child in the " Norbiton " bed is suffering from disease of the shin-bone and knee-joint. His joint was twice tapped, but eventually a more extensive operation had to be performed for the removal of all the disease, and he is now convalescent. He has been very good and patient over it all. Next to him, in the " Heylyn Platt " cot, is a little fellow with hip-joint disease. He has a large wooden horse to play with. Its tail has come off and it has sustained various casualties, but he does not mind.

As we walk through the hospital we are struck by the commonness of certain ailments. There are nearly a dozen people who have been operated upon for kangri burn cancer. The kangri is the fire-basket, which the people carry under their clothes to keep themselves warm. All their lives, from early childhood, they burn themselves with these things; and when they get old, cancer is apt to follow from the prolonged irritation.

The women's wards are in the " Sir Pertabh Singh Pavi-

lion " (named after H.H. the Maharajah of Kashmir, who formally opened it in 1893). Here there are nine or ten women who have been operated upon for in-turned eyelashes. They were rapidly losing their sight, but will now steadily improve and regain vision. In the " Lloyd Edwards " bed is a patient for whom an important operation was required for a very large tumour. She is almost well. In the " Gertrude " bed is an old lady with ankle-joint disease, who is being treated by modern methods, and is slowly improving. We trust we shall now be able to save the limb. The " Nazareth " bed is occupied by a young woman with disease of one of the bones of the arm. She is always bright and pleasant and is doing well. There is an elderly woman in the " Kensington " bed with a severe burn of the elbow. She fell down in a faint as the result of insufficient food and the severe cold in the winter and was burnt by her kangri. She is an old patient and was " in " years ago for cataract of both eyes and then received her sight.

These wards are under the special charge of Miss Neve, the Superintendent of Nursing, who also teaches the patients. Some of the younger ones are quite good at learning and repeating texts, but the women as a whole are not very attentive listeners. There are, however, fairly frequent exceptions.

In the wards of the hospital we obtain a glimpse into the better side of Kashmir life. Many of the patients are villagers. Supposing a little child falls ill, and is brought in, he is often accompanied by quite a number of relatives. Some of these usually remain for a few days, and as they become accustomed to our ways and methods they grow more and more friendly. Sometimes, in rotation, nearly every member of a family will come to take turn in watching by and nursing a little patient. The father goes back to his fields, his place is taken by the mother. She, in turn, is too much needed at home, and has reluctantly to leave, handing over charge, perhaps, to an old grand-

mother. Sometimes confidence is so far gained that the friends will commend the child to our care for days or weeks, ever and anon putting in an appearance to see how things are going on.

Zuni was a little Kashmiri girl nine years old. She had gone through a good deal of trouble at home. She hardly remembered her father, who died long ago. Her mother's health was very bad, and poor little Zuni had been left to fend for herself. When her leg became swollen and painful, the outlook seemed very bad. Her mother was too poor to pay for the attendance of native doctors, which was perhaps just as well for Zuni, for they would very likely have bled her and given her poisonous drugs containing mercury, till her gums became spongy and her teeth loose. A neighbour suggested their going to the Mission Hospital, but they were afraid, because they knew of a boy in the next street whose leg had been cut off there. It is true that the boy was well and happy and loud in his praises of the hospital as a place where they got lots to eat and every one was kind. But the possibility of her leg being cut off was too dreadful! Zuni would rather die first. So they postponed it and put it off, but then the leg got very sore and she could not walk at all, and began to get very pale and thin. At last they hired a boat and started off. Presently they saw a long row of buildings, with several towers, on the side of a hill, and up above was a white flag with a red cross on it. They were told that this was the Mission Hospital, and Zuni was lifted out of the boat by her aunt and carried up the hill to a large room where there was a great crowd of people. She counted 150. They were all sitting on the ground. Then the doctor came in and Zuni was very frightened, until she saw that he had nothing more dreadful than a book in his hand. He sat down, read to the people from the book, which he said was the Gospel, and then talked to them, and Zuni was surprised to find that she could understand something of what he said, and that he was telling the people of a great

Prophet, who went about doing good and healing the sick and who gave His own life in order to save men from sin.

Then after the doctor had finished and gone out, she heard a little bell ring and ring; and each time it rang, one of the sick people got up and went out of the big room and was lost to sight. And Zuni wondered whether they were all having arms and legs cut off, but thought not, as she did not hear any cry except a small and naughty baby, which was evidently very cross, and which was smacked by its mother, which did not improve its temper. Presently her turn came and Zuni was taken into the next room and the doctor looked at her leg and said she must have something to send her to sleep and then he would put the leg right. Then her aunt began to cry, and she cried too, and felt sure she was going to have her leg cut off and be killed. And they took her into a very bright room and put her on a shiny table and gave her some strange sweet stuff on a towel to smell, and she felt the whole room whirl round, and the noise in her ears reminded her of the great flood, when the stream near their home became a roaring torrent and nearly swept them all away. Then she seemed to hear far-away voices, which appeared to get louder; and she was just going to implore them not to do anything to her, when to her surprise she was told that it was all finished. She then fell asleep and when she awoke she was in a nice clean, comfortable bed, with white sheets and red blankets and such a soft pillow. And in the next bed to her she was surprised to see another little girl of about her own age, whose name was Khotani, and who said her home was in the mountains. They were soon great friends and Khotani told her that she had been in the hospital for two months and was getting better, and it was a jolly place, and the Miss Sahibs were very kind. And she showed her such a nice doll and told her stories about life in the mountains, among the pines and snows, and all about her pet lamb and her father's buffaloes. And the Miss Sahib used to come and read to them and talk to them, and both Zuni and Khotani

learned texts and liked to hear about the little Child who was born in Bethlehem, and about the angel who came to tell good news to the shepherds. One day Zuni had a beautiful Japanese doll given to her, and it made her very happy. And a large musical-box used to be brought into the ward sometimes and it played beautiful tunes and she was so pleased. Zuni remained some months in the hospital, and began quite to look upon it as her home.

Many of the patients come a good deal under the influence of Christian teaching. But when they return to their homes, too often the weight of public opinion is brought to bear against the teaching which they have heard. We are doing perhaps more than we can guess, even in our sanguine moments, towards leavening and modifying that public opinion. Although nominally assenting to much of Christian doctrine, the general feeling of the Mohammedan community is naturally very strongly against a change of religion. The Hindus, on the other hand, have, of course, still less in common with Christianity, and their whole religious thought seems to be on quite a different plane. In the abstract, the Hindu is more tolerant than the Mohammedan, but in reality he is not one whit more so, if any member of his community should show the desire of becoming a Christian.

It seems, and is, a bold enterprise for a mere handful of Christians, brought up in a distant country and of an alien race, with different manners, customs, sentiments and habits, to try to bring the people of a country like Kashmir to believe in Christ, with all that this belief (taken in the Christian sense) implies. The difficulty is not diminished by the fact that the lives of many Christians, with whom the people come into contact, carry with them very little Christian influence. It is increased by the want of religious freedom and toleration in Kashmir. Hindus and Mohammedans are seldom backward in applauding the impartiality exhibited by the Government of India in all matters of religion, but they do not imitate it. The convert to Christianity in Kashmir has to

endure a storm of persecution. He becomes an outcast from his family and an object of contempt and hatred to his former co-religionists. He usually loses his means of livelihood, and is ostracized by his friends and neighbours. Yet these very difficulties accentuate the importance of the work. The evangelization of the world has from the earliest days had to encounter persecution, hatred, intolerance and scorn. Time after time it has triumphed, and by the grace of God it will do so in Kashmir, but we must have patience.

" Among those who appear interested, in the wards, are certain types. One is the old soldier who has served under British officers, or the Indian servant who has been long in the employ of a kind master. Perhaps little may have been said to them about religion, but they have seen something of its effect on the English character, and when spoken to personally, under the solemnizing influence of a severe illness, they respond to it. Let me give two examples. S. K. had served thirteen years in a Punjab regiment and had fought under the British flag in Egypt as well as in Afghanistan and on the frontier. His home is 100 miles west of this, but he had heard of the hospital, and when other treatment failed to relieve his dropsy resulting from heart disease, he travelled up here, on horseback, accompanied by two or three relatives. Tapping and other treatment relieved him considerably, and he was very grateful for all the personal attention shown him, and was ready to talk about his former experiences. As time went on, his heart seemed touched by the thought of God's love, and he spoke of Christ as the Saviour. He not only listened himself, but made others do so, and any Hindustani-speaking patients in the wards would join with him in responding during an address or prayer. His improvement was not maintained altogether, and at last he reluctantly started for home, appearing much affected at parting. Of such an one surely the hope may be expressed that there will be a happier meeting above."

" P. K. was brought to us in an extreme state of weakness

from an incurable disease. I had known him as the trustworthy henchman of a gentleman living here. We could only relieve him a little, and stave off the end by a few days. But he was thankful, and asked me to pray with him. I broke it to him gently that he could not hope to see his master and mistress again, as they would not be back for some weeks. We talked of the life beyond, and he listened to the words of Christ as if they gave him comfort. And he who gave comfort to that dying Mohammedan will not, we may be sure, refuse to intercede for him at the Mercy Seat on high."

"Another type is the devout old villager, perhaps a Mullah or Pir, who may have come from a distance to have his eyes operated on for cataract. Some men of this kind seem really religious, not mere formalists; they listen well, and often comment briefly on the teaching, and the more spiritual this is, the more they appear to appreciate it. Pleasant as it is to talk to these, they do not readily receive any new doctrine. The Atonement of Christ does not seem to appeal to them, though the story of the Resurrection and Ascension does so, and still more the doctrine of Christ as the Great Intercessor. But saint worship in Kashmir has reached such lengths that perhaps they believe as much about their 'Pirs' as we claim for our Divine Master. One or two of the more educated villagers have expressed much interest, but we have lost sight of them lately. One from the west of the valley read the Gospels and some tracts, and was at first a little argumentative, but later on he openly, before some Mohammedans, said he was not one of them, for he was a Christian."

"A different type to this is the lad, possibly suffering from bone or joint disease, who likes to get hold of a book and to hear something novel. The interest is often very superficial to start with, but if it can be followed up, may make a deep impression." [1]

At the foot of the Rustum Gaddi Hill and at the east end of the hospital garden, opening on to the main road to the

[1] Dr A. Neve, *Mission Hospital Reports.*

city, is the pretty little chapel of St Luke. It is built of grey stone, and the windows, cornices, mouldings and interior lining are of red brick. The church is cruciform, with an apsidal chancel, on either side of which are brass memorial tablets to Dr Elmslie and Mr K. B. Thomas and to Miss Petrie and Miss F. Butler, the first lady medical missionary to Kashmir. The reredos is a fine piece of carving in walnut wood. In the north transept there is also a tablet in memory of Miss Robinson, who for eight years rendered most faithful service as nursing sister.

Gothic arches of timber support the roof, the inside of which is ceiled with a beautiful parqueterie, peculiar to Kashmir, and known as *khatmband*, thin slips of pine wood pieced together with great skill to form a bold geometrical pattern.

Near the end of the nave at the entrance, a carved screen stretches across the church, behind which are the seats for Mohammedans and Hindus.

St Luke's Chapel was dedicated by the Bishop of Lahore on 12th September 1896, in the presence of a large congregation, partly European and partly native. Among the natives, Kashmiri, Punjabi, Pathan and Bengali were represented. This ceremony marked an epoch in the Mission.

From time to time we have the joy of witnessing in this building the admission of members to the Christian Church.

One of the last was Lass Sheikh, a leper, who had long been interested in Christian teaching, and who had been living a quiet and consistent life in the leper hospital. At the same time a boy, the son of one of the other lepers, was, at his own desire and with his father's consent, admitted to the visible church. The service, which was conducted by the Rev. F. E. Lucey, was most impressive, as first one and then the other in the presence of the congregation confessed his faith in Christ, and promised to fight faithfully under His banner—a pledge which, in Kashmir, is no empty form, but a veritable taking up of the cross.

In past years many inquirers, dreading the persecution which is inevitable in Kashmir, have fled to the Punjab, where some have been baptized.

Of those who have been baptized in Kashmir, several have sooner or later apostatized. Kashmiri Christians require very strong faith and an unusually strong character to withstand the depressing effect of the constant disabilities to which they are exposed, owing to their religious belief.

The whole strength of popular prejudice, of caste and of officialdom is against a change of religion. But all these are as impotent to stay the change which is coming surely and slowly over India, as was Canute to stem the rising tide.

Education is making strides, and the future is bright with the hopes of enlightenment and intellectual freedom. The true power and beneficence of Christianity are becoming increasingly acknowledged.

A Mission Hospital is a "moral text-book," which can be read and appreciated by the most illiterate. And we are right in revealing our sources of inspiration. We have a message, the message of peace and goodwill to men through the Saviour Christ. Day by day, week by week, these good tidings of great joy have been told. Oftentimes, I fear, they have appeared foolishness to the hearers. History repeats itself. For the pantheistic Greek substitute the Hindu, for the monotheistic Jew take the Mohammedan, and to the one "Christ Crucified" is still a stumbling-block, and to the other foolishness. Nevertheless we believe with St Paul that to those who receive Him, Christ is the Power of God and the Wisdom of God. During the past years many Kashmiris have apparently listened to this message with devoutness and thankfulness.

Twenty years ago a visitor walking round the Kashmir Mission Hospital would have found one building occupied exclusively by lepers. At that time the hospital wards were built of lath and plaster, with earthen floors, and the accommodation for the lepers was perhaps the worst of all. From sixty to eighty lepers used to come to us annually as

out-patients. Of these, at the most, twelve could be admitted. About this time there was a wave of interest in lepers. Father Damien had recently died of the disease, and the Prince of Wales's Fund had been started. It was a specially suitable opportunity for pressing a request that we should be allowed to build a separate hospital for lepers in Kashmir. This request was favourably received by H.H. the Maharajah, who most kindly granted us an admirable site of about twelve acres, on a peninsula projecting into the Dal Lake, and he allotted to us a sum of about £300 for the erection of the first buildings, and one year's maintenance. This was the commencement of the present Kashmir State Hospital. Accommodation was provided for thirty patients, and in the year 1891, the first year of the work, we had in the summer months an average of twenty as our leper family. While looking after their temporal needs we were glad to be able to tell them of a Home where sin and disease do not enter in, and where there is no more sorrow but joy for evermore.

The number of patients increased year by year, and the thirty beds proved insufficient. In 1894 a small block was erected to hold eight more, and again in 1895 a second extra ward for ten more lepers had to be erected. Since that time, addition after addition has been made to provide for the constantly growing need. In 1899 there were sixty-five patients in the institution. In 1911 the number had reached one hundred. The hospital now is quite one of the show places of Kashmir. It is surrounded on three sides by the blue waters of the lake, and there is a wonderful panorama of snow mountains in every direction to which the eye is turned. The building consists of nine separate lines. Most of these have red-tiled roofs, and they are provided with verandahs. In the three last blocks which have been added, there are five rooms each. Every room has two windows and a little fireplace, and holds two lepers. The floors have been tiled, and ample ventilation provided. In the garden around are

hundreds of young fruit trees which we have planted, and we also raise crops of wheat, barley, Indian corn and linseed. The field work is not, however, done by the lepers.

In Kashmir there is no compulsory segregation of lepers. Those who come to the hospital do so voluntarily, and stay just as long as they like. For this reason it has been found difficult to develop industrial work amongst them. It is important that those who are well enough should have some occupation. They are therefore expected to keep their own rooms clean; and odd jobs such as grass-cutting, white-washing, path-making and so on are encouraged. There is also a little school for the children (Plate 58). Most of the lepers come from hill districts around the valley of Kashmir. Many of them belong to the herdsman class. Leprosy is not hereditary. It appears to be propagated by a limited contagion among those who live in crowded huts and under insanitary conditions. There are two chief types of the disease. In one of these there are pale, leprous patches, with loss of sensation. This form affects fingers and toes, which drop off, and it appears to correspond more closely with the leprosy mentioned in the Bible than the other form. The second form, the so-called tubercular leprosy, is far more disfiguring. The body is covered with lumps, and, as these are very numerous on the face, the patients' features are distorted and sometimes look quite leonine. In many, the eyes are attacked and incurable blindness follows only too often. Advanced cases are turned out of their homes and people refuse to eat with them, so their condition is very sad. The less marked cases often continue to live in their villages, and they are a source of danger to others. I remember once when travelling in a mountainous part of Kashmir, going to a cottage and asking for some milk. A man brought me some in his bowl. I was just about to drink it, when, glancing at the man, I saw that he was a leper. There are undoubted risks when lepers are mixed with the population, living, sleeping and eating with healthy people

Photo by] [*G. W. Possnett*

58. LITTLE SCHOLARS AT THE LEPER HOSPITAL.

To face p. 294.

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It will at once be perceived that the larger the number of lepers in the hospital, the better will it fulfil its intention; and the longer every leper can be retained in the institution the better for himself and the rest of the population. The treatment is chiefly palliative. But many of the lepers improve very much, and in some the disease appears to become after a time completely arrested. Food, clothing, bedding, in fact all that they need, is supplied to the lepers; and as funds admit we are gradually furnishing the whole hospital with first-rate iron bedsteads.

The spiritual work in the leper hospital has been up-hill, and in some respects it affords a means of estimating the difficulty of the work in Kashmir, and the apparent slowness of progress. In the leper hospital the patients owe practically everything to Christian work. In their own villages most of them are outcasts, although the people give them alms. The contrast in the leper hospital must be very striking to them. Here they have abundant food and many comforts, with cosy little rooms and firewood in the winter. Their wounds are dressed daily, and a friendly interest is taken in them. When we go to this hospital, after visiting all the patients, we gather them together and read a portion of Scripture, following it with simple explanation or a short evangelistic address. Attendance at this service is voluntary. In the summer, nearly all come: in the winter, the number drops to thirty or forty. The patients listen with attention. They are not good at answering questions; many of them seem to be afraid lest that should be taken by the others as an indication of an intention of becoming Christians. From time to time, however, some have professed their faith, and have been baptized. These have all been subject to a measure of persecution from the other lepers, who promptly refuse to eat with them, and object to live in the same room, and not infrequently show much bitterness. And yet the very people who act in this way often say Amen quite fervently at the close of the prayer with which our service is ended. The

fact is that they are ready to assent to a good deal of Christian teaching, but object to baptism, because they realize that a baptized person is no longer one of the great Mohammedan brotherhood, and is therefore from their standpoint a renegade.

The first to become a Christian in the present leper hospital was K. K. He is intelligent and independent, and certainly the best of the lepers. In the first instance he was influenced largely through reading a copy of the New Testament which was given to him.

There is still a tendency for the leper hospital work to grow and increase. Before long I have no doubt that we shall be able to accommodate more than 100 lepers in the institution. It is interesting to know that all this work is, owing to the enlightenment and liberality of the Maharajah of Kashmir, carried on without any charge whatever upon the funds of the Church Missionary Society. If there were no Christians at all, the work would nevertheless be interesting and encouraging, for is it not a literal carrying-out of the command to " heal the sick . . . and say unto them, the Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you "? And if many of the lepers are somewhat unresponsive and their gratitude is not always conspicuous, do we not know of ten lepers who were actually completely restored to health, and yet of whom only one stranger returned to give thanks? Who can say that some of these lepers, taking all their circumstances and the heavy handicap of disease into consideration, may not be really nearer the Kingdom than many Christians, who, enjoying health and the innumerable privileges of a Christian environment, with all that this means, are nevertheless content to live lives of luxury and ease, unmindful of the White Man's Burden, and the great claim of Christian opportunity, which calls us all to work while it is yet day?

CHAPTER XXII

SPHERE OF INFLUENCE OF MEDICAL MISSION WORK

Racial Antagonism—Points of Contact—Opportunities for Service—Economic Value of Medical Relief—Should Missionary Work be Supported?—Aims and Attainments.

> Such mercy He by His most holy reede
> Unto us taught, and to approve it trew
> Ensampled it by His most righteous deede
> Shewing us mercy, miserable crew!
> That we the like should to the wretches shew
> And love our brethren.
>
> SPENSER.

THE rapid development of India has brought us face to face with many grave problems. The action of the National Congress, the Swadeshi movement, the Pan-Islamic revival, and the anti-British tone of a large section of the Indian Press, are various manifestations of this. It has, however, been truly pointed out by the Bishop of Lahore that the very rise of these new conditions is, in large part, due to our National Christianity and to our attitude toward and manner of dealing with India. As missionaries, our one aim is to bring India the very best (of all which we believe that we have received from God) of faith and high moral and intellectual ideals and of self-sacrificing service. That mercenary motives are often imputed to the British, whether Government servants or missionaries, is too true. On the whole we believe that imputation to be both unjust and untrue. Missionary enterprise has done more to keep steadfastly to the front the highest principles and motives of life, than any other agency in India, and it has achieved results too extensive to be measured. It is not too much to say that

Indian Society, whether Hindu or Mohammedan, is unconsciously saturated with Christianity. Many missionaries who are lamenting their apparent want of success and who deplore the comparative rarity of the crowning joy of individual work, the actual receiving of convinced and consistent Christians into the visible Church, would be much happier in their work if they could only realize the extent to which they have been permitted to be the instruments of disseminating the highest truth.

We believe the present state of India to be a stage of progress, and that the best and truest of our rulers have indeed been striving, as has been well said, " to do what was right from day to day, believing that if this were the principle of our rule, the ultimate issues of it could not be evil, or in any real sense injurious to ourselves."

If the time has come—or when it does come—that Indians should be permitted and encouraged to take over administrative and judicial responsibility, to a much larger extent than hitherto, I believe that missionaries will welcome such a change —a change which is not only inevitable but to be hoped for soon, and which might be at once safely realized, if only " the valiant man and free, the larger heart and kindlier hand " had been rung into the land to a larger extent than is the case.

Missionaries in North India are apt to feel that as Christians they have more in common with Mohammedans than with Hindus. The Mohammedan belief in the Unity and Purity of God and their theoretical acceptance of " the Law," seem to give a common platform of belief. It is important that the most should be made of these points of contact. We owe a debt to those who, like the eminent linguist, Dr Grierson, have emphasized the importance of the Hindu doctrine of Bhakti, the oneness of the Supreme Being, and the sinfulness and unworthiness of man, a doctrine, too, which recognizes Incarnation. " In every nation he has faith who feareth God and worketh righteousness, for he is accepted with Him. And the man that walketh in darkness

and hath no light, if only he walks uprightly and judges righteous judgment, he, too, shall see the mystery of the truth and duty that he loved, unfolded in the loving face of Him, that liveth and was dead and is alive for evermore."[1]

One of the strong points of Medical Missions is this, that they enjoy exceptional facilities for showing kindness and courtesy to thousands of Indians of all classes, and of rendering service to them. One of the greatest duties and privileges of the British in India, is to set forth the honourableness of service and the nobility of "the golden rule"; ideas which, although deeply rooted in the West, have not yet received much acceptance in Asia, in practical life.

At the present time, when there is an undoubted increase of racial antipathy between East and West, it is most important that all Englishmen should set themselves determinedly to extend more kindliness and sympathy to their Indian neighbours and dependents, and to do what they can to lessen the bitterness and racial dislike, which are becoming so painfully apparent.

Another strong point of Medical Missions is that they aim high. The highest ideal of life is for us to address ourselves to the task of carrying out the programme of Christianity, to cheer the poor with good tidings, to release the captives, give sight to the blind, and set at liberty those who are bruised. We have been privileged to see a partial realization of this ideal in our own age and our own country. How many hospitals, infirmaries and asylums have been founded for the relief of every kind of disease! In every city, too, how numerous are the benevolent institutions and the associations for improving the condition of the poor, the suffering and the degraded! It was not always so. What has made the difference? The growth of refinement and civilization? Surely not! There was a high degree of refinement and civilization in Rome and Athens in olden days, but little humanity. More than half the population of those

[1] Gwatkins.

cities was enslaved. And apart from military institutions, not only were there few if any hospitals for the care of the poor and suffering, but we know that, on the contrary, heartless selfishness and merciless cruelty flourished in the midst of civilization and refinement as in a congenial soil. Was the condition of things any better in India before the days of British rule? Was there any care for the sick poor? Were there any hospitals or institutions for the relief of those afflicted with blindness or other disease?

It is to Christianity that we must look for the great motive power of philanthropy. Its great Founder proclaimed His Mission to be for the relief of the distressed. It was He Who sent out His disciples with the great commission to heal the sick and say unto them, " The Kingdom of God is come nigh to you." He was never more at home than in a crowd composed of persons suffering from every kind of disease and infirmity of body and mind, " amongst whom He moved benignly, touching one here into health, speaking to another the word of power, and letting glances of kindness and good cheer fall on all." And, following in His holy footsteps, Christians have at all times carried on the great work of comfort and healing. Public hospitals, refuges for the blind, and asylums for lepers, owe their origin chiefly to Christians. In more recent times Christian statesmen brought about the abolition of slavery, and a Christian lady started the great Dufferin scheme for the relief of suffering women in India.

As the influence of Christianity has spread and become stronger, it has gradually altered the whole character of public opinion until, instead of, as in the classical days of paganism, its weight being on the side of cruelty and neglect, the scale is now weighed down on the side of mercy. And in these days Christian charity is not content with ministering to human misery, but seeks to remove its causes and to so regulate the conditions and environment of life as to avert the onset of disease. This great Christian influence spreads and

radiates until we find, especially in the large cities of India, non-Christians, Parsis, Hindus and Mohammedans, whose consciences have been stirred and who are awakening to the needs of the distressed and suffering, and coming forward and liberally supporting or even founding hospitals and other institutions for the relief of disease and pain. But, although full of promise for the future, such instances are still exceptional, and as a whole, the Indian people are very far behind. They have little desire to engage in practical philanthropy and they care for none outside their own family or caste. And if charitable institutions are organized for them, those who are not Christians often cannot be trusted to administer the funds honestly. Nowhere does the gulf between East and West come out more clearly than here. On the one side we have apathy, callous neglect, and gross and often dishonest selfishness; on the other, the high ideals of Christian philanthropy. It makes one sick at heart to hear English men and women who openly advocate leaving the Hindus and Mohammedans where they are—English men and women who lightly esteem their own priceless heritage, the Christian Faith, handed down through centuries of struggle against wrong, and who so depreciate the moral and spiritual resources of the West as to think that we have no gifts to impart to the East. Have we no higher ideals of unselfish devotion to duty, of purity, of family life, brotherly love and charity to all men, than the seething mass of corruption, deceit, selfishness, impurity, fraud and intrigue with which the Indian peoples are infiltrated? We know we have. But the question is, how are these to be imparted? The only efficient way is for whole-hearted Christian lives to be lived in contact with the people. Precept is important. Christian educational work in India is most important. Preaching, too, is a divinely appointed method. Those are needed who follow in Christ's footsteps, upon whom is the spirit of the Lord as they go forth among the men and women of India to preach good tidings to the poor and proclaim the

acceptable year of the Lord. But, above all, example is necessary. Those who are in Government service are precluded from, in their official capacity, promoting the spread of Christianity. But if they are Christians at all, they cannot help bearing witness by their lives and actions, and by their personal influence in private life. Contact with the people must tell.

It is here that the great value of Medical Mission work is manifest. It is following the highest example. Medical Missions are quite one of the most important manifestations at the present time in the whole world of the practical spirit of Christianity. They use medical science for its highest purpose. Taken at the lowest estimate they confer an enormous boon on suffering humanity, not only in India but in China, Africa, Persia, Arabia and other countries which are in great need of humanizing agencies.

So far as men and funds have been available, various Missionary Societies have endeavoured to carry on this important work.

The Church Missionary Society, for instance, through its Medical Mission Auxiliary, has planted out forty hospitals with a staff of eighty-six doctors and fifty-two nurses. In this way medical relief is being afforded annually to more than a million sufferers, to whom also Christ is set forth as the Saviour.

We often hear the objection that this work should be done in our own land where it is alleged it is more needed. It is done there. There can be no conflict between different parts of the Christian's work. Those who are most earnest and keen and devoted in work amongst the needy at home, are just the people who are most in sympathy with those working abroad. A living Church at home makes an active Church abroad. From a medical standpoint it appears that the need abroad is greater than at home. In Great Britain it is said that there is one qualified medical man to every 1400 of the population. In India there is not one to every

100,000. A distinguished officer of the Indian Medical Service has stated that it is doubtful whether five per cent. of the Indian population are reached by skilled medical aid. In London the mortality is barely twenty per thousand per annum. In Indian cities, even when there is no plague, it is quite double. In Kashmir about half the children born are said to die in infancy. As if the pain and suffering of the Eastern peoples were not sufficient, it is in many cases aggravated by neglect and apathy, or by the cruel and barbarous treatment of untrained native practitioners and ignorant impostors.

In Kashmir we are in the midst of a population of this kind, with its high mortality and all its suffering. Let us look at the work of the Mission Hospital from the standpoint of the people of the country. They know that in it they have a place to which they can go in time of need; that it is open to all, without distinction of race, creed or caste; that their religious feelings will be respected, and that when admitted to the hospital they will be treated with kindness, clothed, fed and receive personal attention, and the necessary surgical or medical treatment. They know that the institution is clean, well-ordered, and that they will have a large measure of freedom in receiving relatives and other visitors from their homes. Those who come from the valley also know that they will receive Christian instruction there. So far from considering this a reason for not coming, a great many of them welcome the teaching, and not infrequently express their appreciation of the friendly personal interest thus taken in them. In the wards of the hospital, with these hundreds of patients constantly in touch with Christian work and Christian teaching, we have that very contact of race with race, of Christianity with Mohammedanism and Hinduism, which is needed, and which is so beneficial, and which is essential if the people are to realize the nature of the Christian Faith and its claims upon them.

Last year there were 23,642 new out-patients and 1979

in-patients in the hospital. What becomes of all these people? They return to their homes. Many go to crowded streets and alleys of the city. Very many disperse to scores of villages scattered throughout the length and breadth of the valley of Kashmir, others to the plains of India, some few to distant mountain homes in Tibet, Afghanistan, and even Yarkand and Khotan. Herdsmen, peasants, shopkeepers, traders, landowners, priests, State officials—every class is represented, and so the work of softening prejudice, overcoming bigotry, and smoothing down racial distrust goes on; and in many a distant village, grateful appreciation is still retained for very real benefits received, for the saving of life, the restoration of sight, or relief from disabling pain and disease. And thus, too, attention has been directed toward the Great Physician, of Whose teaching such are the fruits. And step by step, slowly it is true, but surely, the way is being prepared for that Kingdom for the coming of which so many pray in one of the commonest but most sacred petitions.

"What a difference between such work and Bazaar preaching. In the bazaar, shouting and argument; the preacher contradicted, and Christianity and Englishmen alike reviled and held up to contempt. It is indeed a work which needs doing, but what gifts of tact and meekness are needed for it. In the hospital, on the other hand, quiet, gratitude, bigotry melting away, hard hearts thawing, Christ revered, Christian 'altruism' acknowledged and praised." [1]

The value, too, of medical work from the standpoint of political economy is of interest. Every disabled subject is a source of loss to the State. Agricultural or other work is left undone, or imperfectly done. Every patient, previously incapacitated for work, who is healed and restored to his occupation, is a distinct gain to the country. So that medical and surgical work directed in one year to the successful relief

[1] Dr A. Neve, *Mission Hospital Reports.*

of several thousand patients is of direct political importance.

There are not a few who do not, we regret to know, believe in what they call " the Missionary part of our work," but for the sake of the great amount of relief to suffering achieved by the Mission they give their cordial support. We do not expect those who are not Christians to approve of Christian Mission work. Such work is, however, carried on for the benefit of all classes, without any distinction of race or creed, and we are thankful for the help accorded by those of any class, whatever their religious beliefs may be. Philanthropic work forms a happy bond of union between those whose views on most subjects may be very widely divergent. Upon those, however, who are Christians, it is surely evident—unless their faith is purely nominal—that Medical Mission work has a very special claim—a claim not based on isolated texts from the Scriptures, but on the whole life, example and precept of the Master.

Whatever our opinions may be about Missionaries and Missionary methods there can be no doubt whatever in our minds, if we are Christians at all, that the duty of evangelizing the world is laid upon the Church.

So that such objections as that the evangelization of India or of Kashmir is impossible, or that it is undesirable, are simply irrelevant. For the question for us is not whether it is possible or desirable, but " What is the duty incumbent on Christians ? "

One of the commonest objections to Mission work in India is that the people's own religions are good enough, and perhaps better for them than Christianity. Such an objection can hardly come from Christian lips; for the declaration of, and witness to, the truth of our Faith is of the essence of Christianity. Moreover, an acquaintance with the religious beliefs of the country shows how defective they are in ethics, and how overladen with gross superstitions.

Those who are imperfectly acquainted with practical

Mission work often assume that the preaching and teaching of Christianity is disliked by the peoples of India, and is, so to speak, forced upon unwilling hearers by ignorant and more or less fanatical missionaries. This view would be amusing if it were not so generally current. It is certainly not the case in Kashmir. No doubt there are many amongst our hearers who are apathetic and listless. There are others who make no attempt to listen, who are too ill, in too much pain, poor things! too ignorant, or too certain that their own is the one true faith. And, of course, there are always some who are too worldly and sensual to even understand the teaching of Christ. But these raise no objection to the preaching, their attitude is rather one of indifference. On the other hand, there are many who are quite the reverse, who listen with attention, almost with eagerness, and some of whom audibly assent. It is by no means uncommon for patients in the wards to ask us to come and talk to them.

No, it is not the teaching they object to. It is the idea of changing their religion, of breaking their caste, and being formally, by the act of baptism, cut off from all their old associations and family ties. *There lies the crux.*

The fight with Mohammedanism is a stern one. The work goes on day after day and year after year, not only in Kashmir but in other Mohammedan countries, with very little outward sign of progress. The mass of the population appears to have so little desire for righteousness that it does not realize the inadequacy of Islam. Humanly speaking, Mohammedanism owes its origin in a measure to the unfaithfulness of the Christian Church of those days. It is a very serious question whether it does not owe its continuance in these days in almost equal measure to the same cause.

Nowhere is the need for Christianity greater than in Mohammedan lands. Nowhere is the challenge more emphatic for us to abundantly prove that the Christian faith alone has power to bear fruit.

The halo of romance which surrounds a sphere of work is

not always dispelled by closer contact. But when actively engaged in grappling with obstacles, the eye is focussed on near objects, and for a time more distant things are hazy or unseen. Thus it is with the routine duties and wearing details of Medical Mission work. Now it is the monotonous and brain-fatiguing claims of language-study that distract. Anon it is the exhausting demands of surgical practice under difficulties. Again it is the spiritual, moral and intellectual barrenness of the people, or the blatant and self-conceited ignorance of their teachers. Nor are there wanting foes from within. In a great undertaking, difficulties are inevitable. But the very obstacles in the path of progress spur the traveller to even greater effort. And when success has been achieved, then every drop of previous pain and toil is transformed into the very essence of sweetness, enhancing joy a thousand-fold.

CHAPTER XXIII

DEVELOPMENT OF KASHMIR

Material Improvements—Influence of Medical Mission—Future of Kashmir—Probable Victory of Christian Faith and Ethics.

> Ring in the valiant man and free,
> The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
> Ring out the darkness of the land,
> Ring in the Christ that is to be.
>
> TENNYSON.

EVEN the quietest and most secluded spot cannot resist the tide of progress and advance which beats upon its shores. Kashmir is undergoing rapid changes. The prices of food have increased immensely. This may be borne with a measure of equanimity, when we recognize that our loss is the gain of the actual working-classes of the population. The liberal rates of pay offered by Government Departments have made both skilled and untrained labour more expensive and difficult to obtain. Difficulties of transport, too, in the valley may increase if changes in time-honoured arrangements are hurried on precipitately.

Visitors returning to the country, after an absence of a few years, find many material improvements—new houses, metalled roads, substantial masonry bridges, solid embankments and electric lights. Such changes at once strike the eye. But they are only an index to still greater reforms. The creation of the State Council, the inauguration of the land settlement and the reorganization of the Financial, Public Works, Postal, Telegraph and Forest Departments, have contributed largely to the material, and not a little, we may hope, to the moral welfare of the subjects of His Highness the Maharajah. And looked at simply from this standpoint, the growth and development of the Mission Hospital is worthy of some notice. This forms now one of the most important public buildings in Kashmir. Year by year it has

increased in size to enable it to cope with the demands made upon its accommodation and resources by an ever-growing multitude of patients. During the past ten years 436,364 visits from out-patients have been recorded, 14,727 have been taken into the wards of the hospital as in-patients and half a million meals have been supplied free. The large number of surgical operations, 40,710, shows how far the confidence of the people has been secured. There is no doubt that the Kashmiris believe more in surgery than in medicine; the reason, of course, being that the results of the former are so much more tangible. The removal of a large tumour or the extraction of a "cataract" can be appreciated by the most ignorant, and the use of chloroform and other anæsthetics does much to remove the dread of the more serious operations. Surgically the success cannot be gainsaid. Year by year increasing numbers of sick are relieved, and a higher standard of work aimed at. Year by year, too, we see evidences, not indeed so tangible as surgical statistics, but as incontrovertible, that prejudices and bigotry are breaking down. We see racial and religious barriers yielding, and a new spirit at work.

Although the outlook for Kashmir is, on the whole, bright, there are some shadows. There is ample room for increase in the population. For immense areas may still be brought under cultivation. Famine will never again, under wise administration, assume the appalling proportions of the years 1878-9. Sanitation has had great victories in the past —notably the introduction of a supply of pure water to the city, whereby thousands of lives have been saved in subsequent cholera epidemics. In the future it will push these successes further, and also deal with the causes underlying the deficient female population. Much, for instance, may be effected by more careful and thorough vaccination.

Already there are signs of real danger from the rapid increase of tuberculosis in the valley. This will need to be vigorously combated, although the time is not yet ripe for

the adoption of segregation measures. Leprosy also will have to be exterminated.

The low-lying ground round the Jhelum River will, it is to be feared, continue to be liable to serious periodic inundation. The catchment area is so enormous and discharges its waters so rapidly into the main stream, that the deepening of the river-bed at and above Baramula, although mitigating, will not prevent the occurrence of floods. It is a pity that the wisdom of King Asoka or the Emperor Akbar, in placing their respective capitals above flood level, was not imitated by the founders of, and more recent builders in, the present city of Srinagar, such important parts of which lie below flood level. Much can, however, still be achieved in the direction of draining and reclaiming swamps. Crops may be improved in quality, and a greater variety be introduced. With its copious water-supply, unlimited electrical power will be available in Kashmir when required for commercial use. The railway when constructed will give a great impetus to trade. Sooner or later the country will be thrown open to capital.

The northern races and those living in mountainous countries have in time past been those who have taken a leading part in history. Kashmir may have a great future before it. In physique and intellectual development its people compare most favourably with those of any part of India.

The administration is steadily improving; and as officers of better training and with higher ideals replace those of the old school, there will be still greater progress, and many tyrannical abuses which still exist will disappear.

The extension of education will also bring about great changes. At present the villages and outlying valleys are virgin soil. Female education, by bringing the earliest possible influence and training to bear upon the children, through their mothers, will elevate the race in health, mind and morals. Technical education has a great future before

it. The Kashmiris are naturally clever with their hands. Careful instruction will improve the quality of the art work already produced. And fresh outlets will be found for skill.

Under favourable conditions, and especially if there were facilities for transport, such as a railway or even the projected cableway, much raw material might be prepared or manufactured for export. Various existing industries might be developed and fresh ones started, such, for instance, as basket-weaving, oil-presses, mills for cloth and linen, match factories, potteries, paper-works, tanneries, dye and soap works, saw-mills, rope factories and workshops for high-class carpentry and cabinetmaking.

Above all, the greatest advance is to be looked for in the direction of moral improvement. No amount of material prosperity or of ordinary education will, for instance, remedy the incredible amount of perjury which exists in Kashmir at the present time, and which comes to a focus in the law courts. A healthy public opinion is necessary. At present this is conspicuous by its absence. But Kashmir has been downtrodden for centuries and is only now emerging from mediæval conditions.

In this connection the subject of religion cannot be ignored. Kashmir is essentially a Mohammedan country. But Islam is not a regenerating force. The condition of Mohammedan lands is well known. And they all have a family likeness. For the defects of the system are more easily assimilated than its elements of loftiness. Modern Islam in India is at present engaged in putting new patches on an old garment. But the old garment will not last.

Indeed Mohammedanism in India shows curious traces of its prolonged contact with Hinduism. And at the present time it is being profoundly influenced by its Christian surroundings.

The new Mohammedan University, if conducted on modern lines, will accentuate this influence and tend to emphasize the nobler and Theistic aspect of the religion, the

Arabian founder of which will occupy a less important position as his limitations become more clearly recognized.

Hinduism has still great vitality and a remarkable capacity for the absorption of other religious systems and doctrines. Its time-honoured foundations, however, must eventually be sapped by the progress of education. It is only a question of time.

Kashmir will derive its moral springs of action more and more from Christian Faith and Christian Ethics.

This is not the mere dream of an enthusiast! The Car of Progress is moving slowly forward. It must not be made to travel too fast. In the East, reaction follows very closely upon precipitate action.

During the past quarter of a century the material, intellectual and moral advancement of Kashmir has, however, been great and altogether unprecedented in its previous history. And if even the present rate is maintained, the future of Kashmir will become increasingly hopeful and happy as the seed which is now being widely sown comes to fruition.

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